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### SCHOOL

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## MAN.

A Moral, Critical, and Anecdotical WORK.

Translated from the FRENCH.

To which is added,

A KEY to the CHARACTERS, which occasioned this Work to be publickly burnt at Paris.

#### THE FOURTH EDITION.

The World's a Wood in which all lose their Way; But in a different Path each goes astray.

CONGREVE.

Veluti in speculo.

#### LONDON:

Printed for LOCKYER DAVIS, at Lord Bacon's-Head, near Salisbury-Court, Fleet-Street.

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## PREFACE.

tigmen; is far enough flora my Intention THE Cry, I expect no less, will be What, more Manners! Yes, more Manners: And while the World subsists, in what can a Writer better bestow his Time, than in promoting Manners? 'tis the nobleft Exercise of Genius; the most valuable Proof of our Regard to Mankind. What! Is there no other Way of being useful to one's Country, than bending the Faculties to clear up the Dimensions of the different Parts of Noah's Ark; to determine the Figure of the Tower of Babel; to facilitate the brooding of Hens; or composing tedious Differtations on the best Means of promoting a more speedy Method of batching Eggs? For my part, I find it im-A 3 pofpossible not to give the Preference to the Moralist.

Well! be it so, I hear it said: Have we not Bruyere already? Or do you pretend, cries another, to exceed the Author of Manners? If to delineate true Merit be the Design, says a third, do you imagine yourself capable of treating the Subject with the Solidity and Elegance of Mons. le Maitre de Claville?

To set up as Competitor with these Gentlemen, is far enough from my Intention: I run, indeed, in the same Course, only striking into a different Road: And I take upon me to say, the Advantage is on my Side, concentring their dissipated Maxims into one single Point of View.

All that the elegant Author of true Merit proposed, was to exhibit the fine Gentleman. Panage, who declares his supercisious Contempt of the Title, and of the Character itself, of what is commonly called a worthy Man, cannot, with all his Erudition, reasonably hope to carry his Morality a Point nearer to Perfection, without the Light of Religion. Mont. de la Bruyere, though more rational than either, though purer in his

his Principles, and clearer in his Intentions, may be perfectly fatisfied if he attains to the making People of Fashion good Men: For my Part, I must declare myself fatisfied with nothing less than making Christians.

This is the glorious Point in which meet all the Qualities, which those Gentlemen have discussed in their learned and elaborate Treatises. Is not the true Merit, recommended by Mons. le Maitre de Claville, eminently conspicuous in a Christian? Is he not more scrupulously a worthy Man, than he who takes the captious Morality of the relax Panage for his Rule? and with him as little can even Mons. de la Bruyere's good Man be put in the Balance.

'Tis Religion which stamps the Value on all Qualities: By Religion is the Commerce of the World preserved from the Taint of Vice: 'Tis Religion only, which truly forms the good Father, the good Son, the good Husband, the good Friend, the good Patriot and even the good Lover: Of this what more evident Proof can there be, than the glorious Days of primitive Christianity? What Times have either produced such faith-

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ful Subjects; fuch affectionate Fathers; fuch obedient Children; fuch fincere Friends; fuch affectionate Brothers; fuch difinterested Relations; fuch faithful tender Husbands; fuch respectful and virtuous Lovers? Yes, every Connexion, of which Religion is not the Principle, is to be looked upon with Pity, as generally terminating in Misery; which, however deplorable, is naturally to be expected.

I must repeat it, let me not be charged with a presumptuous Conceit of excelling the illustrious Authors just mentioned; I own them for my Masters: 'Tis by the Radiancy of their Maxims I have looked into the Heart of Man: They first conducted me into the gloomy Labyrinth, and I found it swarming with odious Monsters.

But though I follow them in the same Path, I tread not in their Steps. Mankind now a days are not a little different from Bruyere's Men; and what is still more strange, tho' not less true, the Author of Manners, who wrote but the other Day, would be at a Loss to know the indentical Persons he himself has described. Occasions, Interest,

Ambition

Ambition or Fashion, metamorphose them in a Night's Time. The Pages of the Book of the World are To-day unlike those of Yesterday: Besides, to pretend to a perfect Knowledge of Man, what more groundless Conceit! He who should promise fully to detect and lay open all their Caprices and Faults, or make a due Estimate of their Virtues, might be ranked with a giddy Boy boasting of being able to fix the ever Changing Nature of Proteus.

One Word more on this Head to you, Mr. Observator, who are just going to give the sinishing Touch to the Picture of one of your intimate Friends: You have known him, you have studied him these ten Years, and have been all this while drawing him: You must allow this to be tiresome Work, and that you have had a deal of effacing, altering, mending and retouching, to complete your Picture; and after all it is far enough from being a Likeness; but now you are sure of hitting the very Feature or Lineament, which is wanting to give it an unexceptionable Resemblance. Your Original is in its Attirude before you; the Alteration is

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in your Eye; this then is the lucky Minute; take your Pencil; fo now---Ah! 'tis too late: He turns and winds; writhes and wriggles; he's a Serpent, a Camelion, every Minute a different Creature: The Butterfly becomes an Elephant, and the Lamb a Tyger. At last you have him: What have you? an Eel: He flips from betwixt your Hands, and is under the Water, before you are aware: But if he rifes again; Are you fore 'tis the same Man? No; he is so unlike himfelf, he has fo totally changed his whole Appearance, that, vexed at the Lofs of ten Years Application, you are for throwing your Picture into the Fire, as neither like the Person it was designed for, nor any Body else: But soft; hold your Hand; take my Advice and keep it: It is certainly like fome body To-day, who would not be gueffed at by it To-morrow: However, it will never want fome Original or other. If at any Time the Features should appear to you disproportionate, improbable, or abfolutely unnatural, and you begin to fret at your Overfights, only shew it to some Devotees without making the least Alteration; they are expert

expert in finding out Resemblances, they'll inform you of Originals by Dozens.

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A Regard ought certainly to be paid to the Taste of Readers, but the Difficulty is to please them; their Caprices, in Points of Literature, would furnish a most diversified Picture; if Books are short, they are dark; if long, tedious; If Morality be the Subject, no body will look on them; if a Satyr, the Press can't work them off fast enough. On these Observations then is formed the Plan of the present Work.

To amuse with little Stories is a Talent, which, without the least Envy, is given up to the jocose Abbé P---: To mend the Heart by pure and found Maxims, is, indeed, an enviable Talent; the Exercise and Success of which may be gloried in, as the Fruits are of an Advantage beyond all Comparison.

It can't be expected of me, that with the methodical Fervor of a Monk, I should deal out Morality in Parcels; and lash the Corruptions of the Age in Definitions, Divisions and Subdivisions; such a knack

would

would only expose me to Censure; it is the peculiar Privilege of Ecclesiastics.

Probably it might be more acceptable, like the fluent and inventive Prior de M ---, publickly to exhibit the Vices in a lively and affecting View, and give fuch delicious, fenfual, and ornamented Descriptions of them, that would arthousand Times more incline my Readers to contract a Familiarity with, than create an Abhorrence of them. I must be excused if I decline that Kind of Complaifance, let me be cenfured and the facetious Prior applauded; my Scope is different from his; I owe more Referve both to myself and the Public; besides, 'tis a Mode I am little versed in; I should indeed make but a forry Figure where be most shines; I might possibly blunder on the Vices as much as be on the Virtues. Each has his Reatons for his Silence; and after all it is at least as much to the Benefit of the Public, as if we both should take upon us to talk of what we have no Knowledge. What would be thought of ---, were he to go about imitating the Defigns of Mignard or Le Brun?

I have somewhere read of Cases wherein a particular and strongly marked Delineation of Vice has been accounted not altogether wrong; but a slight Sketch it is said will convey a full Idea to most Readers; and be more agreeable to the Pudicity of others. No body can exceed me in Deference for Readers; but are there not also some Pictures which require the most lively Colouring? a full Light and deep Shade too often only conceal the Impersections of the Original. Vice may not improperly be compared to a Needle, bright, smooth, and polished to the naked Eye; but how soon does the Microscope discover the rough Surface?

The truly religious Person should not, I hope, will not take Offence at the Parallels here drawn betwixt some Characters in the Scriptures and those of this wretched Age; nor let the Libertine lay hold of them as favouring his Licentiousness: The Applauses of the one would give me no less Concern than the Displeasure of the other. If mention is made of David's Faults, his Repentance is not omitted; and let them who are so unhappy as to have imitated him

Riches

in the first Article, endeavour at least to do so in the last.

How many good Books are there, useful to Society in general! and whoever looks into them, but such to whose Trade, Calling, or Sentiments they are suited? Here it has been endeavoured to please all Tastes, to assist all Callings, to refine all Sentiments: a delicate Morality will here be found without Caprice; exact Criticism without Asperity; curious Anecdotes without Calumny: Something to please every body, or I know nothing of the World; to be informed of the Vices of others, and to descant upon them, used to be a favourite Entertainment.

The Man of the World will here fearch only for the Portraits of the prefent Age, and he'll not fail to apply them to Persons they were never intended for, and entertain himself not a little that he has found out the Key.

He who professes Religion and holds with the World, will also read out of Curiosity, and for the Honour of his Habit will not fail to pass his Censure on some Parts; possibly in the Fermentations of his atrabila0

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aus Key, but God knows what Sort of a one; rare Commentaries, I suppose, on the first Portraits: These would not greatly disgust me, could I be sure he would not launch into impious Reflections on the second.

The truly religious will attend chiefly to the Scripture Characters, piously bewailing the Enormities of the present Degeneracy, and approving the virtuous Employment of the Author in drawing such a Contrast for its Amendment.

What a spacious Field does the Flagitious ness of the Times afford for the Moralist's Reprehensions! "The good Man is perished out of the Earth, and there is none upright among Men, they all lie in wait for Blood: They hunt every Man his Brother with a Net, that they may do Evil with both Hands earnestly; the Prince asketh, and the Judge asketh, for a Reward, and the great Man uttereth his mischlevous Desires; the best of them is a Briar; the most uppright is sharper than a Thorn-Hedge; the Day of thy Watchmen and thy Visitation cometh:

Micah vii.

cometh; now shall be their Perplexity; trust ye not a Friend; put ye not Confidence in a Guide; keep the Door of thy Mouth from her that lieth in thy Bosom; for the Son dishonoureth the Father, the Daughter rises up against her Mother, and the Daughter in-law against her Mother in-law; a Man's Enemies are those of his own House."\*

I shall take up neither my own nor the Reader's Time with the Reasons that might be produced in support of my Choice of a Title: I suppose it will be allowed that my Invention could at least have supplied me with another; let the Perusal of the Book decide whether it be improper, and that's allowing the Reader and myself fair Play.

My Esteem for Men of Sense, my Veneration for the Learned, would not permit me to give into the new Significations, and affectedly throw an Obscurity on a Work, which, as I wish to see it in every body's Hands, I would adapt to every body's Capacity.

I have therefore throughout confined myfelf to plain Language, to Words generally known, received and approved. And little do I regard the Contempt of those superficial Geniusses, who are at great Pains to obtrude an innovatory Idiom upon genteel Companies. Happy Ignorance in which I cannot be unintelligible, but must deliver myself so as to be understood!

There is a standing Custom among Characterists, from which, though needless, I shall not dispense myself; my Predecessors having conformed me to it, I follow their respectable Examples; and hereby solemnly protest against all forced Glosses and farfetched Interpretations; and further, as a Friend, Iwou'd advise my Readers not to rack their Imaginations in composing Keys to the Portraits; they are Ænigma's not to be folved by every one; their Keys may be injurious to many worthy Persons, and their imaginary Penetration recoil upon themfelves. Of Cenfors, I expect Shoals, they fwarm in every petty Society, even at Ladies Toilettes, where an Affectation of Literature has become fashionable, and Chambermaids take Cognizance of the Productions of Parnassus; but be it known to you, ye ToiletteDeclaimers, ye Affembly Literati, I despise your Cavils.

Cavils, and as little, ye Slaves of fathion shall I lay to Heart your Invectives.

The Stile I give up to Criticism; if the Spirit be but regarded, 'tis well; I shall be read for some End or other; and among my Readers some may be the better for it; suppose one in a thousand, is not this a notable Reward? I'm sure 'tis the Author's passionate Wish.

having conformed the to it i filler cheir respectable Examples; and hereby folerally protest against all forced Gloffes and farfetched Interpretations; and further, as a Friend, I won'd advile my Renders not coreder their Imaginations in compoling Keys to the Portraits; they are Ainigma's not to be folyed by every one; their Keys may be injurious to many worthy Perfors, and their imaginary Penetralus receil apon themdiver. Of Cerlors, I exped Shools, they twarm in every perty Society, even at Ladies Toilettes, where an Affectation of Livisiture B. Hearnt Estimonable, and Chambermaids take Cognizance of the Productions of Page. nather, but be it known to you, ye's oilettelleclaumers, ye Afferably Literate, Legipife your Cavilla,

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# SCHOOL of MAN.

#### LESSON I.

Of BIRTH.

HALL we not see Man blush to find himself referr'd to the Brute Creation, which he treats with fuch ill-founded Contumely, for Instruction in the most essential Duties of his Nature! We pride ourselves on the Superir ority of Sentiment: Every Man has it; every Man declares he has it. We draw the Sword of Reason from its Scabbard with an oftentatious Pride, and never expose it but under such a Light as favours all its Radiance. These are Advantages which Instinct, sufficient to all useful Purposes, gives not to the Brutes. The Brute possesses the rough Gem: He wears it as it comes forth from the Mine inveloped in its Crust: But let us handle and examine it, and we shall find it wants only the Artist's Hand to clean and cut it to discover all it's Beauties. Man, vain as he is of his Reason, has more Cunning than to throw it into a close Examination. It's Beauties he knows are not more bright than delicate. The least Accident, the Breath, the Touch of a Finger, dims its Lustre. The Stone is not of the finest Water, but the the Defect is not feen even by the Critic at a Distance. One would be glad to know then on what Foundation it is that Man treats the Faculties of the Brutes with this high Contempt; Faculties, if less glaring, at least less liable to Error, than his own. The Principles are as just as the Conclusion, and he profits on the Determination on all Occasions.

Nature impartial and uniform, the first Vassal, the first Agent of God, by Virtue of Him has established an original Law, comprehending every Animal, and engraven on every Heart: The Lion, the Tyger and the fubtle Fox, ignorant in the Art of Sophistry, are Strangers to every other Law, and with this they punctually comply; whilft Man reasons upon the Text, till he is no longer capable of reading it. The King was no less bound by it than his Footman; but now both reject it; and Reason, which was intended for the Improvement of their Obedience to the Law. only diverts and with-holds it.

Without Chicane on the Terms Instinct and Reason, I am content to grant the Preference to the latter; but how then are we to dispose of the former, which continually affords fuch admirable Lessons to Reason? If the latter be more sure in its Perceptions, can it be allowed fo conftant, fo fim-

ple in its Operations?

Fathers, Mothers, Princes and Shepherds, Ladies whose least criminal and least useless Employment is Knotting; ye Female Villagers who owe your Support to the Distaff and Spinning-Wheel, to the School of Nature I invite you. a School whose Doctrine is not reducible to empty Sounds; but strong with Proofs and with Examples. Inflead of imposing on you by delusive Sophisms, it convinces you by simple Realities.

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The Ligness, the most carnivorous of the Brute Creation, when the has brought forth her young ones in a Den, which she had before carefully chosen to secure them from the Weather, never imagines that to have carried them in her Body for a certain Time is the whole, and that after their Birth her Concern with them is at an End; far from leaving them to the Care of a Stranger, she first suckles them, and supplies their Necessities; no fooner are they capable of eating, than the fcours the Wilds and generously exposes herfelf to procure their Food; the accounts not to have difcharged her Duty to them, till the Strength and Ferocity of her young shew that they can live without her Affistance.

The Linnet, the most fickle, wanton and coquettish of the Feathered Kind, giddy to a Proverb, feems at the Approach of Spring to lay afide its distinguishing Character; foreseeing at a Distance her Laying-Time, with what Skill and Affiduity does the employ herfelf about her Nest? the Neatness, the Strength, the Convenience, I could almost say the Luxury! The Winds roar, Houses are laid in Ruins, the Earth shakes with impetuous Storms; whilst the little Nest, suspended at the Extremity of a weak Branch, is fixed to it by fuch a Mechanism that nothing can hurt it: What a wonderful Exactness of Proportion in a simple Bird! the Laying-Time is come; the fits on her Eggs. Throughout all Nature the Female's Domestic Care is relieved by Tenderness, Industry and Officiousness in the Male. While she maintains the necessary Warmth for hatching her Brood, the Cock procures her Nourishment. The Sun shines forth and the Zephyrs on their nimble Wings diffuse the Sweets of Flora through the fragrant Air. the She-Linnet then reassumes her Coquettry, she prunes her Wings, cleanfes her Tail, and decks herself out to enjoy the fine Day. The Cock. tenderly anxious for his dearest Mate and the little Nursery, returns just as she is taking her Flight; don't imagine that he waits on his gadding Lady in her Excursion; he rattles, pecks at her, and beats her back again into the Nest; thus the Females of every Kind keep to their Sex. Wherefore has Man alone refigned the Privileges with which both God and Nature have invested him over the other Sex? It happens that she relapses, the Cock still afferts his Dominion, and again reduces her to Order: At length the Brood is hatch'd and the Sight of them kindles again all her Tenderness: how fondly does the warm and cherish them! Do they begin to eat? Behold her Impartiality in feeding them; no Humour, no Freak, no partial Fondness is observable in her; all equally her Brood, they equally partake of her Indulgence; with what Patience does the kind Mother sympathise their Weakness! she neither scolds at the most aukward, nor deprives them of a fingle Bill-full to lavish on the others; she humours them as they are the Fruits of her Love: Are the little Linnets nearly fledged, see how the delighted sprightly Mother flutters before them, intimating to them, boldly to take Wing and follow her through the liquid Air; and what cannot Example do? the little ones are foon determined by that of their Mother; after a few Trials they take their parting Flight, and look out for themselves.

To spare Mothers the Confusion with which it must overwhelm them, I omit any Parallel betwixt the Tenderness of them and the Pelican; to what Purpose, indeed, should I say that Bird rea-

dily gives its Blood for Nourishment to its young

ones; not one would do the like.

Cruel Mothers, judge of your Conduct by the Lioness and the Linnet; is it possible you can be coquettish, like the latter, much less savage, as the former? How little inferior are you to the Lioness, and in your Wantonness how utterly do you neglect the natural Duties towards your Children!

Whither so fast, ye bustling Fathers? about your Business, say you! your main Business is to be Men, and the He-Linnet should remind you of attend-

ing to your Authority.

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But these Examples are too remote to make Impression, not one in a Hundred ever sees a Lioness, and the Linnet, though well known to us, is but little regarded: indeed! Let me tell you then the smallest Cottage affords Instructions to Parents; Nature provides for all, and cries aloud every where.

In the same Seat and at the same Time, the Operations of Nature are seen, alike in their Causes, though through Depravity, extremely different in their Consequences: Puss has just kittened in the Lost; Diana has brought forth her Young in a Lodge on the Stair Case; and Elvira in her Appartment has given Bith to the Heir of the Name, Honours and Estate of the Family.

Out of Puss's six Kittens, a Knot of Servants have kindly thought of drowning sour; upon the first Appearance of an Enemy, she starts, her Eyes stame, and with her Foot up, and her Claws distended, she suriously swears Revenge; Day and Night she is found ready to oppose the Invader. Before these Deliveries the Cat and the Bitch lived pretty sociably; now all their natural

Animofity revives, nothing but Snarling and Threatning, if they chance to see each other.

However, says one, drowned these Kittens must and shall be: Now see the Artifice in bringing about the Plot! poor Puss, drained by her fix Sucklings, finds there's no holding out longer without Food, she must therefore leave them; but puts off to the utmost an Absence of which her tender Misgivings forebode the sad Consequences; at length she brings herself to resolve on a Cruize, yet not precipitately, leaving her little Ones at random; before the stirs from the Loft, she reconnoitres every Corner against any Ambush or Surprise, and in running down to the Kitchen, is full of the faddest Ideas about the Lost Door, which the poor Creature is unable to fecure; she trembles whilft she is eating, and after hastily swallowing a Bit or two, scowers away to her Nursery. Alas! Advantage hath been taken of her Absence to execute the Plot, and carry off her Litter; the comes, in an Effusion of Tenderness, to distribute among them those nourishing Juices, with which kind Nature hath filled her for the Suftenance of her young ones; what a terrible Sight is here for the tender-hearted Puss? a dismal Digestion for fuch an affectionate Mother, to be so suddenly deprived of four of her Offspring; the drops a Restorative which she had pleased herself with the Thoughts of eating in quiet near them, and withcut indolently making an End of her Meal, animated by the Agonies of maternal Fondness, she leaves every Thing, and in the Tumult of her Despair almost forgets the two remaining, to hie away in Quest of the other four, who seem by being lost, dearer to her than ever.

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She ferrets about every where, no Place escapes her Search, the squeezes through the smallest Holes; flies from the Stables to the Wood-House, from thence to the Cellars, Offices and Appartments; her pitiful Mewings intreat every one the meets to reftore her Young Ones; Puss, so fierce in her Loft for their Defence, fawns and crouches in order to find them again. Vain are all her Pains, all her Arts, they are for ever loft.

She bethinks herfelf of the two which she had left; their helpless Condition calls her back, and in them the finds Comfort. She breeds them up with the greatest Care and Indulgence, and when able to bear a little Play, with what Gentleness and Caution does she fondle them? She acts over again all the Tricks of her Youth to divert them, and is the fond, tender and careful Mother even in their 8ports; nor does this Indulgence abate, till she sees them able to follow her into the Kitchen, and there provide for themselves.

Diana in her Lodge is not less mindful of her Young than Pus; at the least Noise she is upon the Look-out; being a Favourite of her Master's, the is not put to the Trouble even of fetching her own Food; yet here Precaution is necessary, and her Meat must be laid by the Door, for, should even her Feeder offer to come a Step nearer, he would furely see, if not feel, her Teeth; so shy and wild is this Creature become, who a few Days before

was all Play and Fondness.

Very far is she from meeting with the same Difaster as Puss; had she ten Puppies, not one of them would be touched. Diana is the furest, swiftest Bitch, there is no being overstocked with such a Breed, they suckle their Mother, they grow up by her in perfect Quiet, till they are fit to be trained

B 2

trained for the Field. Now they are indeed out of the House; but previously mind the Care of Elvira's Husband that his Grey-Hounds may not be stolen; it is too much to entrust to another, he himself puts about their Neck a Ribbon, sealing the two Ends with his Signet, and could it better secure them, he would procure the Great Seal; a minute Account is taken of all the Spots and Marks by which he may know them again, when they are brought to him from their Tutor: Here's Exactness, here's Concern, and about what? about making sure of two Dogs

of a promising Breed.

Now pass we on to the third Event, doubtless, the most interesting and curious, but its Consequences the most unnatural and highly blameable: Follow me into Elvira's Apartment; hush, tread foftly, let not the Floor feel your Feet, this Chamber is not to be entered without a Kind of Veneration, it is the Temple of Silence and Reft; Even Women speak not here but under an absolute Necessity, then furely a Man ought not to move a Lip; Oh! but let me ask you, which came you to fee the Mother or the Child? If Curiofity, to have a Sight of the new-born Heir of so great a Name, has brought you hither, let us make towards the Chimney, 'Tis certainly in that Bed of State the dear Infant lies; where in the Name of Goodness are you going; What do you mean by drawing back the Curtains? Oh! simple Man! you thought to fee the Baby at it's Mothers Breaft; where have you lived? a Villager could not be more ignorant; What! do you imagine yourfelf in some Cottage? Must you be taught that Ladies are no longer fenfible of being Mothers than whilst with Child? and that over, the Duties and almost

almost the very Name, are quite erazed from their Minds.

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Is the Fruit of Elvira's Love thus already denied a Place in her Bed? What more could be done were it the Offspring of her Hatred? But fo tender a Point is only to be glanced at, be it left to the Reflexions of the Parties concerned.

Elvira enclosed by Curtains, and indolently firetched on the foft Down, shews not even the Consciousness of being a Mother; the Babe without the least Concern she has delivered up to a Nurse. Befides the Dangers to which the little Innocent is exposed in the Hands of a strange Woman, her very Blood too, and that perhaps none of the pureft, will be incorporated with his; the Expression is too weak, 'tis from that suspicious Blood the Infant's Body is to receive a Kind of new Formation. Can the Mother with any Reason imagine that this Woman, of so low an Education, who rates her Attendance at a Louis a Month, will think herself obliged to deal more tenderly with her Son, especially after such a Pattern of Neglect and Cruelty?

Puss and Diana, Mothers truly worthy of being such! here is none of your Affection, of your Concern for your little ones; it is with Pleasure

I think upon your Cares and Anxieties.

But suspend your Censures awhile, possibly Elvira may not be able to suckle her Infant; that is the least of her Thoughts, she over-slows with the kindly Juice, she even complains of it, yet rather than let it issue in a healthful and natural Manner, slies to dangerous Methods to divert the Course, and dry up the Spring.

How! it is now four long Days fince Elvirawas brought to Bed, and all this Time her Ten-

B. 3

derness

derness can bear him in the House; he is not yet removed to Joan's Hole of a Room; to be sure in her Motherly Affection, she has thought fit to repeal the barbarous Order for its Banishment. Alas! it is only a Respite of a sew Days, till the Arrival of a Duke, who is to stand Godfather.

At length arrives the long-expected Godfather, the pompous Ceremony is over, and now the Babe is to be committed to the Care of Hannah, the Shoemaker's Wife. Here will naturally occur the Father's Cautions against changing the favourite Die's Puppies; nor are these Cautions any wise blameable in a keen Sportsman, who, knowing the Value, would secure the Breed to himself. But what can be faid for his Indifference about his Son, the Heir of his Name and Estate, perhaps the only one he ever may have? who is carried away, without the least Account taken of any Marks by which he may be known when he comes from Nurfe. Should he die, should Hannab put one of her own in his Stead, how would the Cheat be cleared up? that feems much the fame Thing to him, let but a Child be brought, possibly, whoever it be, the Changeling may belong to him as much as to another. What can be thought of Elvira's Husband? that he is more a Sportsman than a Father. And who would fwear that he is any Thing elfe? However that be, this Quere does not concern Elvira.

Are new Laws wanting to teach Parents their Duties to Children? Must Religion be more explicit in her Injunctions? Can it be thought that the Laws and Religion would be a whit more minded than Nature, with which we are much better acquainted, and whose Voice alone was suf-

fufficient without their Inforcements? and indeed, little would they avail; the Mothers would be still pleading the Weakness of their Constitutions.

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Ye zealous Sticklers for the Law of Nature, ye emphatical Encomiasts of it's seductive Maxims, what will ye say of a Mother, who, without Reason or Concern, declines the Care of her Issue?

The beautiful Elvira, after stewing in Bed six whole Weeks, has the Pleafure, and she is not a little elate with it, to observe in her Glass, that her chitty Face has received no Damage, that not a Feature is enlarged, nor the admired youthful Look in the least dimmed. The sparkling Eye, the idolized Freshness, the Lillies and Roses the Pride of her Heart, retain all their Beauty, and her lovely Breast, set out to the best Advantage, has lost nothing of its Colour or its Form; the congratulates herself with conscious Pride, her Heart leaps with the Idea of making her publick Appearance, without the odious Condoleances or spiteful Sneers at her being altered; and pleased to find herfelf so well got over her State of Motherhood, she firmly resolves within herself, in case of a second Pregnancy, which she however ventures at, to be no more a Mother than the was before, nor even to think of it but in a melancholy Mood.

Ye modern, ye christian Mothers, will you not sink into the Earth when I set before you the Tenderness of the Mothers recorded in Scripture? Rebecca, though without Disparagement, at least your Equal in Birth and Riches, thought it not beneath her to suckle both Esau and facob; as Twins, there was no slender Plea for intrusting one of them to a Female Domestic, and as he

B 4

was to be nursed in the Family, and under her Inspection, there was the less Room for Censure; but her motherly Affection will not suffer her Children to be suckled by any other Person than herself. As the Mother of the Twins, she nourishes both, it is her Pleasure to see the dear Creatures wantoning in her Lap, asseep at the Breast, she thinks of pleasing nobody but her Isaac; and studious to do that, knows it cannot be better done than by a tender Care of her Offspring.

Fond Rachel, will you give up your beloved fofeph to your favourite Handmaid? Shall she suckle it? the Weakness of your Constitution may not admit of it: No, Rachel is a Mother, and will not allow her Son to be obliged for his Sustenance to a Servant; the Life she gave him she will do her best to preserve, and not deposite with another the most precious Pledge of her beloved faceb's

Affection.

What tremendous Edict fpreads Anguish thro' all the Families of the Children of Ifrael! Fathers weep, Mothers are in Agony, Bridegrooms and Brides tremble at the Sight of the nuptial Bed. and dread the Gratification of its Delights. The promised Candidates for Marriage look forward with Horror on the Day of their Union; and pregnant Women lament their Fruitfulness. the very Picture of Defpair, under the most fanguinary Cruelty. Unfortunate People, why these Tears? why these Agonies? Pharach's barbarous Orders must be obeyed; that Monster of Oppression has directed all the Male Children to be thrown into the Nile, as foon as born. Jochebed pay a ready Obedience? Will she give up her Little One to perish in the Waters? Will manly Amram, regardless of the Cries of Nature and

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nd Emotions of Blood, fubmit his Child to be hus cast away! No, they have too much of he Parent for fuch a Submiffion: But the King nust be obeyed on Pain of Death; no matter, he Goodness of their Heart suppresses every other Confideration. For three Months the Child is fecreted in the most private Part of the House, fuckled by his anxious Mother. The Threatenings increase, the Searches are more strict, and the Danger on all Sides appears unavoidable; 'tis a dreadful Dilemma, the Infant must be put away, or the whole Family be liable to the worst of Tortures. What Course shall these tender Parents take? The afflicted Jochebed and Amram delay the heart-piercing Sacrifice from Day to Day, and nothing less than the imminent Danger of the whole Family could bring them to expose their Son; nor is it done at last without Precaution. The Mother, inventive in her Concern, makes him a Cradle of Bulrushes, and secures it with Pitch and Bitumen; in this she lays him: And what must have been her Agonies when she placed. the Cradle in the Nile? She charges Mary, the Child's Sifter, ever to have her Eye on him. Pharach's Daughter coming to bathe in the River, discovers the Cradle, which had been stopped by the Weeds, and orders it to be fetched out of the Water: The Child is brought to her, and being taken with it, she is for bringing it up: Mary, overjoyed, offers to run and bring a Nurse; to be fure the Mother was the Person. Jochebed perceives the Hand of God in the Preservation of her Son; she breaks out into Thanksgiving, and hastens to receive the dear Nurseling; so ardent was parental Affection.

From

From the daily Sacrifices of Children to Ambition and Interest, and the wretched Abuse of their Lives among most Fathers and Mothers, is it not evident, that Orders like that of Pharach would not much trouble them? Few Jochebeds, I fear, would be found in these Days. If we could imagine another exposed Moses, where would be the careful Mary? and if his Mother rejoiced to be his Nurse, his good Fortune might be chronicled.

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## LESSON II.

### Of CHILDHOOD.

THE Education of Children, than which nothing deserves more Care, is perhaps of every

thing the most neglected.

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The Stream of Childhood, so clear and pure at the Spring-head, no sooner overspreads the Country than it becomes muddy. If left to itself, how soon do we hear the melancholy Complaints of its Damages! the longer its Course continues, the worse its Waters; so far from a Convenience, it becomes a Nusance, wherever it runs.

But let a skilful Undertaker reduce the Stream into Canals, and all the neighbouring Places are benefited by it; its transparent Waters will every where be drank without Disgust, and the Ingineer praised for such a commodious and refreshing Proof of his Abilities. But such an Aqueduct demands a suitable Expence, and of how sew are the

Purses freely opened on the Occasion!

The Honour of Families is linked with the Behaviour of Children, and how superficial soever the Laws of the World are, still are they not wanting to charge this to the Parents Account. The divine Laws herein give a Sanction to civil Institutes; surely the joint Weight of both must make Impression: Not in the least; all Laws concur in making Fathers accountable for their Childrens Faults, yet every Day they run into Errors, and such too, as are not of the most supportable kind; they are complained of; and what say the Fathers? What would you have me do? Or, 'tis the

the Child's Humour. Weak and scandalous Pal-

liatives!

The Heart of a Child is like the foft Wax, mouldable into every Form. Behold the good Artift, (I wish they were not so thinly sown) how exquisite a Figure he makes of it! Another of inferior Skill, every where to be met with, takes the Wax in hand, turns it and winds it, and after all produces but an irregular Piece of Work; but, the Bungler, a Mercenary, who is paid by the Piece, works it up in a Hurry with his dirty Fingers; and what's the Result! A deformed Monster, without Resemblance, and so hideous, that it is shunned by every body, nor to be seen without Disgust and Aversion.

Childhood is usually thought so stender a Circumstance, is so little accounted of, that the Direction of it is even beneath a shallow Governess. A half-polished Countrywoman, whose Memory is sullied with all the Defects of her miserable Breeding, and whose Tongue rolls in the coarse Idiom of her Cottage, is the eminent Personage who is to refine the Humour of the young Lord or Knight; its Joan, raised to Mrs. Graveairs, who is appointed to give these Babes of Quality not only the Rudiments of Speech and Carriage, but even

of their Principles and Sentiments.

Did the first Elements of Education reach, as most Fathers imagine, no further than learning to feed themselves decently, or to know the Right-Hand from the Lest, and upon Occasion to scrape the Right Foot; if it can be thought that all the Duties of Children towards God may be comprized in a short Form, often misapplied, learned by rote, and giddily huddled over, Morning and Evening; if Fathers and Mothers require no further Regards from them, than now and then a Bow, and a dictated Compliment; and if they are accounted per-

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fect in what they owe to themselves when they have learnt to eat and drink like a Man; if this bethe Case, I must allow Mrs. Nurse a most proper Person to give the first Molding. If she can read, I object not against his learning the Horn-book under fuch a capable Instructres; or rather, I should be entirely fatisfied with the Governess, had the little Gentleman learned nothing at all. His Memory would be no finall Detriment to him, should it take in her Documents; with what Trash, Ribaldry, Hobgoblings, and false Fears, would it be stuffed, if, unfortunately, the had worked upon the Child's Imagination? He'd be out of his Wits at a Clap of Thunder, without a Thought of the God who directs the Tempest; at least never thinking of Him, but with Terror, and shuddering whenever he fays his Prayers to Him.

This is beyond all Contradiction, we perceive it daily; to clear the Mind of evil Inclinations strengthened by Habit, and authorized by Custom, requires infinite Address, and indefatigable Application; whereas a new Heart, which as yet has not received the Stamp of any kind of Disposition, is modelled with no great Degree either of Skill or Trouble. On how many accounts should Parents watch over this Infancy of Life! precious Season! which generally determines the Fate of all the succeeding ones; this is the Time when violent Prejudices take tenacious Footing, and bring Reproach or Uneasiness, if not Infamy and Ruin.

on the whole Remainder of our Lives.

Memory is a Marble Plane, which from the Saw is going under the Sculptor's Chizzel, and on which any Figures may be cut out or carved; there is no effacing them totally, so as not to be discernible in some Part or other: Is it not then a Point of Concern, to entrust the Marble to none

but

but a skilful Master, who leaves nothing to be altered or improved, in a Work where any Retouches are so hazardous?

I would open Mens Eyes, I would expose their Mistakes concerning Governesses. It is not common Sense, nor even Wit, that is capable happily to rear the Man from the Swaddling Cloaths of Childhood; this can be done by nothing lefs than a very well-poiled Judgment; there must be an elevated, intelligent Piety, fufficient for cultivating Christian Dispositions, with an extensive Knowledge of Religion; for what Benefit is it to the Child perfectly to know his Duty to the World. and even no less perfectly to practise it, yet all the while kept a Stranger to God? This most effential of Duties is, I know, remitted to the Catechism, and that is all. I cannot forbear speaking out; among other Faults, in what are called careful Educations, this is one of the very worst. 'tis the most pernicious, being the most plausible. the most approved of, and founded on a facred Establishment: But the whole Catechism learned by Heart, and repeated twenty or a hundred Times, affords but low and defective Ideas of the Majesty of God, and the Importance of Re-When Reason begins to open, it sets upon Inquiry, it will learn and weigh everything; Mysteries whet the Curiosity; the Mind, when on the Stretch to define the Supreme Being, forgets the Worship of Him; it cannot take up with the fuperficial and unworthy Representation of Him exhibited to Childhood.

The third Part of this initiatory Education is usually accommodated to the Customs of the World, or rather they often take the Lead of any other Scope, not only in the voluntary Method of the Governesses, but in the Directions of the Fathers,

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what Course they expect to be taken with their Children.

What Sagacity and Attention must be exerted to give the right Form to the Temper upon its sirst shooting, and to eradicate it, if of a bad kind! What Address to forward a slow Genius, and not disable it! What a Knowledge of the human Heart prudently to check the Sallies of Precipitancy, or insensibly to depurate whatever might be noxious to the rising Sap of Morality? Is this the Business of a vamped-up Maid? No, we ourselves must have received the Benefit of an Education, before we are in a Condition to conferit on another.

Would you ask those who are now in their Manhood, what they learned under even the best-qualisted Governesses; why, I'll tell you, they have trembled at the Rod; accustomed themselves to lye, because speaking Truth, they found, gained them no Quarter; they were greedy and dainty because their Rewards were nothing but Sugar-Plumbs and Tarts; these were magnified to them, as Motives of their Docility; but concerning a Love of Goodness, of Respect to Parents, of Veneration of the Deity, not a single Word: By means of this Omission, when afterwards these Matters came to be recommended to them, they could not easily bring themselves to comply; and how many are actually dead in their Non-com-

What a hard Task will it be said, the Moralist has of it? too hard, I own; but there are still many more Circumstances which concur to pervert the best Heart; this I still insist on, Education is a Seed of which the Fruits declare themselves only in the subsequent Parts of Life; does not the

World

World fwarm with notorious Instances of the In-

attention of Parents to the Culture of it?

\* Alcides is of one of the chief Families in the whole Kingdom, he became an Orphan very early. and, I dare fay, greatly to his Good; at a Meeting of his Relations, a Guardian was affigned him; another happy Circumstance for him, was, that his Guardian did not keep him in his own House; but he has been put under Governesses; one alone was more than enough to fpoil him, and what will three make of him, imbibing all their various Whims? exposed to the aggregated Depravation of three Women, poor Alcides, what will become of you! He is but in his feventh Year, fays one, he must not be given over, no, there is still a Remedy, if the Wax happens to fall into good Hands; now observe the Progress of his Education, a Governor and Preceptor are appointed for him; by whose Choice? that of Emilia, an Intimate of his Guardians, and a Judge of Men; I make no doubt of it; Alas! A Governor and Preceptor of Emilia's Nomination! Alcides, I pity you from my Heart, that your three Governesses should be fucceeded by Abbé A.... and in the Chevalier B.... you are ruined. There was that in you which would have made a great Man, had you upon your Mother's Death been fent to Nurse in the Country, or been put out to be weaned in the Skirts of the Town, or if, after all, honest \*\*\* had been your Governor, he would honestly have instructed you in your Duties, instead of making you acquainted with your Titles; possibly you might not have known fo much of your Nobility, but you would have been a better Nobleman; he would have shewn you Grandeur through no other Medium than that of Liberality, and would have told

<sup>\*</sup> Prince of Condé.

ld you that Humanity is the Essence of true

It feems an Age to such tender Parents till Erssus their dearest Child is weaned, and then common Decency will not allow of his being any loner at Hannah's; nothing but clownish Gestures, a ampish Look, and low-lived Thoughts can be spected there, and happy indeed is he in being one of the most lively and forward; perhaps I m too hasty in my Congratulations, for his Dules may afford a readier Inlet to Caprices and oarse Inclinations, in which it will also be incor-

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Ergaftus being now brought home, to be under is Father's Tuition, whatever he may have conracted at Hannah's is foon to be rubbed off: not b foon neither, the Boy indeed is at home, but kept far enough from the Appartments; he is not lowever without knowing that he has a Father nd Mother, this is a Tradition he holds from Hannah, but with fuch terrifying Circumstances, that he does not in the least long to fee them; has he then never fo much as feen them? yes, yes, he has feen them, but so very seldom and for so. very fhort a time, that he would not in the least know them again; were it not for New-Years Day and some Holidays, when Custom and Hannah's Interest procure him Admittance to their Appartments, they would still be greater Strangers; a starched Compliment, which has been put into his Mouth, informs him that they are to be respected, but has he been informed what this Respect is? Who could inform him? Who! why, Hannah; a very proper Person truly! a few Years fince this. same Hannah was the Cow-Girl of the Village; what fent her up to Town is not fo well known, but her first Station was the Care of a Kitchen at tour

four Pounds a Year; here the fo industriously em. ployed her Talents as to get a Notion of Dreft the was now taken Notice of by the Footman which proved no unlucky Incident to her, for my Lady's Woman having blabbed, this Fellow, who by some secret Services had got an Ascendant over his Lady, recommended Hannah as his diffant Relation, and one who always understood what the was about; fuch a one was the very Person my Lady wanted; and now adieu to the Kitchen Hannah is at once exalted to my Lady's Woman and fhews herfelf equal to the critical Employment; Ergastus must now be weared, and a Governess be thought on; she puts in for the Place and carries it, for to refuse her, was more than my Lady herself dared: To her Care is Ergofin committed, and greatly to be fure will he improve under fuch Instructions, but happily for him his present Condition soon draws to a Period : it is Time to take him from the Women; he is now to know his Father better; and quickly, under a Parent's Eye, to retrieve all the Errors of his Education; yes, To-day he has free Liberty to enter into the Appartments of both Father and Mother. for, alas! To-morrow he takes leave of them, and fets out on a ten Years Banishment at least, to a Boarding-School. Can Parents think that this is the Sum of all their Duties? Does not Nature protest in their Hearts against so barbarous a Separation? but I blame them inadvertently, their Proceeding is highly to be commended; yes, ye Fathers and Mothers, there is no other way of keeping Children in their due Respect than by letting them know as little of you as possible; for what could their little Minds think of the continual Divorce in which ye live ? Ergastus will perceive his Father to be a Gamester, a Drunkard, a Blasphemer;

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what strange Reflections must crowd upon his Mind! It is prudent therefore to keep his Son at a Distance; but is not every Place full of Men? he is sent away to School, and there the Vices of his School-fellows, perhaps the Vices of his Masters, will graft themselves upon those of his own Growth; what a Compound of Corruptions will he turn out? In the Intervals of Reslection he will blush at himself; and can Ergastus then think himself un-

der any great Obligation to his Father?

Reason is in nothing more artful than eluding the Force of any Acknowledgements on this Head, and foul as such Ingravitude appears, no Kind of it runs such Lengths; and since Children think themselves so little obliged to us for our Indulgences to them, and even charge us with the Vices sprung up in them; let this teach us to overcome our Weaknesses, which by some Fathers are most injudiciously placed to the Account of Love. Let us no longer applaud their little Whims, or encourage those Humours and Petulancies which grow up with them, and in the Vigour of Manhood become strong, sierce and uncontroulable Vices.

To me Pleasure seems the only Taste in Children; it is innate, it increases with them; it is their decisive Motive in every Thing, and there is

no detaching them from it.

Man from the Cradle is remis, negligent, and averse to whatever bears the Name of Duty; but observe him at Play, he's another Creature, all Life and Accuracy, all Intensenses and Alacrity.

Few even among the most rational Fathers, have their Desires under so much Government as not to entertain Thoughts of placing their unborn Children in some favourite Calling, and yet when

born, even when Reason begins to shew itself, such is the Infatuation of Parents counteracting their own Ends, their Children are suffered to imbibe Inclinations quite opposite to such predetermined Calling; this must produce something beyond an Indisposition or Unsitness to that Station. I am apt to think that the prevailing Inclinations of Children might be ascertained by closely observing them among their Play-things and Amusements as they then are under no Controul, and act of their own Accord: As I can warrant the Success of such Observations from my own Experience, I would earnestly press upon Fathers to give an Eye to them; so obvious indeed and so decisive are they, that a single one is generally sufficient to determine the Matter.

All Children are not so taken up with Triffes, that no Room is left in their Minds for any Thing which may strike them more forcibly. Such affect to appear whosly possessed by Teys, only the better to impose on any who might be overlooking them; and thus, not being anywise mistrusted, they often come to over-hear Secrets, which they carefully hoard up and retain to the least Circum-

stance.

The Child is all Eye and Ear: Might not Reflections feafonably thrown out, be a Kind of Antidote against the dangerous Patterns daily set before them by bad Examples, strengthened by depraved Customs?

Noah, that holy Patriarch, who alone found Favour before God after the Deluge, leaves the Ark, together with his three Sons Shem, Ham and Japheth, who, till then, had equally respected him; and had they then immediately separated, he had preserved in their Hearts that precious Seed of Respect which Nature had implanted, and his

preproachable Wisdom and Sanctity had im-

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He planted a Vine, and the Beauty of the Fruit having drawn him to taste it, he proceeded to make Wine of the rich Juice; he drank immoderately of it; but the Scripture extenuates the Intemperance on account of his Ignorance. What a Multitude of involuntary Faults attend this Disorder! He fell asleep; and in the Agitations of his heated Body, threw himself into an indecent Posture. Ham comes in, and finding him lying in such an unseemly manner; contrary to his former strict Respect, not only ridicules and laughs at him, but runs to acquaint his Brothers of it, that they might share in the Pleasantry: But Shem and Japhet reproved him, and went backwards to cover their Father.

When Naah was awakened, his two more respectful Sons informed him of their Brother's Railleries; and he cursed both him and his Po-

Sterity.

As our Age has its Noahs, is it strange it should also have its Hams? The latter are sprung from the former. Of three Sons, two show a filial Regard to their Parent; indeed, They had but just left the Ark; it is now many Ages since any Deluge, and so the Hams would be found to outnumber the Shems and Japheths. There was but one Father when the saved Family came out of the Ark; let not the modern ones imagine they are privileged to imitate the bad Example Noah set his Children. Ye good Sons, what an amiable Model of silial Regard have you here! Ye kind Brothers, never seek the Reward of a good Work, to the Prejudice of a Ham. The World at that time afforded but three Brothers, and two of them having done their Duty, got

themselves rewarded with the Reprobation of the third. Let us do good, only for the exquisite Sa-

tisfaction refulting from it.

How weak is that blind Predilection, that imprudent Preference of Parents for one particular Child! Nature knows nothing of such capricious Distinctions; nor does this declared Preference of a Father determine the dear Child's Happiness. A thousand Instances may be produced to the contrary. A trifling Jealousy which may have first taken root even in Childhood, shoots up with Years into violent implacable Rancour, which, after many Years, discharges itself

in Revenge.

Toleph was Ifrael's Fondling; he was the Child of his old Age; he shewed more Love to him than to all his Brothers put together, and made him a Coat of many Colours. And when his Brethren faw that their Father loved him more than all the rest, they hated him, and could not fpeak peaceably unto him; they envied him. They went to feed their Flocks in Sechem: And Ifrael faid unto Joseph, Thy Brethren feed the Flock in Sechem; come, and I will fend thee unto them: And Foseph answered, Here I am. Israel added, Go and fee whether it be well with thy Brethren, and with the Flock; and bring me word again. So Foseph came to Sechem. When his Brethren faw him afar off, they refolved on killing him. Accordingly, when he was come to them, they fell to stripping him of his Coat of feveral Colours that reached to his Heels, and fold him for twenty Pieces of Silver to some Ishmaelites, who carried him away into Egypt. Afterwards taking the Coat, and dipping it in the Blood of a Kid, which they killed for that Purpose, they sent it to his Father, faying, we found this Coat; you'll know whether

whether it he your Son's Coat or no. The Father newered, it is my Son's Coat, a wild Beast hath evoured him. Then Jacob rent his Cloaths, and ut on Sackloth, mourning many Days for his on. His Children all met to comfort their Fater; but he refused it: I will go down, says he, to the Grave unto my Son mourning. Thus rept his Father.

Can such a melancholy Representation of the iffects and Consequences of Predilection, fail to ure Parents of that Preserence they are apt to ntertain for one Child, to the Disadvantage of

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# LESSON III.

Of EDUCATION.

DHILE MON, after a tedious Courtship, obtained Ismena: The Match was no fooner concluded upon, than a Son to raife their Family was the Wish of them both; but Ismena prudently concealed her Defire, whilst Philemon was dunning every body's Ears with his. Parents, Relations, and Neighbours crouded upon the new Couple on the Wedding-Day, to testify their Wishes for a Son; and the Mamma's and Aunts could hardly stay till the next Day to have the Nativity calculated. Pleasure promotes the Desires of Philemon and Ismena, and at length improves them into Hope; and Symptoms, however uncertain, which feem to confirm it, are enquired into with inconceivable Joy; nine Months are an intolerable Time to flay for this dear Son, defigned for fuch exalted Views; hitherto all is well, and the fond Pair reconcile Reason with their Duties, and Religion with their Pleasure. This Son, the supreme Wish of his Parents, at length comes into the World, and after all this wishing, is no sooner born, than unnaturally banished from his Father's House; however, being weaned, he returns again; and now, what fort of a Governess may little Master have got? why Susan, a Servant born upon the 'Squire's Estate, a Creature of Madam's, who, by her Address in Amours, has made Shift to turn her Jacket into a Gown; a Sylvia taken upon the Recommendation of a false Friend, who, it is not improbable, might

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might swear for her Abilities as to Children. And how wonderfully must he improve in such Hands! Having entered his eighth Year, he is taken from her, with his poor Mind prepoffeffed by Trash, Bugbears, and Spectres, and his Memory stuffed with idle Stories; the best of it is, he has been taught to life his Prayers: And it must be owned he is not much to feek in knowing his right Hand from his left; kiffes it, too, (martly by way of Thanks, and bows most respectfully to the Ground. A notable beginning in the Education of a Child, who, in his Parents Ideas, is to fill the chief Employments of the State! But the Sequel is to rectify all the Errors of the Beginning. His Age now requires a Tutor; among the Multitude of indigent Scholars, four Candidates offer themselves, and according to the laudable Custom, he is the Man, who rates his Talents the lowest: A worthless Creature, the whole of whose Merit is in his Band, who, so far from being versed in Reseasion and Reasoning, can perhaps scarcely read at all. Well, but such an one will be no great Expence, and fuits with the Disposition of Philemon and Ismena; to him they commit their Son, and whilst the Blockhead makes learning a Trade to himfelf, his injudicions Severity makes it a Torture to his Pupil. Without Taste of their Beauties, or Skill to vary the Scene, he fets the Youth's Mind against the Scienes; he darkens his Reason, shackles his Undertanding, and aukwardly labours to transfuse into him his own Ignorance, Stupidity and Prejudices. Thus the unhappy Stripling's Brains are on the Rack in unravelling a logical Quiddity or analyfing yllogisms, when 'tis high Time he were fit to ppear in the World. The holy Scriptures every where infift on the Necessity of a good Education;

'tis the only Foundation of the Happiness of a State or the Honour of a Family.

" Correct thy Son and he shall give thee Res,

yea, he shall give Delight unto thy Soul." at a

A Son negligently brought up will prove his Father's Shame.

To pass thro' the Education in Vogue, without contracting Vices, and those gross ones, there must be a rich Fund of natural Goodness, the most happy Dispositions, an absolute Biass to Virtue, and a diffinguished Complexion of Soul. If a Child is free and open, Lying is made as it were necessary, by the Punishments which Truth draws upon him. Is he generous? He is fure to be warned against Generolity, as a Crime: His Regent draws him in to betray his School-Fellows commending, even paying him for being a Spy! Is he free of his Money? he must be reprimanded and fometimes punished; perhaps his Allowance with-held: If his Genius be of a happy Turn, it is cramped; if flow, or a little heavy, crushed. Can there be a more effectual Method to croud the World with bad Citizens, infignificant Friends, and Blockheads?

When Pallades + walks, comes into a Rooom, bows or speaks, you see the very Picture of his Tutor Callidesinus\*; a heavy Aspect, an aukward Politeness, an arrogant and supercisious Manner, low-lived trivial Discourse. If Pallades be in the bantering Mood, his Mother shall not escape a Flirt from him: Has he then the Turn for Banter? Tis not of the Attic Kind, his was picked up

among the Markets.

Again, have you heard Callidesmus! you have heard Pallades; that contemptible Copy of a contemptible Original. "A wise Son maketh a glad Father,

<sup>+</sup> The Dauphin. \* Foyer Bishop of Mirepoix.

Father, but a foolish Son is the Heaviness of his Mother."

To expect every Thing from the natural Difposition of young Persons, is not less weak than totally to neglect it, as if no Good could come

from it. With Care much may be done.

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Cleanthus has a delicious Fruit Garden, where every Tree is in its best Exposure; but a proper Espalier must be found out for a very curious Peach-Tree fent him; as the Peach loves the South, that must be the Quarter, and twenty fine Apple-Trees are dug up, left they might intercept a Beam from the new Inhabitant. The favourite Tree not only lives, it adorns the fucceeding Summer with its beauteous Blossoms, and enriches the Autumn with its delicious Fruits. Cleanthus. at his Return to his Seat, bleffes himself at the Sight of the lovely Tree; visits it from Morning to Night, gazing upon it as if his Looks could forward the Fruit of it; at length the favourable Season has ripened it: He gathers one, and opening t with a kind of Anxiety, is charmed to view it; at first he bites it with a serious Air, then in an Ecstacy cries, What Taste and Flavour! never grew a finer Peach; my best Friends alone shall know the Treasure I have. He is complimented pon it; and now its Exquisiteness seems improved. What Pleasure, what Gratulations are here! and Il this for a Peach, liable to Destruction in all its ride, by one accidental Blast.

How low are the Passions of Men! their Satistictions and Pleasures! A Peach-Tree, which night have died as well as flourished, the Present fan indisferent Hand, or at least of one to whom e is not accountable for it; with this is Cleanthus then up. He has a Son, for whose Soul he is anwerable to God, as he is for his Behaviour to his

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Country. What Exposure has been chosen for him? His Virtues and those of his Acquaintance should ripen the Heart of his Child, and every thing be cut down which may hinder the Beams of good Example from reaching him. Only deal with him as with your Peach-Tree; be as early and as long with him. Your all-powerful Looks alone must ripen the Fruits of his Reason; the Season is come, already you are enraptured with the Flavour of his excellent Dispositions, and your Friends congratulate your Felicity. Well, Cle anthus, what think you of the nectareous, Juice of your Peach, in Comparison of the Pleasure the Sight of fuch a Son affords you? Is it any Thing to the Joy of having placed that precious Shoot in a nutritive Soil and favourable Situation, where he has acquired fo rich a Taste, such an exquiste Flavour! Have you found a good Preceptor for your Son, then fay with Tobit, " What Reward " can we give him for all the good Things he hath done unto us?" No, no, answers the Father, you must still come a hundred Crown lower.

Masters of all Sorts are to be found every where Masters of Languages; Masters in Natural Philosophy: Masters of Geometry and Geography: And as for Music and Dancing-Masters, they swarm and plume in the highest Encouragement: But where are the Masters for Manners, for the several Branches of Virtue!

Is the Use of the syllogistical Science to a young Person called in Question? Indeed Villagers, and People of plain Sense, are Strangers to it; 'tis to render the clearest Things dark and intricate, by Minors and Consequences. When he comes to launch into a World he knows nothing of, he must necessarily stand the general Ridicule: Offer

o give him a few Hints on Customs and Decencies, he has his Sophisms at his Fingers End to elude rou. The cavilling Spirit, inculcated as a schoastic Duty, is now become a second Nature to him. Press nothing upon him; the contentious acrimony of his Temper would sour the most prightly Conversation.

We too often imagine our Deportment to be he Beauty of Nature refined; when 'tis in Reality

nothing better than Rusticity.

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Vice may be faid to get Admittance to us abited in Velvet, but comes from us in a Hopack: It infinuates itself into the Heart with neat lingers; but the Nails grow, and make dismal

Lacerations at leaving it.

A large Fund is infensibly wasted by Bonds and Annuities, though each of them separately of no onsiderable Amount; if Interest only nibbles Isury devours. No less pernicious to the most opeful Heart are small Faults when humoured, and suffered to get Footing. This is a Negligence ig with Danger; a destructive Indulgence: When mee we are put sick to Bed, we grow daily more and more out of the Knowledge of our Friends.

No Governess does Alcippus stand in need of for is Son: He takes upon himself the forming of his leart; he is an Eye-witness of his Proficiency; nd transfuses into his Mind his own most pure nd generous Principles; so that Sophia is little fore than his Woman. Thus, Alcippus, your on will be indeed a great Man; he'll keep up the eputation of his Ancestors; at least you'll never two Cause to be ashamed of him. How am I elighted every Morning to behold you devoting an our for his Instruction! This is to be a Father; and you'll soon see the glorious Fruits of such an templary Attention.

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Good Education and good Examples are Inheritances intailed from Father to Son: The infallible Method of conveying the Virtues of the one to the other, is by that Instruction which lies within the Power of the Parent: If they are virtuous, the Children will easily be brought to take the same Cast; if Passions govern them, the Child's unguarded Heart too soon gives them Admittance.

In the first Case, let Children be kept at home; for the Dissipations abroad will most probably adulterate, if not efface, the Ideas of all the Good it observes within Doors. In the second, away with the Child to a purer Air, whilst he is free from

the Infection.

It is not at the Birth, the Child degenerates; his

his Ruin is owing to the Father's Profligacy.

Your Son, Alappus, is now in his feventh Yan, the Hope of your Family, the only Heir of a Name, to maintain which, with proper Dignity, all your Virtues are not too many: But you think of fending him to School: Alcippus, be carenot to spoil so happy a Beginning; let not a mistaken saving deceive you; retrench your Expense of meer Fashion, and take a worthy Preceptor so your Son; continue the invaluable Morning-How ten Years longer; give yourself daily the rational Pleasure of observing his promising Advances in Virtue and Literature.

The bewitching of Naughtiness doth obscure Things that are bonest: and the wandering of Concupiscent

doth pervert the simple Mind.

In the first Years are laid the Foundations of all the Honour and Prosperity of the other; they create and establish Reputation; they answer sor the whole Remainder of Life.

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Listen, ye Fathers, they are the Words of God simself to Samuel concerning the Family of Heli; I have told him that I will judge his House for ver, for the Iniquity which he knoweth: because is Sons made themselves vile, and he restrained hem not."

Philip \* rushes out of his Apartment with the Rapidity of a Whirlwind, makes but one Step of he Stairs, and throws himself headlong into his Coach; his Pair of English Geldings dart forth ke Lightning; have a Care all that are in his Way: There is no keeping Sight of him; and who an blame him? probably a wealthy Uncle, near is Departure is just making his Will: Nothing ke it, he alights ar Gueriniere's; and all this furry is about managing a new Horse. The Riding-Mafter for fix Months Schooling afks ineed no small Matter; however the Bargain is on struck; Philip is above haggling. But my lye keeps pace with him back to his Hotel; there fee the raw Pedant lording it over his Son, and, the Impetuofity of Ignorance, nipping in the ud every naturally good Disposition: Philip, how nuch better do'ft thou love thy Horse than thy on.

How many capp'd Senecas do we see, the infalous Tools only, or, at best, the first Confidents their Pupils? Shall I not deserve a Reward for reserving Youth from such fordid Corrupters?

It's not the first who applies, that Tobit accepts reducating his Son. He prudently enquires into e Family of the Guide that proffers himself: Shew me of what Tribe and Family thou art; I would know thy Kindred and thy Name—." I am Azarias of the Kindred of Ananias the C 4 "Great.

<sup>\*</sup> This Word in Greek fignifies a Lover of Horses.

" Great." Tobit answers, " Thou art of a good " Stock; be not angry with me that I have enquired " to know thy Kindred." Who can be too circumspect in chusing a Guide for a beloved Son?

To relieve the Distress of a Friend, and properly to educate a Son is more than giving them Life. To preserve Life, to learn the virtuous Enjoyment of it, is more than having received it at a Time we were insensible of it. The Lessons of God himself on Education claim our respectful Attention. "My Son, says be by the Mouth of Tobit to his Child," "Honour thy Mother all the "Days of thy Life. Remember that she saw ma-

" ny Dangers for thee when thou wast yet unborn; be mindful of the Lord our God all thy Days;

" and let not thy Will be fet to Sin, or to trans-

" gress his Commandments.—If thou hast Abundance, give Alms accordingly; if thou hast but
a little, be not afraid to give according to that

" little.—Beware of Whoredom, and despise not

"thy Brethren, for in Pride is Destruction and in Lewdness is Decay. Ask Counsel of the wife,

" defire of God that thy Ways may be directed.

" Do that to no Man which thyself hatest."

Bring up thy Son with Indulgence, and he shall make thee afraid: Play with him and he shall bring thee to Heaviness. Bow down his Neck whilst he is young, lest he be disobedient unto thee, and so bring Sorrow unto thine Heart.

Unconfided the Russ Paletrain

## LESSON IV.

## Of the Soul.

Book of grades to defend it ? Welconte Eine ROM a Contempt of Religion, we foon come to doubt of its Truth, and from thence, it's ut a Step to downright Infidelity. When we are ot thus far, nothing checks us from throwing quite aside, but Reputation; thus the bashful inner quickly fhoots up into the Libertine, then reaks out into flagrant Impiety, and this termiates in Atheism. The Gradation, though inenfible, is but too certain when once we have pened the Ear to Irreligion.

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Such a Blindness admits of no Hesitation, it biolutely pronounces on the Nature of the Soul. To believe any Thing of its Spirituality and Imnortality would in an Atheist be an inconsistent Opposition to his fundamental Principles; this ould be bestowing upon Man what he'll not allow ven to the Deity. Can a System which has exoded God, confistently with itself hold so hoourable an Opinion of Men? Hence the Rife Materialism and the Mortality of the Soul.

The Dread of Annihilation! A Scarecrow for e Beafts and the common Flourish of the Atheist. h Infatuation! How powerful are Satan's Illustis! What! can the Soul with its immense Ca-

cities be thus ignorant of itself?

To discourse of the Soul like a Schoolman, ould be opening a Controversy, and endeavourg not to be understood, a great Part of Schosticism being no more than Terms of uncertain

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Definition: Were it our Concern only to be intelligible, that would fet all to Rights. I am never for ftarting Doubts, in order to clear them up by Uncertainties. Here's my Rule. Faith enjoins me to look upon the Soul as spiritual and immortal; I believe it: But where's the Philosophy of that, says one. No matter; 'tis Christianity, and what can I lose possessed of such a Title? What should I grudge to deserve it? Welcome Error,

in Company with the Augustins and a MOAT

Whatever Contrariety, or rather, whatever Si milarity the Understanding may conceive betwint the Spirituality of the rational and cogitative Soul of Man, and the Materiality of that of Brutes. which appears to be no lefs than a wife and powerful Intelligence, not inferior in Perception to the most sagacious of the human Race; still is it a Truth, that God has created our Souls spiritual and immortal, and that he has endued the material Soul of Beafts with a fenfitive Quality capable of the various Operations performed by the human Soul: If so, why may not Man also, like the rest of animate Creatures, have received from God the fame fubtilifed Matter capable of comparing Ideas, and forming Confequences? Is it absolutely necesfary, that the Soul of Man should be naturally different from that of a Beaft? Is it really fo? Now as to all this, Faith makes me perfectly eafy.

In vain my rebellious Mind combines with Reafon, in an impious Opposition to Decisions infnitely more authentic and certain than all the specious ones of Philosophers. I shut my Eyes against their boasted Systems. What's Descarte's Opinion of Beasts to me? and as little do I regard the Conjectures of Gassendus on the Soul of

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What a fubtle System is this same Cartesanism! it makes Beafts no more than Machines, of themselves not susceptible of either Grief or Joy, but in all their Sensations depending entirely on Mechanism; but Mechanism, how connected, how extensive and complete soever, has its ne plus ultra: it cannot unite fuch a Number of Springs as may inftantaneously be varied to opposite Functions; it cannot keep them in that Velocity, Exactness, and Flexility, requisite to the punctual Performance of every Thing in Time and Place. Daily Experience makes good the Plea in favour of the Souls of Beafts; but 'tis the Verdict of Faith that this Soul is only material and mortal; there is then in Beafts a reflexive Matter, whereby they are actuated, and which perifhes with them.

Ask Caniphilus's Opinion; it is only on stated Days on the Week, and on Occasions of Interest, that he converfes with Men; his Dogs have all the rest of his Time; these are not less than half a hundred, all chosen, all at his Command, all obedient and trained up to his Hand; and do you think Caniphilus would give his Company to Machines? Souls he must at least have: What can he do with fuch a Tribe of Dogs? Do! he dances methodically with them; he learns them to bark academically. He speaks to them, and they know their particular Answer; they understand one another, and what prettier Diversion can there be? How many Routs and private Collations are there which feldom come up to any Thing like this? Amidst them he gratifies his Pride in every Instance, he commands them with the Despotism of an Eastern Prince, and sometimes tries them for their Faults or Aukwardness, himself being both Judge and Executioner; his fnarling Humour and guff Phyz, contracted by herding with them, would make one think he had renounced all Mankind

kind; Was not the coarse Fatima known to live

under his Roof.

Not a Word of Mechanism before Assure, he'd fly into a Flame for his darling Pluto; Pluto's so genteel, so acute a Dog; he skips, he dances, he plays a thousand monkey Tricks; give him a Nut, he thanks you with a Bow; there's no End of his Gesticulations, and are all his surprising Actions no more than the Operations of a Machine! Assure could employ your Ears for two Days only in Stories of the dear Animal's Docility. To Pluto the least Wink is enough; he knows when he has done amiss, and hies away to his Basket. 'Tis not by an Impulse of the Air, which by frequently striking his Organs, gives him to understand he's to be gone; 'tis only a Look, and he obeys at Sight.

What a wonderful Machine must that be, which can thus hit upon my Meaning? Vaucanson's Man, indisputably the best organized, the most perfect Machine, the Master-piece of Mechanism, could it have executed off hand any Tune which I had barely thought of; or even had I laid the Notes before it, and played myself in Concert? The Answer will be, its Springs were not set to it: Is not this implying that Beasts necessarily have Souls? How many Phænomena does St. German

Fair exhibit, all making for it!

To dwell on proving the Materiality of their Soul, is in my Opinion a Waste of Words; its what every Man of common Sense must be clear in.

It must be allowed, that the Soul of Beasts is an evident Proof that Matter has a cogitative Faculty: Unhappy Certainty! in being made to serve the Turn of the impicus Desenders of the Materiality of the human Soul: How many Disputes would

would have been superseded, had the System of the Mechanism of Beasts taken Place? Atheism would have been driven from some of its strongest In-

trenchments.

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Where is the mighty Distinction betwixt our noble felves and Beafts, fays Memnon, with an over-bearing Air? Are not our Formation and Birth exactly theirs? any little Knowledge we get, is it not by Dint of Study ? is it not the Product of Years of tedious Application? my Son; what did he know of himself? myself and others had enough to do to beat into him the Names of the most common Things; and as for Reading, he was in his seventh Year before he could put two Letters This then is your Man; well, now let's see what is to be made of the Brute; why, there was my little Cat within fix Weeks perfectly Miffress of all its Gesticulations; knew the Place where her Food was laid, and never offered to touch mine by understanding that I had forbid her: My Greyhound too, at fix Months old, was entered in the Field, and if once he got Sight of a Hare, it was furely his own: Now where is Genius, in my Son, or in my Cat and Hound? Were I to teach this latter, who knows what he might be brought to? If he understands no more, 'tis because I taught him no more. His Ignorance is entirely chargeable upon my own Negligence: I want Sagacity to dive into the Nature, and to examine all the Compass of his Capacity, duly to improve those Talents which I observe in him. If I am not more industrioue about my Son, he'll never be equal to my Dog or Cat. He loves Sweatmeats as much as he dreads the Whip; and when he does well, 'tis in order to get the one and avoid the other; his Proficiencies are not a whit more than those of my Dog; in what then are they so extremeextremely diffimilar? neither of them know but as they are taught. How many whole Nations, as yet Strangers to Law and order, may be compared to my Dog! and others, with all their Laws and Regulations, in what are they superior to him!

This is with a witness, attributing to Matter Properties, which are only analogous to Spirit; and the direct Consequence would be, that a Beast can conceive and associate Ideas, compare, and form an Estimate of them; and what surther that our Soul, not being susceptible of any different Operations, is also material; This is plainly Memnon's Drift.

As a Soul cannot be denied to Beafts, and that Soul is held to be material, and as every Day strikes us with fresh Proofs of the Reach of its Intellects, and the Exactness of its Operations,

not less clear and certain than those of the human Soul; it must appear something difficult to prove that they are of two different Natures amidst such a Sameness of Conceptions and Sensations; Pleasure and Pain, Grief and Joy, every Thing is seen alike in both. Their sensitive Soul bear such Marks of a reslexive Intelligence, that it must be granted either that they have two Souls, or

must be granted either that they have two

To God nothing is impossible; he could appoint that certain Spirits, mixed with the Blood, incessantly circulating in the Body of the Beast, should form Perceptions sufficient for them; and to cease whenever the vital Spirits should come to stagnate; but these Perceptions, whatever they be, are neither Memory nor Judgment, consequently they are far below any Comparison with the Faculties inherent in the human

those of my Mog; in what that are,

Soul.

Others, less bold in their Tenets for Materialism, but not les pernicious, betake themselves to a fubtle Medium; these create Monades or simple Beings, Torms of incontrovertable Ideas, and as they fay, clearly explained by a Being without Extension, composing an Extension. That Matter can think, they do not believe, Thought not being effential to Matter! Now this is anihilating their Monades; let them, at least, be consistent with themselves. An unextended Being, if such an one can be conceived, composing an Extension, must be Matter as certainly as it cannot be Spirit. I close with the Monadites, and with them affirm, that Matter, cannot absolutely think. Whatthen becomes of their Monades? Is their Soul capable of Thought? Do they themselves think? Answer me this. I say throughout but violed M bar daider

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Corylas will have the Soul to be, at most, but a Term; many of the antient Nations knowing nothing at all of it; he says, 'tis an Invention of Philosophers, one finding out its Spirituality, and another superadding Immortality: But turn to the History of any Nation, and it will afford you numberless Proofs against the Fallacy of Corylas.

Objections against the Spirituality of the Soul encrease but too much at these Times; it is speciously said, if the Soul be spiritual, it admits of neither Enlargement nor Diminution, it being an Absurdity to imagine that God should leave this Divinæ Particulam Auræ, this Part of Himself to Man's Cultivation, that it has not ever been alike surnished with Ideas; and that to receive Instructions and Improvement through the Organs of Sense, is a Debasement of it. Its Gradations from Insancy to Manhood are obvious by universal Experience, and from thence to Sensity; its Declension is such, that Age often brings us back

The Deire D'Arm.

to the Ignorance and Imbecillity, in which we began the Journey of Life; Matter at ninety fees itself again under the same Weakness as at seven or eight; and the paffive Mind partakes of its Viciffitudes.

To this I answer, that God, having left Good or Evil to Man's free Choice, has no less left to him the modelling and directing his Understanding to his Interest, Necessities and Inclinations; and, that in both there might be a Rectitude conducive to his Happiness, he has previously endued him with sufficient Graces and Discernment: As to any Decay of the Mind, very far is it from being occasioned by an Imbecillity of the Soul, which, of itself, is fubject neither to Change nor Disorder; but is owing to the Defects of the Matter, betwin which and Memory and Judgment the Connexion is not less intimate, than betwixt the Soul and the Body in general; from the imperfect Formation of the Brain, or the Deficcation of it, are derived those visible Alterations in Substance incorporated with it.

No more of this Spirituality and Immortality of the Soul to \* Eutiphron; tell him either of Materiality, Mortality, or even press Mechanism to him, it is all alike; he neither answers you, nor fo much as listens to you; he is perfectly easy. Whether the Soul be spiritual or mortal, or whether Eutiphron himself be no more than a Machine, is exactly the same thing to him, if things go but tolerably well with him. Incogitancy about the Nature and End of his Being is become habitual to him; fo irreconcileable is this Supineness of his, that it will not permit him to cast a serious Eye on this Treatife.

It may now well be thought, that nothing would be more commonly heard, than that at Death all

s gone: This Idea fets so easy on us, that it is become fashionable. At first it was only cautiously whispered in private; afterwards a Liberine, zealous for the good Cause, imparted his Thoughts to a sew Intimates; this set the System a going so swift, that no polite Entertainment can now break up without a Song or two on this exhilarating Topic; and the Mirth too, heightened by some most impious Comments, delivered with

all imaginable Composure and Gravity.

However, these refined Commentators know not how to stand the Mention of the Shortness of Life; it is sure to set them a sighing: To be immortal in this, with them, is so fine a Thing, that it heats their Imaginations; their Hearts swell with the Thought; and the Ardency of their Desires has been known to dart an illusory Gleam of Hope, which these Visionaries have long cherished; they have nothing left to wish, could they once bring themselves to an absolute Certainty of this so passionately wish'd for Immortality: But from the Time Adam and Eve sound themselves mistaken in it, only a brain-sick Creature or two have been sound, who have laid Claim to a Preservative against Death.

What must be done then, as they cannot assure themselves of being immortal in this Life, and will not be so in the other? Why, they work themselves into a Notion, that Soul and Body go together at Death, and there's the final End of

them both.

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I appeal to you, Theomis, Do you, in your Heart, believe the Soul to be mortal! No, you are sensible you do not, however you may wish it.

Let Theomis drop the adulterous Commerce, in which he has for ten Years been engaged, with Orontes's Wife: Let Theomis instead of being an

Ufurer

Usurer become merciful and liberal, he'll then readily allow the Immortality of the Soul; the Hope of a Reward for his good Actions will help to convince him of the Life to come; if he now impugns it, 'tis only because he dreads it.

The good Man believes the Soul's Immortality, and rejoices in the Belief: With the wicked Man, nothing is to furvive the Dissolution of this Body:

Different Behaviours, different Systems.

How mean a Folly are the latter guilty of, in ftriving to perfuade themselves that they are no better than Beasts! and wherefore? only that, in their Course of Life, in their Health, and even in the Pleasures they are so fond of, they may enjoy a degrading Kind of Happiness, of which Beasts have more lively Sensations.

The Scripture furnishes us with Maxims that they

are daily retailing in every Company.

"The Ungodly fay, as they falfely imagine within themselves, our Life is short and tedious; and in the Death of a Man there is no Recovery, neither are any known who have returned from the Grave: For we are born at all Adventures, and we shall be hereafter, as though we had never been; for the Breath in our Nostrils is as Smoke, and our Words as Sparks raifed out of the Heart; which being extinguished, the Body is turned into Ashes, and the Spirit vanisheth as the soft Air. Our Life shall pass away as the Trace of a Cloud, and come to nought as the Mift that is driven away with the Beams of the Sun, and cast down with the Heat thereof. Our Name also shall be forgotten in time, and no Man shall have our Works in Remembrance; for our Time is as a Shadow that paffeth away, and after our End there is no returning; for it is fast sealed, so that no Man cometh again: Come therefore and let us enjoy

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us joy njoy the Pleasures that are present; let us cheerilly use the Creatures, as in Youth: Let us fill urselves with costly Wine and Qintments, and et not the Flower of Life pais by us Let us rown ourselves with Roses before they are wihered: Let us all be Partakers of Voluptuoufness: Let us leave some Token of our Pleasure in every Place; for this is our Portion, and this is our Lot."

Behold the rich and splendid + Danis, happy, for e thinks fo; contented, for he declares it : He njoys what be calls Life; feizes Pleafure wherever he can find it: Secure of Impunity by his Birth and the Regard paid to his Ancestors and Relations, there's no Irregularity which he does not give into; heaping thus Infamy upon himself, but hat's of no Weight with him; for should a Friend be found fincere enough to offer a Word of Adice, his Answer would be " My Eather indeed was a great Man; I have, I think, heard or read omething of this Matter: Meer Vapour! Not worth a Thought! Once dead, there's an End of ill: As for figuring in History, others are molt welcome to it. I take my Swing of Life; Pleaure is my Drift: and as for Death and Futurity, and fuch Stuff, I never trouble my Head about of Operations felled to his Existence air them."

† Pamphilus, you who so generally frequent what is called good Company, must have heard such frivolous Reasonings again and again; 'tis Politeness, and Softhenes swears, the very Oriterion which distinguishes the Man of Spirit from the snivelling Boy. Let the Fears of another Life be left to fully Women, and the Hopes to Priests, and what a Maze will they find themselves in, when they mis

their fine Paradise?

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or the Wifd: Chap, ii. it so ode out the I f themed + Duke de Villors. 1 Crebillon. An aste mid

Well, Pamphilus, have you nothing with which to put these abandoned Jesters out of Countenance? Sosthenes is your Friend, and his Heart is not yet quite corrupted: Set about the Cure, and whisper him in private, "I am exceedingly concerned, my Friend, that you should turn to so very wrong a Use the good Sense that God has given you. Is it possible you can be thus stretching your Faculties to your own Debasement, to reduce yourself to a Level with the Brute Creation? In spite of all your irrational Efforts to suppress them, the Desires or Fears of something after Life will cause themselves to be felt in your Heart."

Let us, with you, suppose that Death puts an utter End to us. To what End Religion? where's Divine Justice? what Compensation lest to Virtue for all the Insults and Sufferings it has undergone from the Insolence of prosperous Vice?

To argue more closely on the Shortness and Miseries of this Life; The Earth, Air, Water, all the common Necessaries of Life, Beasts partake of in common with ourselves; by way of eminent Distinction, however, God has endued Man with a spiritual and immortal Soul, capable of Operations suited to his Existence and Designs, and far superior, let what will be said, to all the Functions of the Brute Instinct. After God has been pleased to exalt us so far above these, are we at last to mingle with them in an utter Extinction? Own, Sosthenes, how very exceptionable this would appear to you.

From nothing did God by his mere Will produce this immense Universe: From the Breath of the Deity was Life given to the first Man: and is it beyond his Power to give Immortality to this Breath? Can the one be thought more difficult to

him than the other?

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The Spirituality and Immortality of the Soul being proved and admitted, it remains to divide it as to its Essence, Destination, and Operations The proper Essence of the Soul consists in a Capacity of Thinking, or rather in Thinking, Thought being of no less Necessity to the Soul, than the Soul to the Body; it is as inseparable as Justice and Goodness from God. Its Destination is to prefide over the Senses and direct the Behaviour, to be punished or rewarded, according to its Compliance with Evil, or its Attachment to Good. Its first Operation is to animate the Body. then to diffuse itself through the Limbs, and to fuperintend the feveral Gradations from Infancy to Manhood, and the Declensions from thence to Decrepitude.

As these three Divisions belong to the Soul, so from these it receives three Denominations. The first is the rational Soul, as invested with the Prerogatives which form the very Essence of it: the second, from its Controul over the Senses, is termed the sensitive Soul; and the vivisying Soul is that in which the vital Heat is lodged. These three Parts, which its Functions convince us, reside in the Soul, are inseparable: As Parts of one and the same Whole, their Conjunction cannot be

difunited.

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The reasonable Soul takes the Lead, as, of it, the other two hold their Power; from it are derived Sensation and Motion to the Machine; it is to the Body as the Sun to the World, and, like a lighted Taper, imparts Activity to the aerial Light: blow out the Taper, and the Activity of the Light ceases; when the reasonable Soul departs, the sensitive and vivifying Souls have no more to do; their Duties are superseded, a Stop

put to their Operations, and both are extin-

The fensitive, the next in Degree, fills the middle Place betwixt the reasonable and vivifying Soul; its Province is the animal Passions: Here it is that the Love of the Creatures receives its Birth, is strengthened and indulged without any Interposition of the reasonable Soul; and when the vivifying Soul is called in, 'tis only as an Assistant to secure its Conquest over the reasonable. Hence proceed Anger, Hatred, Intemperance, and all Excesses: Hence also an Infinitude of Actions criminal in themselves, but originally void of Guilt; Thought, or prepense Reslexion, having no share in them.

Avarice, Selfishness, Ambition, Pride and all the Results of a predeterminate Caprice, owe their Existence to the reasonable Soul alone, as to it alone belongs the Conception and Cultivation

of Ideas.

The vivifying Soul is properly no more than the natural Heat dispersed through all the Parts of the Body, and commonly known by the Name of the vital Spirits.

This third may be called the groß Part, and in most of its Functions is subordinate to the sensitive; but the Procedures of this last are not all

equally dependent on the rational.

The sensitive Soul prepares and sets before the reasonable, a seducing Reslexion on the softer Passions, and allures the vivifying Soul with material Gratifications; and it is not a rare Case, that the reasonable Soul, after vigorous Efforts to shake off the Enticements of the sensitive, is compelled to give way to the united Force of the two other Souls, who league together, that the Passions may get the upper hand.

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Sometimes, in the Absence of Objects in the Inactivity of Sleep, in the Extinction, as it were, of the reasonable Soul; when all Memory, Reslexion and Comparison of Ideas are suspended, when even they would be of no Use, there being nothing to exercise themselves upon; sometimes, I say, the waking Passions, suddenly taking Advantage of this profound Insensibility of the rational, close with the vivisying Soul, to perpetrate the Plot laid against it by the sensitive, without the least Knowledge of it on the Part of the reasonable Soul.

Here I am aware of an Objection, which is, that this Operation does not want the fensitive Soul, it has no concern in it; the vivifying Soul alone can bring it about. I answer: What becomes of Matter, if in this apparent Absence of the reasonable Soul, it be not awakened by some thing striking on the Tympanum, if I may so say, of the Passions? And, in such a State, what can

that Something be, but the fensitive Soul?

These are the two Parts of which the Soul of Beasts necessarily consists; for to reduce it to one, is dealing something unfairly with them; and I shall be allowed this Division by any attentive Observer of the Instinct of Beasts. If I mistake my Way, let me be set right, I shall be very docile; for, to enter the Lists against any one, is far

from my Intention.

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What I would be understood to say is, that Beasts, like us, have both a sensitive and vivisying Soul; in the former lies all their Sagacity, and the Functions of the vital Spirits depend on the latter; their Actions and Resections being only the Result of Passions, it must be the sensitive Soul which is at the Head of all their Acts, and as such, determines their Consequences; it sets the Operations of the vivisying Soul a-going;

it animates their vital Spirits in Anger, and directs them in Generation.

All the Subtilities that have been display'd to prove the Soul's Mortality, prove only the very Reverse. Our Interest, our Desires, our Disquietudes, our Denial of it, are every one strongly marked Indications of the Soul's Extent, and Seals of its Immortality, in which all our Perverseness must acquiesce.

Whatever has been advanced in behalf of the Soul's Materiality, ferves only to prove its Spirituality. What I have now faid upon this subject together with the Criticisms which will be thrown at it, may be looked upon as further Proofs of the

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fame desireable Truth.

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#### ENERGISCHE ENERGISCHE

#### LESSON V.

## Of RELIGION.

IT is in our public Schools, where certainly a thorough Knowledge of Religion should be inculcated into the Minds of Youth. Should not the bare Intimation of this in a Christian Country seem superfluous and impertinent? I blush at the

Necessity of it.

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Valerius, just come from the Boarding-School, has consumed there ten long Years in getting a Smattering only of Latin, somewhat less Greek, and the Pagan Mythology: And does he really know no more? Why, that's enough; what would you have of him? Valerius is indeed a Christian, and surely must have some Knowledge of his Religion: Yes, he has a Tincture of it, for he was taught his Catechism, and every Saturday repeated a few Passages of the New-Testament: And can that be all? too surely it is. And thus amply is he instructed in the very Point on which an everlasting Misery or Happiness depends.

When I talk to Valerius of Samuel's Piety, of Salomon's Wisdom, or of the Patience of Job, I discover only a confused Remembrance of these Names. The Seeds of Voluptuousness indeed have so far already disclosed themselves in his young Heart, as to give him a Liking to Solomon, and have brought that splendid Monarch often into his Thoughts:

He was indeed for knowing more of him, but his Tutors

Tutors prevented it; and I commend their Prudence.

But let us shift the Topic with him, and mention Jupiter's Amours; Mercury himself did not know more of them; he has the Particulars of every Stratagem, every Rape and Intrigue; the whole of Paganism is at his Fingers Ends; he'll familiarly describe all the Mysteries of the Feasts of Adonis; but put him upon those of his own sacred Religion, and how does he blunder out his Igno-

rance of them!

And can it be thought the Education of Valerius was committed to Christians? Even so it is, and by the very Priests of his Law has he been initiated into a Religion, which his own declares to be an Abomination. Are then the Pagan Authors the only Avenues to Science? St. Ferom, St. Gregory, St. Cyrill, St. Basil, are these to be exploded as Ignoramus's? Where lies the Advantage of Heathen Eloquence above their's? The Fire of St. Chrysoftom! Might not he well supply the Place of Lucian? St. Lee, what an Orator! How much better Fruits might be expected from a Youth read in Prosper and Prudentius, than in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, tho' he should have the whole by heart. But what Remedy is there? 'tis the Vogue, and that of no less than fifteen hundred Years standing: Profound Doctors have favoured the World with elaborate Notes on Cicero, Phadrus, Fenence, &c. and Things must be left just as they are; there's no Help for it. Every Calling, every way of Life, has its Prejudices; but none more pernicious than these.

Valerius now fets his Foot into the World, with a Heart decifively affected by recent and reiterated Impressions: The Loves of Venus, her Sallies, the seductive Air of Pleasantry in which Fable repre-

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reprefents fents them, have fullied his Imagination. What a Source of Reflexions is here, and all lively, penetrating, and totally destructive of his Virtue! With this Furniture he returns to his Father, whom I will yet suppose Master of so much Reason as to be both defirous and capable of giving his Son an Infight into the Importance of Religion: But 'tis now too late, he's in his eighteenth Year. the Corruptions of Nature, inflamed by a bad Education, foon bias him: His Father is looked upon as an old Dotard, endeavouring to make a Booby of him. The Matter is communicated to a lunto of his School-fellows; a Council is called, and the good Man unanimously voted non compos, and to be disposed of accordingly; and Valerius fit only to keep him Company, if stupid enough to regard what he fays, and fuffer his Spirits to be lowered either by his Example or Authority.

But let us veil the Particulars of the execrable Conference, left we perceive Valerius withing for

an Act to efface his very Scepticism.

Valerius then is for fetting out a mere Animal. without Faith, Rule, or Religion: You and I may tremble at it, but he makes a Jest of the Comparison, and swears the Advantage lies on his In answer to the glorious Hope of a Side. Christian, has he not, says he, his Fears! The Beafts have much the Preference; their Consciences never presume to intrude upon their Enjoyments. Thus would he wish to live, but is not yet fufficiently hardened to act up to it; there's fuch a Thing as Decency, and Decency must not be openly broke through; the little Shew of Piety must be properly exposed: There seems a univeral Agreement to put on the Disguise, every body knows 'tis a mere Disguise, but without a Mask, no Amittance to the Ball. The Mask is seen

through, but were you to throw it aside, and shew yourself, you must soon be glad to use it again; or no-body would be seen with you.

Valerius becomes his Mask, and reconciles the troublesome Decency with his Ease. You go to Church, Valerius, and if observed when there, the better for you. After Supper, where you happen to have been invited, the Defert is brought on, and the Servants withdraw; now's the Time to make Profession of your Faith. No fure, not at Table! Yes, Novice, the very fashionable Place for it. Why do you boggle? declare yourfelf a Christian; are you afraid of being made the Jest of the Company? something or other must be faid. You have, perhaps, made Choice of a Religion in your own Mind; but to chuse the Christian would be a bad Bargain. Do you frequent public Worship? why the World ties you up to these Externals; but for the Heart, that Point you have long fettled with yourfelf. And what may his Religion then be? Is he Jew or Mahometan? Or does he adhere to Christianity? You may depend upon his never incumbering himself with a Religion less commodious than his own; he loves his Ease, and has too much Wit to make the Attempt.

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At Constantinople are Men, who have a Salary for calling Musulmen to public Prayers at stated Hours, from the Tops of the Mosques; and let any one dare to be absent; he does not come off for a small Fine, or a few Strokes of the Bastinado: The Ramadam-Breakers are sure to be as severely handled by the Cadi's; for the Mollachs never yet took it into their Heads to grant Dispensations.

How exact the Attendance of the Jews at their Synagogues! How devout at their Prayers! What

nask er kæld. Avustá: a religious Observation of the Sabbath! How scru-

pulous, even in the minutest Particulars!

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And how indulgent and eafy Catholicism! and where more so than at Paris? Masses incessantly going forward, and Monks vying with each other who shall dispatch them soonest and most carelesly. Father Bonaventure, Behold him at half an Hour after eleven, difmiffing his Congregation in exactly eight Minutes; the Capuchin, at twelve, seldom exceeds nine: People flock thither on Sundays, if Time permits; but whether they do so or not, nothing comes of it; they may go, or ftay at home, for any thing the Government cares. The Holy-Days are undiffinguished from others; as for Lent itself, it is observed just as much as are the Fridays and Saturdays; no Distinction of Food, every one eats as he thinks fit; 'tis Delicacy instead of Devotion, that regulates the Table. The Holy Sezion would not be even remember'd by many, did not the jovial Carnival bring it to their Remembrance.

With these unnoticed Omissions of the most essential Duties of Religion is connected a tranquil Habit in too many Crimes, which the Relaxness

of the Times feem eafily to countenance.

How many Families, within these twenty Years, have Cause to curse Clitander\*! Maids, Wives, Widows, none have escaped the Ravages of his Debauchery. He seems the very Person pointed at in Ecclesiasticus, where we are told, "All Bread is sweet to the Whoremonger; and, while he lives, he will not give over sinning." His Diversions, his Business, his Duties, are all turned into Adultery and Fornication; he has Wretches in Pay to pry after discontented Wives; Women who

\* Duke de Richlien.

game upon Honour; and Maids who long to be otherwise.

\* Menippus supplies a great Man with welltrained Dogs; he can depend on them from numberless Trials, and by his Dogs he gains his Ends. Clitander, though no Sportsman, falls not short of his; many Houses, and those of no small Note, owe their Supplies to his Address and Activity, Wives or Widows, fair or brown, of all Complexions, he has them ready, and turns them all to account; he can also depend on them no less than Menippus on his Dogs. Who levels his Batteries better than he? Who can match him in Stratagems? He'll make his Way thro' the Walls of a Seraglio! Indeed the Miscarriage of a late Adventure, by the fudden Interruption of a Hufband, has exposed a small Artifice of his. How would the inventive Clitander have been served at Constantinople? How punished by the Mosaic Law! His flagitious Pleasures had terminated in a torturing Death. And what was his Fate at Paris? Why, the Husband has been lampooned; Clitander himself has diverted his Acquaintance with the Particulars of his Disappointment; and a Score of Women have come to condole with him, and offered all the Comfort in their Power. Clitander hug himself that he is a Christian?

Things being thus, where would be Clitander's Sense in shifting Religions! a Christian therefore he continues, with some Restrictions however; or rather may he be said to have soun a little kind of Religion for his own private Use, out of the several Licences and Indulgences of all the rest.

Valerius is a Medley of the Jew, the Mussulman, and the Christian, determined only by Opportunity; nay, rather than fail, he'll draw his Divinity from the

<sup>\*</sup> Marq. de Livry.

the Classics; so that, 'tis to be feared, he is occasionally little better than a Pagan.

" The Fool despises his Father's Instructions;

but he that regardeth Reproof is prudent."

The best Sort of Fathers to be sure are not wanting in giving their Children suitable Admonitions; but, the Missortune is, they imagine in this to have topped their Part.

" Lo, this only I have found, that God made Man upright; but they have fought out many In-

ventions."

Religion has Enemies of all Species: Some live as without a Deity. What are their Principles? the Refult of Inquiry? Alas no Inquiries for them. They are by no means, Atheists in their Heart; and, so far from professing themselves such, they would look upon the Appellation as a most heinous Offence: Others with Humanity, Probity, and all the good Qualities which conflitute the worthy Man, gravely maintain that there is no God. former are the most numerous, but of less Danger to Religion; an unbridled Licentiousness betrays them into that Scepticism, at which, in the Hours of Coolness, or when the Tide of Vice is exhausted, they blush and startle. Of the fecond there are no Hopes; and, though few, are more to be dreaded than flighted. Founded, in some measure, on Principles, tho' erroneous, and themselves unexceptionable in their Characters, they are neither suspected nor shunned like the other.

The Trenches are opened with cavilling on the Canonical Books, received by the Church as the Basis of Religion, and questioning their Authenticity. The dark Chronicles of the Chinese and Assistance are rummaged, to shew that those Nations were founded and flourished under regular Governments, some Thousands of Years before

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ulman, unity; y from the Christ, falsifying the Epochs, Data, and Computations. They make a Stir, that the Chinese Historians relate, as an undoubted Certainty, their first Emperor Fobi to have reigned 2982 Years before the Christian Æra, which carries the Foundation of their Empire above 300 Years beyond the Deluge; nor was any Deluge ever heard of in China; therefore could not possibly be universal. But I tremble to repeat the horrible Con-

fequences drawn from this Inference.

Others seem not to disallow of the Deluge; not that they in reality believe it; but with a View the better to introduce and play off the Criticisms which they have at hand against it. Either, argue they, the Deluge has altered the Figure of the Earth, or it was not universal; and by the present State of the Earth, it seems a physical Impossibility that it should have been so; yet is the Scripture express: The Fountains of the great Deep were broken up, the Windows of Heaven were opened, and the Rain was upon the Earth forty Days and forty Nights; all the high Hills were covered, and fifteen Cubits upward did the Waters prevail.

The highest Mountains, as those of Gordin and Ararat, are three thousand Paces above the Surface of the Sea, and of this the greatest Depth is not above three hundred; so that, without reckoning the Capaciousness of the Globe to increase in Proportion to its Rising, the Extent of the Water, according to this Account, must have been no less than fifteen times greater than that

of the Earth.

It is further known, by exact Demonstrations, that the Water of the heaviest Rains does not exceed an Inch and a half, in half an Hour, which makes fix Feet in a Day, so that, the Deluge having

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having lasted but forty Days, there could not be upon the Earth a Body of Water of above two hundred and forty Feet, omitting the Deductions fairly allowable to the spreading of the Mud, and the Decrease by Penetration; and, to reach the Summits of the Mountains, the Heavens must have poured down each Day one Hundred and fixty Feet of Water; a Thing impossible in Nature. If it be alledged that the Earth might not then be of the same Figure, or in the same State as now, Alterations of the like Kind, and from leffer Causes, having not been unfrequent; bent on Carping, they rest not here, but directly fall to clearing up the Histories of the Syrians, Chinese, Egyptians, and Ethiopians; and will prove, that, within two hundred Years at farthest, after the Deluge, their Empires swarmed with People, and had very large Cities; and that is not fo much as supposeable that the Issue of four Persons. could have multiplied to fuch a Degree within fo thort a Term; concluding, "after the Deluge, the three Sons of Noah divided the Nations among themselves:" Now this Division could not be imaginary.

Is there any one Passage of Scripture, which their Malignity has not sisted, I may say distorted? Are we to believe, say they, that Adam was the sirst Man, the only Father of all Mankind? Is it not said in Scripture, The Sons of God saw the Daughters of Men that they were fair, and they took them Wives of all whom they chose? Who are these Daughters of Men? ask they: Who were their Fathers? And who those Husbands, whom the Scripture stile the Sons of God? If, continue they, there was but one Race on Earth, viz. that of Adam, why should God take such Offence at an Union betwixt young People of the same Extraction?

Difference in Blood, and the Males are called the Sons of God, whereas the Females are no more than Daughters of Men. Now, from hence, their Conclusion is no other than that both, being of a different Descent, Adam was not the first Man; nor did his Offspring make up the whole World; they condescend to allow it to be the Race chosen of God.

Those who treat the Notion of Co-Adamites as a trisling Cavil, give into no less Absurdities; they say, with fustin Martyr, in his Apology, "that the Angels, having broke through the divine Establishment of their State, had given way to the Love of Women, and that this was the Cause of their being changed into Devils." If they are put in mind of St. Cyril\*, who affirms, "that it is impious not only to relate, but to lend an Ear to the sictitious Stories of the Angels Loves," they

think to nonplus you by a Sneer.

Nor do they stop here; Moses, that distinguished Legislator, honoured by God himself with the Title of his Priend, "is no other than a pitisul Leper, expelled Egypt on account of his Distemper, which was also general among his Peoplet." Who are we referred to as Vouchers of these Facts? To blind Pagans, prejudiced Writers, who would not fail to adulterate and give a wrong Turn to whatever made against their Errors. What would be thought of a Jesuit, who should, in his Desence, bring in Quesnel and Jansenius? According to Tacitus, all the Miracles worked by God in favour of his People, both in Egypt and afterwards, to put them in Possession of the delicious

<sup>\*</sup> Lib. 9. contra Julianum.

<sup>+</sup> Tacitus, Lib. 5.

cious Land of Promise sall to the Ground: But Prejudice apart, why is Muses to be less credited than Tacitus?

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Without Evidence and Examination there is no Wisdom. Fatal Sophism! Alarming Position! of which Rationalists, Libertines and Atheists are the possonous Breed. For how many, with all the Disquisitions of this fagacious Wisdom, have at last turned out to be neither Christians nor Jews, nor so much as Mahometans? This, say you, is reducing Religion to no more than an early Prepossession; and don't you hear it called so every Day? If you strike out Religion, what becomes of God? Tis degrading him something lower than the Wretch does who denies his Existence.

If you represent to an Atheist, that the beautiful Order of the Universe slone speaks it to be no fortuitous Work; that whatever exists was created by a first Cause, which is God, then, answers he immediately, God is the Author of physical and moral Evil. If I tell him that God, being infinitely good; cannot be the Author of any Evil, his Reply is, then is there fomething of which God is not the Author? I rejoin that Sin and Evil are the Consequences of an Abuse of Freewill in the Creatures: That's the Point, answers he with the most composed Gravity; that's the very Proof that God does not create every thing, and that there are other Beings besides him which have a plaffic Power; fince there are Beings which do not hold their Birth of him; he cannot be the fole Cause of all that exists in the World. Such are the Conclusions for Chance, or rather the facrilegious Subtilties against the divine Power. All we have to fay is, that clear Ideas of Infinity are unattainable; and that, of all things, God is

and the most mysterious. If we open our Eyes to the Deity, by whom we are surrounded, he is at once clear as the Noon, and dark as midnight to our Conceptions. "All Men, says Job, see

God, but every one fees him afar off."

To return to the Atheist's Objections; Does God, say they, act necessarily, or freely? If you fay the former, they answer, then is he immutable. and all our Prayers to no Purpose; if freely, then his Sentiments, being occasional, they will alter according to circumstances; and at this rate he knows not the Events of To-morrow. God is gracious, we pray to him, and our Prayers must move him, and confequently he will not carry his Decree against us to Execution: In the Case of Ninevel, either God had determined to punish the City if it did not repent, or he had not: If he had, he must have retracted his own Decree: If fuch a Decree had not come from his Mouth, the Threatnings of God were mere Bluster; two Extremes equally injurious to the divine Majesty. Is it said, that God knew the Inhabitants of Nineveh would repent? fuch Repentance must then have been necessary and indispensable, for God can foreknow only fixed Certainties: Then where is their Merit, fince they could act no otherwise? On the other hand, were their Conversion left to their free Choice, God could not be fure whether his Sentence passed on this City would be executed or not. Thus is the Divine Being in his Knowledge and in his Actions no less limited than Man. How incomprehensible are the Mysteries of thy glorious Attributes, O God! Happy he who worships thee in a refigned and stedfast Faith.

Infidelity draws a fresh Plea from our Calamities, our Pains and our Fears. How, says a Pupil

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of Spinofa, Can man be evil, if proceeding from a Principle fupremely good? Would fovereign Goodness give Birth to a wretched, or sovereign Sanctity to a corrupt Creature? I answer, that Man was created in a State of Purity; but, having corrupted himself, the Justice, the Goodness of God were concerned to punish his Transgressions: Well, reply they, but if Man owes his entire Origin to a good Principle, he would not be susceptible of any Evil. To my Objection, that he had only a bare Power to incline to Evil, they fay worse, that God knowing he would fin, his Goodness was concerned to deprive him of the Means. A Being supremely good, will not leave us the Means to do Evil. If in this Respect we be free, this Being is not good; either it could or would not do otherwise; either Way, it is not God. If I display to him the divine Graces and their wonderful Operations; there would be no need of them, fays he, had Man been created and confirmed by God in a proper State of Purity: Besides, how limited are their Operations in respect of the Frequency and Enormity of Crimes? and their Efficacy is the Portion of very few, which shews a most unreasonable Predilection in God. Paul and Judas little redound to the Honour of Grace. It was the Despair of the latter, fay I, which proved his Destruction; the Reply is, Could not God have with-held him? If it could have been done, why was it not? Judas never could have made head against the Workings of God: What can be faid? to believe the divine Operations without bringing them to the Test of our Scrutinies, is, unquestionably, the dutiful, the wife, and at the same Time, the safe Parts Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty inconstructed - boundaring, and

fired him? he that reproveth God, let him an-

Presumptuous Spinefift, fays God, "I will demand of thee, and answer thou me: Where wast thou when I laid the Foundations of the Earth? Declare, if thou hast Understanding, who laid the Measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath gretched the Line upon it? Whereupon are the Foundations thereof faitened? or who laid the Corner Stone thereof, when the Morning Stan fang together, and all the Sons of God houted for Joy? Who thut up the Sea with Doors, when it brake forth as if it had iffued from the Womb? I marked its destined Place, fet Bars and Doors, and faid, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud Waves be stayed --- Hast thou entered into the Springs of the Sea? or half thou walked in the furthermost Part of the Abys? Haft thou perceived the Breadth of the Earth! Tell me where Light dwelleth, and where is the Place of Darkness .- Knowest thou it because thou wast then born? or didst thou know the Number of thine own Days ?" + a variable is to lead

Aristarchus puts on an Appearance of a Kind of Philosophy, that he may be entitled to doubt of every thing, and openly to profess his Scepticism: He is a fine Orator; at least, he is not one who must be thought to give into the Belief of the shallow Generality: Were he to acknowledge God, all his high Reputation for Learning would drop at once. What! must he seem as ignorant as a Porter or a School-boy? He will examine before he affents, and has brought himself to believe nothing at all, before ever he sets about examining. What with his Distinctions and De-

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<sup>\*</sup> Job xi. + Job xxxviii.

finitions of Deity, that immense, indefinite and indefinable Being, all he allows of it is but a Name without Idea, the Object of the Terror of little Minds, and, according to him, the only

Proof of an Object still more empty.

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Athanafius, less captious, allows of a God, But what fort of a Being is it? an indolent, supine Deity, like those worldly Idols, who wholly taken up with a Care and Conceit of themselves, look upon every thing round them with the most difdainful Indifference; a Deity infensible of Cares or Pleafures; as either would employ it ; for Employnient borders upon Servitude, with which a Deity must certainly have nothing to do. All the Events of a fluctuating World do not, in any wife, discompose his lethargie Quiet, or awaken his Interpolition: Like a Beauty with a Crowd of diffegarded Lovers at her Feet, and who overhears herfelf taken to Pieces by Neighbours, having at most but Spirit enough to despise them, without any vindictive Motions, as her Revenge would endanger her Indolence. Whether Man be virtuous of wicked, fays Athanafius, God never gives himself any Trouble about it; they are born and die ; if not without his knowing, yet without his taking any notice of either. I cannot but fancy this Divinity to be the very Transcript of Sloth; and that, thus totally difengaged and inactive, must have its Intervals too of Lassitude.

Missander blames Athenussus and Aristanchus; he is in the right; and what is still better, though they were his Intimates, he has shaken them off; but he goes a Step too far, he hates Them: That's too far indeed; and now I blame Missander, and almost place him betwist his two discarded Intimates. As Missander loves God, he thinks that his Conscience binds him to hate them: So much the

worfe:

worse: But could you think it? It is not them only he hates, his Hatred reaches even to his Relations, his Wife and Children: This is bad indeed! This is the Gall of Bitterness! 'Tis being worse than Aristarchus and Athanasius with all their vile Notions put together. What can Misander think of God? that whosoever loves him must love nobody! What an unworthy Jealousy were this! Can a genuine Love of God consist with an Hatred of Mankind?

Are you for keeping in with Philosi? then never commend any body before him; not a Word of the good Works of Sophronius, or of the four Boys whom he has lately 'prenticed; nor of the Charities which indigent Widows daily receive from Zosima; nor of the Girls whose Education Phistenes has so handsomely provided for; some for the Convent, and others for the World. Talk to him only of the Halfpence which he drops at Church-Doors amidst Crouds to whom he is known; tell him that he has not his Equal for Charity, and then possibly he may have some Kindness for you; I fay, possibly; for you must know, that Philosi loves only himself. Him God has particularly feparated from the World, and felected out of all the worthy Part of Mankind, as the Object of his diffinguishing Love; him God guides with his right Hand, leaving Satan to lord it at pleasure over other Men. In what is Philosi better than Athanastus? the latter makes God a supine Being, whom nothing can move, leaving the World to go on at random; and Philosi thinks that God's Eyes are only upon him, and that he is the fole Object of his kind Providence.

The divine Creator formed Men for one another: To be of no Benefit to one's Neighbours, is counteracting the End of our Being; 'tis a Re-

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Trasimon returns home from Sermon with Fury in his Looks, his Temper in a Ferment; if his Wife or Children offer to footh him with affectionate Careffes, he storms, and fiercely breaking from their Embraces, flies to his Closet, where, in a superstitious Agony, he strips and disciplines himself to the Purpose; these are the precious Fruits of his hearing Sermons: Sure Trasmon does not think God to be the Father and best Friend of Mankind. Can it possibly come into his Head that fuch a Treatment of himself can be pleasing to God? Strange! was not this the very Practice of Baal's stupid Priests, to obtain a Favour from their Idol? Trasimon, I must tell you, that you are a worse Man than either Aristarchus or Athanassus; bad as they are, their Guilt does not come up to your's. The American, not acquainted with you, affirms, that there is no fuch Person in being: Here's one of your Countrymen who carries it extremely fair to you, publishes every where that you have put him upon some scandalous Actions; with which of the two would you be most difpleased? certainly Obscurity is more eligible than Infamy.

Impious as those Errors concerning the Essence and Attributes of God are, Men have not stopped there; in the Darkness and Depravity of their Hearts, they run into the most execrable Crimes, covering their Enormity with specious Names. Their Children they devote to Avarice; they have their secret infamous Sacrifices; and the Vigils they observe are Scenes of an unbridled Brutality: Hence the utter Neglect of all Decency, all Order in their Marriages, and in the whole Tenor of their Lives. One kills another out of

Envy.

Envy, or injures him by Adultery: Hence Confusion, Murder, Violence, Thest, Decen, Trachery, Tumult, Perjury, Oppression of good Men, Forgetfulness of God, mental Impurity, Milcarriages, conjugal Variances, Divorces: Hence de Impudicity and Adultery which universally sil a Places.

Eafe relucts against the Constraint of Religion and Ignorance cannot digest its Principles. T Christianity of the many, says one, is no mother accidental; I leave mine to Research : The was his Talk ten Years ago; and yet his he flexion is to come. Another, shaking his Hell fays, I am a Christian, and really, not at all ton for my being fo; indeed the Abitimence-Diff will not go down with me; Flesh I must be As I love play, I indulge in it; and my Form allows me to play deep. A Ball diverts me, and the Walks recreate me to those Places I therefore go: Sermons make a dull; I leave my Place there to others: A H Mass never fails to tire me, and Fatigue certain brings on the Head-ach, fo that it would be I less than Cruelty to force me to fuch an Attend ance; besides that, Mass is for your low-liv People: At three Quarters after Twelve indeed trip away to a Low Mass, where is the best of Company; this is convenient both for Time and Place, as People of Fashion then begin to sho themselves; besides, in eight Minutes the who is over. This is to be understood of Festivals an Sundays; for what are the other Days, when not Soul is to be feen there ! At Vespers I am sure! nod; and as that is not to becoming at Church, stay at home. As for the Saluts, I do not whole neglect them, especially the genteel ones; but those which are open to all, I own I execrate;

cursed Brutish Rabble are ready to tread you under Foot: Then for the ill Smells. It was well he introduced his Harangue with his being a Christian; or, I am sure, I should have little dreamt

of his being one.

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I cannot but tremble at the amazing Incogitancy of Christians, making no Scruple to rank the dangerous Subtilties of a well-managed Negative of the Existence of God, among the ingenious Exercises of the Mind. Can these horrible Syllogisms ever do as much Good to Religion as they are known to have done Harm? It is from these scholastic Ventilations on Points of Faith that the first Heresies sprung; the suppositious Doubts of the Monks about the Deity gave Birth to Atheism; and from their affected Pro's and Con's it daily receives Nourishment, to its dreadful Increase. Would it not have been better to have rested in the Sasety of a simple Faith, than affect the Character of Wit by doubting?

Ask Peter and Paul what God is, they join in

an Answer, to this Purpose.

"He is the Spirit of Understanding, holy, manifold, subtile, moveable, active, without Spot, evident, not hurtful, loving the Good, penetrating, doing Good, kind, stable, infallible, almighty, seeing all Things, comprehending in itself all Things, and all Intelligences: Happy he who knows thus much, and no more!\*"

However it might be in David's Time, these Words of his, the Fool hath said in his Heart there is no God; are too faint for the flagrant Impiety of this Age, when Wretches say it so openly, and

are accounted the wifer for it.

Is it any particular Stroke of Grace which has brought † Dorimon to abjure? What am I to think of

<sup>\*</sup> Wisdom vii. + Marq. de Trean.

of his never being seen at Worship, but at the Royal Chapel, and there only in Court House nor kneeling, but towards the King. What kind of God has Dorimon hatched? for there is no Appearance of Religion in him, but in the King's Presence.

Whither so fast, Arsenes? Whither are you hurrying? Is the Enemy at your Heels? Aftersying from the Dining-room into the Cellar, now are you scampering to a Church: Bless me! What ails you? you look like a Ghost: Run on; away, and lay hold of some holy Relic: Call upon some Saint: Make a huge Vow: Thurst both Hand into the Holy-Water: Bless me! was there ever such a Tempest! I find a Thunder-clap preaches home to you: You had as good own, Arsenes, that it is not God, but Death which you sear: Ohl it begins to clear up; now then I shall soon know the Bottom of you.

\*A very judicious and truly commendable Custom is it to inform the Public, by News-Paper, that some Persons of Eminence go to Church of the solemn Festivals! Had I been told of such a Custom in China, it would have given me a heart Fit of Laughter; What out-of-the-way Creatures! should I have been apt to say, to imagine that we wise Europeans think much that an Emperor is pleased now and then to say his Prayer; I wonder they did not add, that his Highness also condescends to give himself the Trouble to eat an drink.

+ Were not the Decorations of Sculpture, the Lustre of Gildings, and the Beauty of Picture, sufficient to dissipate our Thoughts, without the Addition of an enervate Music? but this may perhaps, be an Expedient against Wearisomeness.

<sup>\*</sup> French Gazette. + Chapel at Verfailles.

To say that the Duration of our Passions is no more in our Power than the Duration of our Life, is making Reformation an arduous Task; and placing Virtue on the Crest of a losty Precipice. An Englishman, however, reads the Maxim very calmiy, the Thing appears to him quite feasible, and the Comparison not at all overstrained.

A narrow Inspection into the Way of rooting up the wicked Passions, as practised by most of hose who give themselves any Concern about the Matter, would incline us to think that Dame Nature, as Lady Paramount of all Hearts, had ordered, upon Pain of Death, that a good Number of Tillers of all Kinds, should be left standing.

However, the Passions shoot up again to a coniderable Second-crop; and the Meadows of Folly are often seen to want the Scythe, even long after

he mowing Season.

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Among all the Systems in Vogue, there are hree more particularly pernicious to Virtue and society: The first makes Virtue and Vice entirely lependant on Laws, and of themselves indifferent: The second rejects all future Rewards and Punishments: This makes no Crime to be feared or voided, but what leads to the Gallows; and no Virtue esteemed and observed, which does not orward one's Drift, or carry Advantage with it: The third, of worse Consequence to the State than o Individuals, reduces all Virtues to an inactive Contemplation.

The least imperfect Idea which may be given of he Delight which the Saints enjoy in the Presence of God, may (if I may presume to say so) be aken from that of a passionate Lover with his dored Mistress. Her Absence appears to me like Purgatory sufficiently painful, and her Frowns

re no faint Sketch of Hell.

To give, only in Expediation of Acknowledgment that is a Man's Way; but to heap Benefits even on the Ungrateful, to prevent them, to do then good against their Will, in this, O my God, behold thee: But who can imitate thee?

It is not the lonely Carthufian or mortified Ca puchin alone who are to acknowledge God and love him: By whom is he to be more praifed than by you, ye luxurious Senfualists, ye opulent Worldlings, for whom the Earth displays he choicest Products, who every Day riot in the most excessive Gratifications, and intoxicate your selves with an overflowing Cup of Pleasure? Who might be expected to love him more than you?

Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out: he is excellent in Power, in Judgment, and in Plenty of Justice; he is truly inestable, therefore do Men fear him; and the truly Wife dan

out This maken to Crime to be leved in old but what leads to the Gall-ris ; and an to a piece double the roll of he had been the in a cock that or cine a dry lave well in

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# LESSON VI.

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AS a Christian, I take upon me to say, that, next to Religion, Honour bears the greatest vay in the World: As a Moralist, I find myself liged to own, and without any unwarrantable egradation of Religion, that Honour acts more rcibly, supplants it, and places itself in its Seat. Religion is not indeed without some faithful Adrents, some Volunteers in its Service; I apand their Constancy; but how few are they? in I myself be certain that I am absolutely and ely guided by Religion? Another Class of Men, d a very confiderable one it is, have contrived Alliance between the Service of Religion and at of Honour; and, though in the immediate y of the former, are directed in all their Meares by the latter; and no Wonder; the Reards and Distinctions of the Hierarchy being at onour's Disposal.

In some Cases Honour is inseparably connected th Religion; in others it supports and enforces and in too many it openly opposes it, and

irns at it with Contempt.

In Theft, the Law of Honour and Keligion is

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The Usurer and Monopolist, the known to be the are not held infamous, till openly punished: we they the good Fortune to escape Enquiry,

or to buy themselves off, their Daughters are courted by the warmest Sticklers for Honour.

Honour upholds Religion in Civil Life: 'In that only which fends the Multitude to Church of Sundays, as a Want of Employment brings them to Sermon on a Holiday.

As to Duelling and Gallantry, Honour and Religion are quite at odds; Honour rejects its Maxims as dull and pufillanimous: They clash in many Points, and agree in so few, that between

them both the Mind is at a Stand.

Honour assumes all the Privileges of the sevent Virtues, puts on their Garb, and is in Appearance an Assemblage of them: Its Principles and Proceedings are the same: Were such its View it would be the very Summit, as it is the Bassa Virtue. It requires a Facility and Elevation with Virtue; Candor in Intercourse; and Politers

in Deportment.

The Virtues for which it declares are all of ea Practice, they tend chiefly to our own Advantage and diffinguish us from the Vulgar; they are then fore near a-kin to Self-love. Has an Action the le Varnish of Grandeur or Gallantry on it, Hono stands up for it, against all the Remonstrances as Appeals of Religion. If it requires Sincerity, h only the more to footh Self-love: As what can't more galling than to be detected and posted as defigning Cheat? Tis not Diffimulation. Lying that it forbids; and as for its favourite Po liteness in Deportment, 'tis only another Complement paid to Self-love. Our Pride, of itel without Honour's laying its Commands upon the sufficiently affects an external Polish; as here we take a Flight beyond all former Knowledge and please ourselves with the Imagination of be ing thought to converse in high Life: Here la

he Medium, but every one is not capable of atnining it: Ridicule borders so near upon Politees, that a Slip from the one into the other, is mperceptible; and many have long been known or Coxcombs, who, in their own Eyes, were no nore than decently polite. vist visco cach and cares

This fame Honour is, befides, vague and capriious, without the least fixed Rule; shifting and

arying with Circumstances.

Honour, no less than Religion, has its Temples nd Altars; its Apostles and Ministers; its Mar-

vrs and Victims.

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Says \* Augustus to young Tartus, come and live ith me, I'll be your Father; my Wife a Mother, by Son a Brother to you; in my Daughters ou shall find so many Sifters: My Servants shall e at your Command; and be your Enemies who ney will, I'll stand in the Gap against them all: ut oh, too credulous Youth! How unhappy ave been the Consequences! his Suggestions have een a Law to you; He commanded you to cross he Sea: you did fo, without hesitating: He sent ou almost alone in the Midst of your numberless nemies, who, to a Man, role against you, and affled your Attempts; and with what Difficulty id you escape? In a Word, Augustus betrayed ou; and behold how foon he has changed his lote! Betake yourself, says he, where it best uits you, I can harbour you no longer; George, Frederick, and † Francis will all fall upon me: low did the Fear of these outweigh all your pahetic Remonstrances of Honour and Religion! et off therefore immediately, or worse may befal ou: For what can you hope for after so abrubt a Desertion! The Farce is over, the Curtain droped: Haste from the Stage; stifle all Remem-

<sup>\*</sup>King of France. + King of Pruffia. The Emperor.

brance of the splendid Schemes which so late swelled thy aspiring Heart? Serenely exchange in Military Robe for the Shepherd's Coat. And lear instead of governing serocious Men, to tend she missive Sheep: Let the Branches of the Beat form the Canopy for thy Throne, and the Vadure of Nature supply the Place of a Carpe Take the Crook for thy Scepter; as for thy Courage, let it be levelled at the Wolves, and thin of benefiting the Flock by thy exemplary Virue. Fly from the Place then: Canst thou be insensible a Market is made of thee? But if, in thy Flight, thine Enemies and Augustus should disturb the Mind, yet beware of wishing him any; rather thank him for not using thee worse.

There is no Heart which has not in it form. Degree of Virtue; thus we detest the Villain, and pity the Missortunes of the Honest; but is not this when the first is obliged to walk, and the

latter has formerly kept his Coach?

Of whose Invention are the dark Alcoves, the double Curtains, and the private Closets? To what do we owe the Privacy of a back Stair-cale. What first contrived the convenient Wardrobes or secured the Doors with Bolts? These are all owing to Honour: It is Honour too, which keep so closely shut those scandalous Recesses, when the lascivious Paintings represent the Corruption of their Owner: It is Honour alone which check the foul Loquacity of the Cynic Diogenon; and were it not for Honour, a Monk would not be a the Trouble of disguising himself in a Woman's Apparel, to steal the Sight of an Opera.

"Tis not a uniform Virtue, but the Concealment of his Vices, which is \* Theodesmus's capital Concern. He openly compliments and trifles with

Women,

<sup>\*</sup> Archbp. of Paris.

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Women, but is sure to go no surther with any, whom he cannot trust as well as himself. He may be called a Sounder. Nerina, Thise, nor Aspasia are the Women for him; one is too vivacious, the other two indiscreet; and all three incapable of Conduct and Secrecy; but Aspasia he has by Degrees so modelled, that already he ventures on a private Regale with her, clandestinely stealing to her in the Dusk; when once arrived, all's to be closed; every Door shut and double bolted; not a Curtain lest undrawn: Precaution with a Witness! yet nothing less will do for Honour.

It was commonly remarked about fifty Years ago, on the Fribbles of that Time, that nothing but Ear-rings was wanting to make Women of them. But this Distinction has been superseded by so many others, which have again disappeared, with that of the Vapours, that sometimes I am inclined to doubt whether even Lying-in be an infallible Criterion.

Not a few Vices have been ushered into Vogue by Honour, under all the Pomp and Dignity of Virtue, insomuch, that it must be a keen Discernment which detects the Artifice; these are all jocund, sightly Vices, siguring with such Virtues as are no more than Vices artfully tricked up, and entirely owe their Currency to their Prettinesses and Conveniencies.

What becomes of Honour and Probity at private Entertainments, at the Gaming-Table, at the Theatres, and other public Diversions?

All Virtues are not like beautiful Women; were they stripped, how frightful would many of them appear!

Here's one in high Character for Virtue; but on what Grounds! he puts the Spies on a wrong E 2 Scent.

Scent, or conducts his Intrigues with impenetrable Address; or, he may owe it to the Diffipations of his Neighbours, or the Differentian of his Confidents.

whatever human Nature is capable of; Vice on the contrary tarnishes the Lustre of a Throne, and degrades the corrupt Monarch even beneath the virtuous Lackey.

Will moral Virtues stand the Test without the

Christian ! : average the ries.

Whatever is ridiculous we carefully avoid; vicious Habits we easily adopted. It was a Task becoming the ancient Gentry to labour to bring to light the Pre-Adamites out of nothing; it diverts me extremely to see some of them carrying their Pedigree so high; but why should I blame them! probably, it was because they sprung from nothing.

\* Teroua, fays a Friend, is a Star of the first Magnitude in the Sphere of Learning; if you have a Mind, I'll to-morrow give you a Sight of him; I know the House where he is to be seen: But foft, I am at a Loss: Do you mean some strange Creature? Why, no: I am talking of that Prodigy of Wit and Erudition Teroua, answers my Friend: Oh! go on then. Well, are you for feeing him to-morrow? Fair and foftly, fay I again: What fort of Man is he? Is he a good Parent? or fit to make a Friend of? Why, replies my Friend, he has indeed play'd loofe with some Perfons, and lampoon'd others whose Kindness to him demanded another kind of Treatment; as to his Religion, we'll wave it: However, he is an admirable Genius; his Compositions are so animated, fo-Well, my Friend, favour me then with his Works: As for himself, he is no more CHANGER MO RELIVE DIES

than the Copy of a Man; the Original will be maller and court

welcome to me.

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Both Honour and Devotion, either separate or interwoven, are often like a flight Gauze, thro' which the Vices are eafily difcernible to the obferving Eye.

\* Tiphon stands much upon his Honour: A Man of my Honour is always in his Mouth: As full of it as he is, nobody would have suspected it, after his being refused Admittance into a Club, of which few Gentlemen would affect to be Members.

If an Amour carries with it the Idea of a Conquest, there is nothing but what Honour permits; it breaks down all Fences; and, for fuch a glo-

rious End, authorifes any Meafures.

I should indeed have entirely been of your Mind, that Lylander, after dangling away fix Months in a close Pursuit of the disdainful Themira, would have been tired out, and left her to her Hustand and her own Inclinations. And who told you I thought fo? answers Alphitas in a Heat; a pretty Jest, truly, that Lysander should raise the Siege! What could be faid of him? Why, nothing to his Difgrace, I conceive: Nay, after fuch a Trial of Themira's Virtue, he must have the highest Esteem for her. A notable Conclusion, replies Alphitas, only I happen to be of a different Mind. Why, fuch a Counfellor as thou art, is enough to ruin the Character of a Lord: How, faid I, does it appear to you? To me? answered he: Why, as it ought to all the World, that Lyfander absolutely forfeits the Character of a Gentleman should he let go his Hold; that it becomes him to push his Point till he has mastered all Themira's idle Scruples. What new-fangled Morality is this? replied I. New! Thou thyself art a Novice:

Duke de Grammont.

why, 'tis the established Mode. If Lysander had been ruled by me, his Sword would, ere this have been in her Husband's Body; 'tis a Scandal to have whiled away an Age about one Woman; A Pox on him that first invented the nice Word Honour! I'd lay my Life some designing Poltroon

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of a Valet de Chambre has his Ear.

Go, faid Holophernes to Bagoas, and perfuade that Hebrew Woman that the come in unto us : for among the Assirians it is a Shame for a Man to be fooled by a Woman, and that she should find Means to get away from him, before he has had his Defire of her \*. What a Precedent is here of criminal Honour! this has furvived all the Strength and Grandeur of that vast Empire where it was practifed: They are now no more; the very Name of Affiria feems to be effaced by Time, as well a the Situation of their many proud Cities; but their Flagitiousness is transmitted to us in everlasting Characters; it has been every where differinged and every where imitated, or rather found all Nations agreeing in the fame infamous Maxims. This is the Virtue, the Innocence of antient Times!

How many Bagoas's now-a-days enjoy the Sweets of finding Victims to the Brutality of an Holophernes! Infidious Propagators of Lewdness and Adultery! Honeymouth'd Seducers of those whom struggling Virtue witholds on the Brink of the Precipice! faying, "Let not my fair Maid make Difficulty to go in to my Lord, to be honoured with him, and to partake of a Banquet

with him, and be merry."

Ye execrable Tools of Iniquity, is it possible for you to be tolerated! Tolerated, did I say? It is known that you are courted, hired and rewarded, beyond

Judith xii.

beyond the most virtuous Services: The modern Bogoas's are neither Eunuchs nor Slaves.

\* De Gregi's Wit had never been questioned, had he spared himself the Trouble of printing a Book with nothing in it extraordinary but its Ridicuousness: The only Way now left to save his Chaacter, is to spare neither Pains nor Cost to call in all the Copies.

Another Work I perceive, of which the Scope is to inform me, that the Directions of my Superiors must be the Rule of my conscientious Obelience to God: You may be sure I smile; and, without setting up for a Conjurer, could stake my

Life that the Author is a shrewd Fellow.

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The pious Man in wicked Company is usually more out of Countenance, than the wicked Man in pious Company; nay, what is worse, with the former the Semblance of some Vices shall be affected with more Considence and Nature, than are the easiest Virtues with the latter.

Whatever may be the Reputation of some Men in semale Concerns, three Fourths of them, at least, may thank the Discretion of those Women who make them their Doating-pieces: Really, Gentlemen-Rakes, this is a very poor Foundation to value yourselves upon; methinks the Sight of

a He-Sparrow should strike you dumb.

Cimon fits down perfectly eafy with the Character only of a worthy Man; and in all Confcience, that is more than he deserves; his Tenure likewise is none of the best: Take away some modish Vices, and some others artfully varnished over, and the Bulk of his Merit disappears: He has indeed, a commanding Air of Sufficiency, supported betwixt Self-Fondness and Contempt of

\* Archbp. of Sens.

others: Then there's a Coach, and some fluctualing Hundreds a Year, which, of right, should be dispersed among a Score of passive Creditors. And what is there in all this, that he must be

cried up as a Nonpareil

If \* Marius be at the Head of the Republic Forces, why should it disgust you, + Sylla, if you intend is the public Good alone? Was ever better defended, hay even promoted, than he him? Every body allows your Bravery, Magna nimity and Capacity; yet what can you your do more? He has forced the ftrongest Towns to open their Gates, and the fiercest Enemies to un their Backs: Is there any thing, Sylla, that you could have done beyond this? Nothing, but yo coveted to be yourself the Instrument of faving the State. Were that your only Motive, there wa fomething Praise-worthy in the Jealoufy; 'two noble Envy; but here's a Peace at hand; an then Marius and Sylla may be reconciled: So fa from it, I rather think they'll turn their Force against each other, and be impatient to come to Action; it is so, and Marius is sent into the Manfions of the Dead, an illustrious Proof of Sylle Courage and Ferocity; and Sylla, at a Banque, extols Marius as the only Rival worth his Attention; and is the first in praising his enterprizing Bravery: They are faid, inwardly, to have effected each other; then why this implacable Animolity! Could no Means be found to reconcile them? yes, the Death of either of them.

What means this Hurry in † Pyrrhus? Are the Enemies upon the Frontiers? Let him alone, and the Day is ours. Generous Achilles! Is it then

<sup>\*</sup> Mareschal Saxe.

<sup>+</sup> Prince de Conti.

I Cte de Coigny.

only to fight the young Ajax, that he appears in Arms? What can thus fuddenly have embroiled wo who were but yesterday so distinguished for heir Intimacy? Check this juvenile Ebullition. Ah, unnatural Father! it feems you yourfelf put he Sword into his Hand. Pyrrhus will not be topped, and has already reached the Field where Ajax was expecting him: Hear me, rath Youth: onfider that even he who falls has the best on't: The Victor must fly his Country; and how many Endearments are there in that Word? Ye frantic Duellists, the Enemy treads upon our Ground: f you are so free of your Blood, there's a Spot for you: Thither haften; there it may be shed without Guilt. Oh think what it is to die in offendng God. My Words are lost upon them, they engage, and both fall.

Honour, thou fanguinary Idol! 'tis by fuch Desperadoes thy Worship is supported: What mighty Things canst thou then promise as a Com-

pensation to thy Martyrs?

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For these ten Years has \* Pasquin been heaping up a small Hoard; and now it's completed to the Sum of full 40000 Livres, the Question is, whether to buy a House, Land, or a Tax-farm: As for the House, he finds Repairs will run away with half the Rent: And for Land; it won't yield Five per Cent. Amidst these Agitations, a Place falls, very lucrative indeed, but withal so scurvy, that, if the Patent lay in the Streets, a Man of Character would not take it up: But that's not the Point with Pasquin; what does it bring in? why, e'en as much as you think sit to make of it; the very Thing I wanted, says Pasquin; he pays his 40000 Livres with more Transport than he hoarded them; and, however other squeamish Stomachs

\* M. Fitzjames, Agent of Exchange.

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might be disgusted at so infamous a Purchase he swallows it as a delicious Draught. What scandal, Clamour, Execration to the Privilege of being an authorised Usurer, and of ruining Families every Year ex Officio? My Amazement is, no that forty Pasquins should be found in a Kingdo to purchase such Employments; but that such Employments are created, and created only for Sale

If a Man's discovered by his Relations, it's merely on the Score of Villainy; but that they apprehend him unfortunate enough not to be able

flip his Neck out of the Collar.

\* Cræsus, after three Years Confinement, his own Man again; Instances of this Sort has happen'd, yet is it a notable Escape, and I whim Joy: A Word to the Wise; Cræsus, you Conscience intimates, that it is not of your Inscence I speak, but that you were able to compara Pardon. Be generous to your Lawyer, that one Way, though he was not the main Instrument; 'tis owing to your unbounded Monopolis and Oppressions, that your Head is upon you Shoulders. He who has wherewith to buy Cause; is in a fair Way to carry it.

What whimfical Lengths does this Honour run

there's no tracing its Meanders!

Corimon, for this Fortnight, has closely belet to Chief Justice; bolts upon him as he comes out of his Closet; posts himself directly before him to Court; is ready at the Coach-Door; thrust setition upon Petition into his Hands; gives himself Respite; dogs him even to his Misstress's Lowings: Such Proceedings soon take Air: My Litton't, says one, Corimon is upon a Divorce: No. no, says another, there must then be a large Refund; he means, at most, to force his Wife into

<sup>\*</sup> M. de la Bourdonnaye.

a Monastery; indeed her Behaviour is enough: These three Years she has been inseparable from Egiftus, both in Town and Country, then who can blame him for-? Why, you are both out, it's not his Wife, but the unfortunate Lesbia he is aiming at; after being seduced by him out of her Innocence, the no fooner came to a Sense of her Crime, but ftruck with Horror, she, at once, broke with him; now he, forfooth, thinks this abrupt Separation an Infult upon his Honour, and understands not being made a Fool of by a Girl: Other Men of Honour have their Flings at him; and this adding Fuel to the Fire, he swears she shall dearly repent her Impertinence; she it is whom he is for shutting up, and I dare say he will carry his Point.

\* Tomela has married Clitia; it is allowed the is all Admiration; but + Florus too is particularly taken with her; and, as he has the best Posts at his Disposal, his Favour is alone sufficient to raise a Man. Tomela is now only to speak and have: Is he for a naval, military, or civil Employment? would he head an Army, or prefide at the Board? Florus is the Man to qualify him for either; Oh! you are confused at being unacquainted in either home or foreign Affairs; be easy on that Score; take your Seat; I'll provide you a proper Clerk; Crassus shall look to your Office; you can fign; that's fufficient; many a one, belides you, acts by his Crassus. Now what you have to do, is to make the most of your Station; for it mayn't last for ever: Take care and pay yourfelf well for prostituting the levely Clitia to that old Letcher Florus. Have you made Hay whilft the Sun shone! 'tis well, for Florus is given over ,-he is now dead, and all Tomela's Merit already buried with him;

M. Amelot. + Card. Fleury.

and the Post, in which he so seasonably accumulated Millions, given away to another, who want a Grossus no less than he did: But pray, if Grossus be a Man of such Abilities, why has he not himself the Post he is so sit for? why, for a good Reason; he has no complying Clinia, no prety Sifter, nor even a Cousin to dispose of.

The Poor's Patrimony is an European Pen, a Mine of Gold and Diamonds: The Direction of the Hospitals, a plausible Name for an imment Fortune! The Director sucks the Blood of the Poor, the Administrator devours him. An Administrator-Born must need have an excellent Heat; this is a Truth the Poor daily experience.

Geronte's Stock at present is not very large, he he is a rare Fellow at improving it: A Spark of a good Family, who is in a Negociation with a Actress, waits upon him; and the more urget the one shows himself, the more oppressive the other is sure to be: At length, as a Favour, furnishes him, upon a good Bond, at Five to Gent. per Month; deducting beforehand the letterest from the Principal, which he takes care treduce, by one Means or other, to one half.

"Tis not a Thing of yesterday to make them!
of the Necessities of those who apply to us to
Affistance.

We find Jacob himself acting upon none of most honourable Terms, and that with Esm Twin-Brother.

" Jacob had prepared a Repast; when Elmin turning from the Field satigued, said to find

"Give me some of that red Pottage, for In quite spent. Jacob answers, then make on

" thy Birth-right to me: Esau, in his Exter mity, says, I am dying, and what will my Right

fignify to me? Swear to me then, faid Jam

and Efau fwore to him, and fold him his Birthright: Then Jacob gave Efau Bread and Pottage, and he did eat and drink, and went his way, little concerned at having parted with his Inheritance."

Whoever is under the unhappy Necessity of making any Proposal to another, should conceal his very self; let him cover his Eyes, and put a Bridle upon his Tongue: If he lays open his weak Side, he is sure to be squeezed to the very Soul.

There is no Sasety till our irregular Appetites and Fancies are brought under; every one about us is on the Catch to turn them against ourselves: I tremble to think what Disasters they bring upon us. Instead of ridiculing Esau, let us do better; let his Example put us upon our Guard, that some Jacob or other find not a Way to supplant us in our Birth-right.

That there should be something in the World more glorious than the Grand Mogul's Diamond, though of incomparable Lustre, and beyond any Value, who would believe, or what could it be thought to be? What can it be! a Benefactor only for the Pleasure of being so, with-

out a low or criminal View. I to resmow A

Trafillus's Conduct is a rare Sketch of the Oddities of this fame Honour: Melita's Beauty and Virtue had fo strongly engaged his Love and Esteem, his Happiness was so wrapped up in her, he thought he should do himself Honour in marrying her; accordingly it was moved to her Parents; after that the whole Town saw them at the Play, the Walks, the Ring, and every other Place of public Resort; no Notice was taken of it, at least, not to censure; most commended him. But no sooner married—Then People seemed suddenly to awake; to sub their Eyes; and cry, Is that

he? Can it be ! Is that Trafillus? His appear ing in public with his Wife the first Weel overlooked as a conjugal Weakness; but, no 'tmust be all a Farce: He is accordingly pointed at There's the fond Husband for you! proud to be sen in the same Coach with his Wife; and must be gadding about with her every where! At least, fays one for decency's Sake I'd draw up the Blinds. Such fneering, fuch joking about it is there, that, is laft, Trafillus is acquainted with it : A falle Ball. fulness gets the Ascendant; he grows ashamed of the Regard he has thewn to a deferving Woman; he can no longer prevail upon himself to appearin public with her; and though he may fill love her, he is reduced to loll alone in his Coach : and if he dares venture on the natural, the commendable Pleasure of taking her with him, all must be close. What could Trafillus, or, rather, what would the Public have him do beyond this? If he gave his Company to that known Coquette Gefonia, fomething might be faid for Raillery; the Reason would be apparent; here it's inconceivable: I dare fay, I could have the Effrontery to hand along Sophronia herfelf.

A Woman of Discretion and Virtue will ever be an Honour to her Husband, let the World's Tongue run as it pleases, and were it possible she could be ten times more his Wife than she is.

Nicetas out does Trafillus; he has married Aphrenia, and one of the Marriage Articles, which the chiefly infifted on, is, that the shall not be debarred her other Amours; of this extraordinary Privilege she makes a pretty large Use, Nicetas to ligiously observing the Stipulation.

Lysias, Report says, after a Six Years Separation, has made up Matters with his Wife: and it naturally follows, What will become of Prosection

and Egina, whom he has kept so lavishly all the while? Become of them! answers one of his Cronies, he'll see them a Nights, and where's the

mighty Difference?

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An honest unfortunate Tradesman finds it no easy Matter to shelter his Old-Age in an Alms-House; nor is it less difficult for the battered Soldier who has loft an Eye and a Leg in the Service, to get among the Invalides: What fignify the Probity and Misfortunes of the former, or the Wounds and Services of the latter! Great Men must be applied to; without Recommendations, all the Merit in the World avails not a Rush. Who would imagine fo, by \* \* \*'s having a Pension on the Crown Lands paid him punctually every Quarter? Why, where then lies his great Merit? The Answer, is, he has been the means of bringing twenty of his Accomplices to the Wheel. Let who will then, for me, plume themselves with being State Pensioners, when such Scoundrels as he make fuch a figure on the Lift,

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## LESSON VII.

# Of the SUMMUM BONUM.

IN order to give a just Idea of the Summun Bonum, the necessary Preliminary is to bring all the different Sentiments into one; and that, am told, is as impossible as my Undertaking its extravagant: It would be wrong in me to dispute it; yet methinks I perceive a Medium, which is to give every one an Insight into the Summun Bonum which suits him. That's just as easy as the other; Is there any such thing in Nature as so true a Good, the Possession of which so completely fills our Heart, as to leave no Vacuity for a Defare to bring any Alloy upon its Sweetness? Yes.

Let me explain myself: The Summum Bonum imports a fixed determinate Object, and so universal as entirely to engross us, and leave us not the slighest Attention to any other Circumstance. In that supreme Object all our Thoughts must center; it must employ our Reslections; from it our Desires, our Affections, our Likings must not presume to stray: Does not this sufficiently exhibit what is the Summum Bonum? or must I speak more plainly? To what can such an extensive Desinition appertain, but to Virtue? It evidently is Virtue alone which can rid us of all those extravagant Desires, which disturb the Enjoyment of subordinate Goods; therefore the Summum Bonum is Virtue.

To how many Trifles is the Idea of this protituted! and how many do we daily see rueing heir Mistake! it would be supersuous to moalize on it, as the World readily undeceives itels. A Desire suddenly starts up, takes Fire ike one of those Meteors which blaze in the Air, but which a single Puff of Wind dissipates. We have wished eagerly; our Wishing is over, or rather placed on another Object: Can that be the Summum Bonum? But, to take a nearer View of its Falsity, let us examine its Causes and Conequences.

To rate the Value of the feveral Objects, of which this Idol is framed, is a Matter of some Perplexity; as Age, Humour, Circumstances and Necessities form the Estimate, and all in manifest

Opposition.

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At three Years old, a Windmill; at fix, a Battledor and Shuttlecock, were all that little Albinus desired; as he grew up, his Desires enarged; he wanted other Playthings: When he tame to School, with what Impatience did he compute the next Holiday !- 'Tis but two Days, lays he, after to-morrow; one is past—tomorrow—and then for it. "Tis come, and what then? the precious Day insensibly elapses, it is past, nothing remains of it; and future Play-days produce the like Agitations. At length he is taken from the scholastic Restraint, and now begins the Æra of supposed Happiness. Had he, at that Time, been talked to of the Summum Bonum, he would frankly have answered, I have it. He now rejoices in the Freedom and Indulgences of his Father's House; and, with Money at command, is perfectly satisfied. Continue so, Albinus, enjoy the ravishing Liberty; you love Expence, and you command your Fathers's Purse; you cannot

cannot fail of being happy. Are you not fo, Al binus? What, not a Word I I imagin'd you had nothing left to wish for : Ah! I perceive Symptom of Uneafiness; I love, say you, I adon Isabella; my Life depends on her. Isabella! know her; equally amiable in her Person and Mind, and of a noble Family; a most worth Choice: 'Tis only breaking the Matter to your Father, and the is yours. Both Parties agree to the Match; and to heighten the Splender of besides a large Estate, you are put into two or three considerable Employments. Now I congratula you on the Accomplishment of all your Wisher He is married to Isabella, on whom his Life de pended: But is he of the fame Mind? A Wee ago the adorable Isabella, to whose Charms, in the public Opinion, Marriage feem'd to have given feel Lustre, is now his Wife, and he already grown indifferent: He passionately strove for her, he obtained her, and she's no sooner in his Arm than he dislikes her. Of what new Happiness does Albinus now stand in need? Let him speak only it will be procured. Isabella is fair; perhaps he would have liked her better, had her Complexion been less fo. Is that all? methinks, fays he, a fair Woman is not to be named with a brown ones And had Isabella been such, he would have said just as much on the other Side. But she is his Wife, and therefore 'tis perfectly Tafte. Well: What after all can fret him thus ! He blushes; Oh, I have it; he's smitten to the Heart with Corinna : Doct he confider that Corinna is Isabella's Cousin; but of how long standing is this second Wound? the Day after his Wedding. Such Vivacity! fuch Wit! fuch Allurements! exclaims he: Whereas he should rather contemptuously have term'd

em Poor Artifices which Isabella fcorns to put on. is urged to suppress the guilty Inclination, and omifes to do fo. This Promife is succeeded by tters to Corinna, and at the second Rendezus, he brings her to a Compliance. Now is binus again at the Height of Happiness; alas! as from it as ever : A little trumpery Wench, an timate of Corinna's, who she brought along with r; neither Fair nor Brown, with a pert Look, d Wit at will, charms him on the Scorce of Nolty, for Use has tarnished the Gloss of Corinna's lurements: In four Days he Accomplishes his Tishes; and at length it is to be hoped, he is connted and fixed. But his clouded Looks too plainly eak the contrary. Now is he madding after that prough-paced Coquette Ismenia! Thus Albinus, his Quest of the Summum Bonum, has even ite lost Sight of it. His virtuous Wife doats him; he despises her; and is hooked in with a ddy Creature, who makes a Jest of him.

Albinus's true Scheme of Happiness certainly pended on his Constancy and Fidelity to the deving Isabella. His Enjoyment of her was but ort; and so supremely wretched is he, that the

ofs of her gives him not the least Concern.

The natural Fickleness of Man no less disquates him for the Enjoyment of what he calls e Summum Bonum, than his Caprice does for a Attainment of it. No Solidity without

irtue; and as little Happiness.

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Had David the Summum Bonum in his View, hen, forgetting his Wives and Concubines, and en the discreet Abigail, whom, after Nabal's eath, he had married, he gave way to a Passion r Bathsheba? Had she been single, he might have ken her also to Wif ebut, as married, 'twas terly against the Law' But such is the Frenzy

of Appetite; this hitherto pious Prince fends her; Paffion is never at Reft; fo far is it for being a Good, as many unhappily imagine, the at the Instant of its quickest Delight, it is know to firike the deepest Wound. Bathsheba's Im view with David declares itself in a Pregnand the informs him of it; he is on the Rack only how to conceal it from Uriab, a fond H band, and a Man of strict Honour, but how Bo sheba may escape the Punishment the Law infile on Adultresses. Should this come to the Husban Knowledge, and he profecute his Wife, the no faving her. David at last imagines he has upon a Way, to elude Uriah's Suspicions, a the Law's Severity; which is, to order Un from the Army, and to feem to allow him Liberty to go home and fleep with his Wife. real Affection, and her Artifice, gave Affund of entire Succels to the Stratagem, and diffipul all the Fears which at first stared them in Face; he could not doubt the Child, of who fhe was pregnant, to be his own, and so the lair might blow over. Thus are Matters or certed; Uriah is ordered home, and foon a appears at Court. David, after the necessity Questions concerning Joab and the People, a feeming Goodness, bids him go home to his Hou and wash his Feet. Uriah leaves the Palace, a a Collation is dispatched after him from the ron Table; but far from returning home, he fper the Night with the Officers upon Duty. Da no fooner is acquainted with it, than he would thought kindly to upbraid him : " After fuch! Absence, says he, would it not have been better have gone home ?" But the generous Uriah diffal the Offer; "the Arc of God, Ifrael and July fro

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under Tents; my Lord Foeb, and my Lord's rvants, lie on the bare Ground, and that I go me, and eat and drink and lye with my Wife ? thy Life, and by the Life of thy Soul, Uriah ll do no fuch Thing." Gallant Warrier, How orthy a Resolution! Behold an Exactness in ity without a Parallel | But David and Bathfheba disconcerted; and the Stratagem for concealing ir Crime is in danger of miscarrying, by Uriah's mness. David gives him another Day, ines him to supper, plies him with Wine, but all no Purpose: Uriah still the hardy Soldier, went l lay in the Corps de Garde. What Resource now left for David to save his dearest Bathsbeha? basest of Villanies. Uriah! how unworthy Return to thy Services is now meditating! d'st thou been more supple in point of Honour. most distinguishing Marks of royal Favour had n heaped on thee; thy Generosity is thy Ruin. eat Men are fure to make their Inferiors smart, fetting up for more Virtues then themselves. thsheba as readily comes in to the Murder of her band, as her Seducer writes his Dead-Wart, which Uriah himself is made to carry: This ortunate Victim to Honourand Duty is further posed on to deliver Joab a Letter to this Pure: "Place Uriah at the Front, in the Heat of Battle; and fo contrive Matters, that, being aken, he may fall." Every thing answers; the leged make a Sally, and Uriah is deferted in hot Post, and killed upon the Spot.—The King. informed of it by an Express; Bathsheba urned for her Husband; the Formality was n over, and David took her into his House, she became his Wife, and bare him a Son. e King now should have been contented, after the ngths he had run to make himself so; but is Title St. Parmin.

true Content to be found under a Load of Guthe Thing that David had done displeased Lord; and the Prophet was sent to declare Punishment in the Death of the Child; and the for the Blood of Uriab, the Sword should not depart from his House." What an accumula Affliction is here! All his Prayers, his Fastin his Tears, could not reverse the Decree; Child died, and Remorse and Anguish were to the Portion of the penitent King. Where the Portion of the penitent King. Where the Summum Bonum.

\* Adrastus is a Man of Figure, a more tyn nical Mafter than the World, is not to be foun and he is an absolute Slave to it. He know but he wants Strength of Mind to throw of Yoke, and emancipate himself. He is a Lo of Pleasure, but Ambition has the Ascendant; Pleasures excepted, there is nothing which hel not facrificed to it. Though the Decencies, which this Rank restrains him, are often a We upon his Paffions, yet his Address procures Intervals to be himself; and he then enjoys the in their full fwing, or rather with an Exquisite heightened by Obstruction. He has not omitted convenient Recess; and, were it not public known that a female Adept in Intrigues had plus ned it, I could have fworn Adrastus to have w both Owner and Architect; nor will one do him, he has four fuch Boxes, but in all has warily betrayed himself by a peculiar Magficence: He is now striking out a fifth, beyon all mortal Cunning to detect; where, in a leif Hour, he may throw himself in the Embrace Voluptuousness; and, at least by dint of Mon revel in the same Liberties with Sylvander

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<sup>\*</sup> Cte de St. Florentin.

Eusebius, those Infignificants, those Wretches who lory in the Appellation, those infamous Examples if the most abandoned Prossigacy.—But the End, in which Adrastus is intent, is quite another Thing rom that of Sylvander and Eusebius; the latter are Il for noisy Pleasures, the former seeks Privacy.

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\* Flavius despises his Kinsmen, as too uxorious; nd takes fufficient Care not be reproached on that count with the like Facility. His Lady is ever feen at a public Place but under his Wing: fever he speaks to her, 'tis to fet before her the ndiscretion of her Sisters, or the Levity of her Jother, and is sure to close with a folemn Adponition to be as unlike them as possible. If this e the Way to make her virtuous, so much the etter for them both; one Thing it may probably o, Flavia will be more cautious, if not more irtuous, than her Mother and Sifters, who ineed have grosly exposed themselves. Poor Flaius! But what galls him most, is his having ought the blooming Hebe of her Mother, ('twas round Sum she cost him) and putting her to board a Convent, where nothing was spared for a genel Education; she had the most eminent music d dancing Masters, and the lovely Creature was rtainly a little Masterpiece of Wit and Beauty: t length Flavius is acquainted by a Nun that lebe is marriageable; this transports him to cstacy; a Lodging is taken for her, with Serints and an Equipage; thither he carries her in riumph, nor did he leave her till very late at ight, and after vowing, amidst a thousand Enarments, that he would make her Fortune, and ot fail to be with her early in the Morning. No oner was he at home, than he began to accuse mself of his unseasonable Delicacy: What a

ceremonious Fool was I? I'll e'en ffart early to morrow, and take her e'er the wakes; no, Plan turn; but'tis now past Midnight, and the Str are dangerous.- 'Twill do as well to-morror and so falls asleep. You conclude Hebe has be fast Hours ago: No truly; the has other Ma ters in her Head; Flavins is to be duped : Down Stairs she steals a tiptoe, in a half deshabille throw herself in Theotimus's, Arms, who we waiting for her: The Escape had been long fine agreed upon, and was now happily executed And where's the Harm of bilking Flavius? A the knows of him is his Care and Expence in ed cating her, and he has been continually represent to her as a vile Seducer, who, in all his Shor of Goodness to her, meant no more than his on Gratification; the thinks the can do no better than to give him the Slip, and commit herfelf the Director of those holy Women from who the has been taken; fuch an one, it is not to fupposed, can have any Design upon her: After has dealt out to her ghostly Instruction for h Years together, would it not be something perven in her to disobey him? They move off together and she'll soon feel that, Fortune excepted, h is no Loser by the Exchange: Nay, as to Fortun itself, Theotimus has his Resources, and Ha would not be the first whom he has provided for So much for her and her new Menter. No Flavius awakes with a full Resolution, promin himself to be less indolent than over-night. rings, and though 'tis scarce Day-light, Arch must turn out; this Archer, of all his Servants, a kind of Confident, which is often a very critic and troublesome Post: Fly, Archer, says to Master, and see how it is with the Child; aw without loitering, and be back in an Instant. Fi

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ius grows impatient, follows Archer, and gets to the lace almost Time enough to have the first inlligence of the Treachery: The Ingratitude, the illainy, fays he, of the little Puis! Where shall feek her? Who faw her elope? Are no Tiings to be had of her? The shortest Way is to be aly: She is irrecoverably lost to him. Theotimus cures the Prey; he's like the Lion's Den. Is is then the Summum Bonum, which has cost lavius fo much Money and Trouble? and if this annot, what can cure him of his Folly? What indeed I for it is no less than his tweneth Disappointment, and Orangest and one

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The Height of Theophron's View in putting on he Band, was that fome time or other, he hight get a small Chapel: Eight or nine hundred ivres, faid he, will be a pretty Competency : I hall so enjoy it ! As for any thing beyond, much ood may it do those who have it. His very first enefice proves an Abbey of ten thousand Livres er Annum; and, by means of a powerful Coufin, e is in a fair way of getting the Mitre; yet is he ontinually buzzing about at Court, and keeping Look-out after fat Vacancies: Three Abbeys as he already, and expects foon to stride over a

ourth; and then for a Diocese.

What's the Matter with Manlius? That prightliness, for which he was remarkable when nly a Centurion, has now quite forfaken him. I am are he cannot complain of Fortune; he no sooner ad a Tribune's Commission, than he was prerred to the Command of Legions; nor here did is Preferment stop; he soon after saw himself onful. What further Ambition has he? Sure s Heart must be too full to admit of any new esire: You think so; but may not a Craving A. Rieg of Paper

after the abolified Dictatorship be at the Bo of his Charrie and the ligands

There's Martius too; he has done all that I could do to build himself an imaginary Happin After taking care of Nancy's Education, and bin ing her up to his Humour, though the forung from the lowest, and had not a Shilling Fortune. married her, and doubted not of being happy with one who was in to many Points under Obligation to him. He brings home with him one Day 1 rofy Churchman, who in a flort Time, from the Hufband's Acquaintance, became the Wife's Gal. lant; and who, taking Opportunity by the Forlock, carried off at once Martius's Nancy, and Plate, and strong Box. Into what Errors don this eager Pursuit of what we effect Happine lead us? Unless Virtue be our Guide, we only many a fevere Hurt.

\* Peretta, conscious of her enchanting Face, her inexhaustible Wit, of as complete a Persona ever Eyes, beheld, hurried from the Country to Town; her View was nothing less than the Conquest of + Bafil; and at first Sight he appear inclined to wear her Chains. The Victory wa thought to be in her own Hands; fhe received in numerable Congratulations; her Mind was taken up with Equipages and an Houshold; it was it fure, that she was on the Point of hiring Done fties, and giving Orders to Tradefmen: Precipi tate Creature! She was not enough to Bold Tafte; the Pleafures of the Mind and Heart of make no Impression upon his gross Humow there must be something more material for him A female Bacchanalian, who can drink Hand

ift with him, who has Table-wit, Double Enendres and Conundrums at her Tongue's End : hele are the taking Accomplishments with him: ind indeed he has given a notable Sign of it by king fuch a one as Spurcilla . I hat the taget total

It is rumoured in + Honorius's Neighbourhood, hat he is ill; the Neighbours are such a goodatured Set of People, they love him only because ney have been used to see him: Morning and vening they crowd about his Door, with Looks ill of Concern, or finiling with Hopes of his Reovery. Alas he is at Death's Door, fays one: here's no need of repeating it, it may be read in he dejected Countenances all around; does he et well again; this is no less manifest from the Iteration of Faces. A Stranger, upon hearing his, will be apt to fay, Why, this Honorius is ndeed well-beloved of his Neighbours : Probably, nswers another, he was very kind to them; as there was no Love but from Gratitude? Howver, if I mistake not, I said Honorius had goodatured Neighbours.

Would you diftinguish yourself, Amintas? Do ood. Bid adieu to the abstracted Sciences; eave Chemistry and Metaphysics to others; study o kind of Philosophy; break with Descartes and Newton; laugh at the Plenum and Vacuum; fide either with Attraction or Impulsion: Once more, rould you be a most extraordinary Person? do

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It is a current Saying, that, to extinguish the assions, is to destroy Nature; the Brutality of hem only is what Religion profcribes; all its Inunctions tend to their Exaltation and Refinehent: It consults our Satisfaction, may I not even ay our Delight, in abridging us only of criminal but all primary of F 2 original in Pleasures

<sup>\*</sup> Mad, de Pompadour. + King of France. M. MI

Pleasures alone, and consequently permitting the best, the most exquisite, such as are with Alloy. What are those which begin with the easiness, and terminate in Remorte? surely a better than real Pains, coloured with a bewinding Varnish. In a Word, the Pleasures who Religion allows, are the real Supports of Nature and its the genuine Offspring of the former who Honour to the latter; whilst the rest depreciate, as a rugged Tyrant, and traduce this savour Child of Heaven as an Enemy to the Deity.

Poor Philican! how desponding! how wrete ed are his Looks! Is his Melancholy then, whi gains fo fast upon him, beyond all Cure ! The three Years has he been ranging over Euro and for what i That's not fo much as guelled by his Parents; perhaps fome of his Intima might get the Secret from him ! Intimates ! whe should he have any? He shuns every one, a bolts himself up in his Chamber for whole Day without Conversation, or even Food, There no treating this atrabilarious Humour to any Pu pose, whilst the Cause continues unknown; in unknown it is like to continue. At length a for tunate Fainting seizes him; at the Noise of his h the Family run up, break open the Door, in him lying upon the Floor, and near him the Po ture of his Mistress in Miniature: This at one clears up the mighty Secret; his Father wild fecures the bewitching Piece: Philicon is brough to himself, rolls around his Eyes for the Pictur and all that can be got from him is, My Pitter a small oval Picture. His Father, weeping, que stions him in the Affair; but his Answers are at biguous, and ferve only to afford a Conjecture that he is in Love. Tell me her Name, fays the kind Parent; nothing shall be wanting in me w make you eafy: A fruitless Question! would one imagine

nagine that he himself does not know her! loved at his Father's Agony, "Sir, fays he, 'tis Box I found at a Ball; I was charmed and rashed with the adorable Figure: Ever fince, I have een loft to myfelf; after beating all Paris, I spent aree Years in running over Germany, Italy, and art of Spain, to find out the divine Original: I on't yet despair of it, and wait only for Health to rofecute my Search: for without feeing the Beauty presented in it, there's no Enjoyment in Life ft for me." Well, but she may be married, or a Nunnery, or dead; answers the Father; nd how abfurd is it to fall in Love with fo ncertain an Object! "No, no, replies he, my leart assures me of the contrary; and I know can trust to that." But see what Credit the Inmations of the Heart deferve ! Curiofity encreases; he Picture is more nearly inspected; and who hould the divine Object prove to be, but the celerated Gabriell d'Estree, Mistress to Henry IV. Where's Philicon's Love now? At first he has no onception of what they tell him; by Degrees he brought to be convinced of it; and fince peretually with lifted Eyes exclaims, Oh, happy limes! that faw fo exquisite a Beauty! Why as I then unborn!——Thus the Sum of his appiness lies in Wishes, no less passionate than ktravagant, that he had been alive to fee those nchanting Eyes, without confidering that his own fould have been closed a Century ago. Yet Phicon is not alone; there's Timocrates dying for amitilla, and she has been married these three ears; and if the understands herself, he may as rell be in Love with a Picture. Euphorbus too, namoured with the blooming Abbess Zelia, who hay thank her Friends, if not her Beauty, for he Crosier; now if she keeps to her Vows, is not Suphorbus as arrant a Madman as Philicon? It

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It is daily read of, and yet can hardly be to ceived, that, for fifteen hundred Years, there a civilized policed Nation, full of very large pulous Towns, where neither Gaming Table Plays, Masquerades, Breakfasting-houses, or Plays

of Entertainment, were ever feen.

Would you know how far it is from Paris in Country, where what is done here in the Day, there done in the Night? Not above four the Leagues; and perhaps much less. Half a cen Fauxbourg is fast asleep, when the Pont-neuf is alive; at St. Dennis you rise, when in a Part the Marais 'tis but just Bed-time. Sometime thin Partition only separates a Shop from Palace.

To be unmarried, fays \* Batalus, is to be have no Wife, no Children, no Squalling, no Incomprance: Well, a fingle Life is Heaven upon Law Observe the happy Man; he roves from Wome to Woman; he tires himself in plaguing one with his Visits. All is well with him, when one Afternoon his Name has been taken down the Doors of half a dozen of his Intimates, who he was sure, were not at home; and of as my Women, whom he has had the good Fortune miss of; afterwards he crowns his Felicity with humble Visit up three Pair of Stairs to Law to Chloe, under the Auspices of Amphion, who go along with him to square the Party.

What a Multitude of Circumstances multiprought together to form a petty Happines in World! It is no little Matter will fatisfy a Senses! and under that, who does not think him.

felf hardly dealt with?

Of all our Senses, Sight is infinitely the quide est; the Eyes have a certain Affinity with the Soul

<sup>\*</sup> Dake d'Olonne.

Soul; however they are affected, the Soul instanty partakes of the Sensation: The Smell, as more material, has but a diftant Correspondence with it c tis the Sight which heightens the Relish of Pleafures. At hearing a fine Voice, the Ear cannot but be delighted; but, for my Satisfaction to be complete, I must see the Person who sings; if she s beautiful, her Voice improves upon my Ear; I gaze upon her, and I liften now only to extol.

The most rugged Temper is pleasingly softened at a Concert performed by the best Hands; yet much more delicate are the Touches, more infinuating the Modulations, and more exquisite the Impressions of a sweet Voice; the Sound of the Voice of a pretty Woman, is indifputably more harmonious than any Undulations of Air, however modified by the finest Instruments. What are Corelli's, Guignon's, or Baptista's best Performances to a Duette by Le Maure? Our Senses fide with the Songstress; the Sympathy of the two Sexes improves the Delight.

A Concert, where the Voices of Le Maure and Pellissier are accompanied with the Instruments of Guignon and Blovet, is really Perfection; the Ear can defire nothing more on Earth; yet does not this include perfect Happiness: there's a deal behind. We have five unreasonable Senses; to satisfy each of them is an arduous Work; yet, unless this be done, the others will be clamouring, and that

spoils the whole.

li secule di cocolile At a superb Entertainment, all the Senses may come in for fomething; with the vocal and instrumental Music, the Eye may find its Gratification.

The Flower Pots ingeniously arranged in the Saloon, diffuse their Fragrancy to the Smell.

The

The Tafte, I am fure, lofes not its Share; whole Skill of Cookery is employed for its Re Burgundy and Champaign add their piquam yours, and the rich Defert finishes the luxur Gratification. But, with all this Profusion. Touch yet remains unfatisfied. - May I prefe to dwell formewhat on this exquisite Sense? Of tis not safe; seductive Touch! I dread thy! fection. And must every Sense be satisfied, a bulus, to complete your Happiness? What! not four fuffice; must fomething still be found this, or all the rest be disregarded? Well the Cleobulus, the Touch also shall have its Objection handle those charming Fruits; let me recomm the downy Peach: There's Velvet! have you it! What means that Sigh! is formething fill hind! What! another! Ah, Cleobulus, thus is ever with Mankind; never further from true H piness than when he imagines he is within Si of the Goal. Your Eyes betray you; the low Calista can alone give you the true Pleasure, for was from her only all the rest derived their Value the's your Music, your Fragrancy, your Felling for four long Hours have you gratified as mur Senses, and must this also be satisfied? Here me draw the Veil, and with the Wife-man co clude, "Wine and Music rejoice the Heart; the Eye is taken with Beauty, and beholds it w Ravishment; the Perfumes also give a delight Smell, but Wisdom is above them all."

Of this Wisdom, Liberty and Tranquility at Appendages; and such is the Delight they produce in the Mind, that, the desirable State one attained, is not to be exchanged for that of him whose Senses wanton daily in the most ravishing

Gratifications, O

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Ergamete

Ergametes is sprightly and sportive: And is he no more? Who would think that he was not also designing, or that Clarissa could be safe with him? Any of the Sex might be so, Clarissa alone excepted. I know the Bottom of Ergametes, he oves Pleasure; but without an Asterclap; sain would he be gathering Roses, but he's astraid of the Prickles. There may be something of Happiness in such a Cast, but far enough from being

perfect.

In the full Career of flighty Gallantry, Polidore, because 'tis the Custom, married the youthful Hortensia; and, because 'tis the Custom too, he put his Bride in the Way of giving him Heirs, which the has already done in two lovely Boys; and, for that very Reason which should have linked him the more closely to her, has he left her; and returned to his former Courles. Poor Hortenfia was. too full of it to be filent; but he turned it off with a Banter. A fnug Box without the City, and a fine House within; could Polidore miss of Happihes? he had his Intrigues, and that drove her to the like; and, as if they had guessed each other's Wish, they have given a mutual Release, and at last have very quietly concluded on a Separation. They have lived on different Sides of the Water these ten Years, both of them draining, if I may for peak, every kind of Pleafure to the very Lees. Now Defire is fatiated, and Reason begins to make itself heard; they are for making up the Breach; their former Affections return upon them, and their Duty has all the Piquancy of Novelty: After, but with much ado, breaking through the Fears of a mistaken Bashfulness, as Probity is fometimes ridiculous, they have at last had the Courage to live together, that is, in the same House.

Well.

Well, Polidore, you would be thought a mighty happy; but in how low a Degree your is abundantly fatisfied.

The perfectly happy Man is he only who, we holy Jab, can fay, "I made a Covenant with Eyes, why then should I think upon a Maid! I have fuffered my Heart to be deceived by a Wo man, or if I have laid wait at my Neighbour Door, let my Wife be dishonoured by another and let her be exposed by vile Prostitution.

I have with-held the Poor from their Delire, have caused the Eyes of the Widow to wait vain: If I have eaten my Morfel by myfelf, at the Fatherless not partaken thereof (for Con passion has grown up with me from my una State, it came forth with me from the Wom or if I have lift up my Hand against the Orpha when I was encompassed with Power, let min Arm fall from my Shoulder-blade, and let all the Bones thereof be broken. If the Land which possess cry against me, or the Furrows there complain: If I have eaten the Fruits of it witout Money, or have afflicted the Heart of the Husbandman, let Thistles come forth instead of Wheat, and Thorns instead of Barley.

This is the happy Man; but where is he?

deal your sile or state if he book ways the low Denire is fedated, and Render being to addition beart, they are nor reading up the lesely their torrose Affactuan return upon them, almest Dury has all the Population of Movelens ediadopical entel colo broken de consentrative

or of a milation Randmand, at Probity is out has but as a such you earlies be water Cumps to Lye ropy ober, that is, in the Lancelfoods.

### LESSON VIII.

Of the SUMMUM MALUM.

No where is the Summum Malum more common than among those who imagine themselves possessed of the Summum Bonum; 'tis by
Virtue alone, a stable, entire Contentment is to be
attained; and, by the Rule of Contraries, the
Summum Malum is Vice: This is what we little
dream of; for all our Complaints turn upon Accidents, and our Sentiments of Evil declare themselves in those insolent Murmurs against Providence, which break out for mere Nothings.

Who will say that true Good is to be purchased without Virtue? or are we ever so absolutely satisfied as to think we possess it? Were there no Deficiency, what do Desires mean? the Way of the World, as to Evil, is upon every little Ailment, to complain, and nurse ourselves: Another's Evil is but little to ours, and our Good is as far below his; the Prick of a Pin in ones own Finger is worse to bear, than a Stab in the Heart of our most intimate Friend.

Human Life is by Providence compounded of Good and Evil; the latter is always predominant, Good itself becoming Evil to us by our Abuse of it. To complain of the one, or to boast of the other, I know not which to blame most; as they are not our own, we should receive them without Pride or repining.

Accidental Evils we can account heavy and grievous

grievous; yet, fuch is our Fantastic Nature the we deliberately strike out more than we have if our Measure of Happiness was to be completed by it. The Desire of Good, the Pursuit, the Use of it, the very Good itself I aver it again, are to

us fo many additional Evils.

The Principle of the best Thing alters, loss its Force, and even becomes totally corrupt. and many others are acquainted with an Invention, which was originally meant as a genteel Remedy to a kind of Phrenzy, under which a Prince lahoured; which now, by the Abuse of it, cause and feeds such Giddinesses as are judged to be past all Cure by

Whether Menelaus or Picard be the Male might admit of a Wager: The latter correct interrupts, filences, and takes the Story out of Menelans's Mouth. He bargains before his Face, retracts his Proffer, contradicts him : Well, be he is at Wages; that's a hafty Decision; for in he who is Cash-keeper, and stints Menelaus. Let but -Picard throw off his Great Coat, and I'd lar two to one on his Head.

What Pride began, Fashion has censured, and Licentiousness expladed: Xanthus plumed himfelf in the Blazon of his Arms, as folendidly diffinguishing him from the upstart Freedman; they glared before, and behind, and on the Doors of all his Equipages: His Son is miftaken for Andronian, who feathered his Nest in the last Revenue-farm, and whose Father was a Slave of his; and for Apulus, a Receiver-General. The Paintings and Enrichments of his Coaches, like theirs, are fnished in the highest Taste; yet they are not known from one another, which is what Xanthu always aims at, but is content to be known for himselfat the Public Entry of an Ambasiador. efforctis

A good piece is printed abroad, but the whole Edition seized: However, the Public here may be very easy; the great Understanding of the Government will not permit such rare Things to be suried; after being new-modelled, it is printed gain, and published with Licence. Can such a sigilant Government be sufficiently commended?

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There's \* Lycoris just appearing in the gay World, ike an opening Rose; scarce were the first Leaves liscolosed, when Guniphilus cast his Eye upon her. Should I say he was smitten with her, 'twould be a Thunderclap to Melania, who three Years ago left her Husband to live with him; to be sure, handsome Presents have been made, if not a Settlement for Life. And Melania had certainly been discarded, had not, most fortunately for her, an English + Lord step'd between, vastly outbid Guniphilus, and carried of the Blooming Lycoris the same Night. Never any Person, Guniphilus, did thee a better Turn than this lavish Rival: With Lycoris you had been an undone Man.

Does † Alcidamas's Vow of Celibacy reach no further than that he shall not marry? Most certainly: else would the Commander of a religious Order have kept little Doris these last ten Years, and a simple Knight have boasted that Clelia had been his Mistress? A very easy Vow, truly! At first I never could think of this Act of supposed Rigour but with Concern; now I must think of

wishing him Joy upon his Liberty.

What Estimate can be made of the Friends which Wives procure us? They seem pretty much of the same Cast with Holophernes's Officers, who, at the Sight of Judith, cry'd out, "Who would despise

<sup>\*</sup> Mad. de Luce, a Comedian. + E - of A - e.
† Prince de Conti.

despise this People, that have among them in Women! It is worth fighting against them their Women to be ours."

Stately Seats on Hills and in the Levels will a fatisfy \* Padilla: These, many a Princes or Duches has. She's a Fairy, and must have a moving Palace: She diverts the Courses of a Gold and Silver Mines; at her Command Master out of the Earth, and others are buried divinits Bowels; the very Elements are subject her. Who is this Padilla? An Empres Queen! What is she? Say rather, what is she not?

"Use not much the Company of a Woman to is a Singer, lest thou be taken with her Allements! Look not upon the Beautiful, for many has been deceived by the Beauty of a Woman.

Tell me, † Menander, which, in your Account is the true, and withal the most common Evil in the World? Mine, says he; indeed to him to the greatest, because it goes the nearest to him though in itself his Case is extremely sensible.

I had three Children, continues he, all morphomising: the dear Creatures dropp'd off on after another in the Prime of Life: This Life was foon followed by that of my Estate; my Imployments and Honours are all gone; no wonds that the Wreck of such a stourishing Forum should impair my Health: These two Years has I been confined in this Part of the Country by a stillness, of which, to all Appearance, I shall never get the better. Relations, Friends, all are dear to me; nay, worse than dead, for they must not much as hear of my Name; and I am looks

<sup>•</sup> Mad. de Pompadour. + Reelef. ix.

M. Chauvelin, Keeper of the Scals.

who, I believe, calls upon me only to plague me with his tedious Commentaries on my former Conduct. This, then, is the Sum of all your Afflictions! No, 'tis not. What, still more Losses? Why I have not lost enough; my Wife still sticks by me. How! is not Mrs. Menanter a Solace to you under your Distresses? Just the reverse; for therein lies my whole Distress; take her too, merciful Heaven, and I should be happy! Oh did you but hear how she thunders in my Ears, "Where's my Fortune and Jewels?" with her my Resignation is Lethargy and Pusillanimity; she curses the Hour of our Marriage, and calls out for my Death.—Was ever Misery like mine?

Of all the Evils which have befallen Menander, the heaviest is, that his Wife is still living. Next to the infernal Fiend, who, to our Missortune, is as crafty as he is malignant, no Evil can come up to a designing Woman, not seldom is she his Engine. Let the following serve for a Sample of

the Cruelty of his Artifice. waste ched brand and have

God who is righteous in all his Ways, having permitted this Evil-one to try the Patience and Fidelity of Job, the Veteran in Mischief and Wickedness immediately falls to work; it is not long before that Prince is stripped of his numerous Herds and Flocks, which had brought him in immense Riches; some are carried off by Robbers, others destroyed by Fire from Heaven; three Men who alone had escaped the Conflagration and the Robbers, are the Messengers of these lamentable Tidings: Whilst the last of these was speaking, a fourth brings the Account of his Children, sour Sons and three Daughters buried in the Ruins of one of his Seats, where they were feathing, and with

with them all the Domestics, himself and cepted in the visio are marginal

Job, though with a proper Sense of fuch afters, firmly made Head against this affault Fiend; fo far from breaking out into an Degree of Grief, he composedly prostrates hi felf before the fupreme Disposer, the Lord he, gave; and the Lord taketh away; bleffed be Name of the Lord. Till a say your sell nim

All Hell rang with rancorous Howlings at Disappointment; but the Craft of the pitile Machinator was not yet exhaufted, and conclude ding 70b to be one of those indolent Men, who if free from bodily Pains, are very easy abouto Accidents, he applies for Leave to try him in Body; 'tis granted, but on Condition he doesn touch his Life.

Behold then holy Job covered with purel Sores; but departing not in Thought or Wo from the devout Ejaculation uttered on occasion of his former Afflictions ; The Lord gave me Heal and the Lord bath taken it away; bleffed be bis he Name ve Va pia l'a ou euchale e es et

Had Satan swept away his Wife, in Company with his Children, without Wrong to Job's Chi racter, it's probable he would also, and m without a Mixture of Joy, have cried out, the Lord gave me a Wife, and the Lord bath taken in

away ; bleffed be his holy Name.

But the infernal Spirit knew the Termagant to well to commit so egregious an Overfight; as for Refignation to God on this Head, he could me be ignorant how many Husbands would rejoice in being put to the Trial; the was referved as his ftrongest Battery against the holy Man, the Engine with which the Fiend was to make his lat Affault; for possibly, Experience might have aught him what still holds good, that there is othing like a wicked Woman for bringing a Man into Damnation.

Job, on his Dunghill, bleffed God amidst all is Sufferings; though his Flesh was rotted from is Bones and his Limbs fwarmed with Worms. he bears the Stroke with inextinguishable Devotion:

But how will he stand his Wife's Tongue!

This Lady was certainly of a paffionate, bloomy and malignant Disposition, inconceiveably vain, haughty and exceptious; of little or no Devotion, and of a low narrow Genius: What Convulsions must the Ruin of a splendid Fortune

cause in such a Constitution!

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It would be naturally imagined that a Woman, with fuch Habits, must turn the Brain of the most sedate Philosopher; and this Fire the Devil took care to enflame by a copious Infusion of the bitterest Virulence. Thus fitted for Mischief she pelts him on his Dunghill with Complaints, Reproaches, Invectives, Clamours and Accufations; curses his Life; wishes for his Death; and, what was worse than all, turns his Piety and Refignation into a Jeft.

This Rage, to St. Chryfostom, seems so much out of the Course of Nature, that the good Father thought he had cause to doubt whether it was not the Devil himself in the Figure of a Woman.

Were this Doubt admitted, would it not afford Room for a broad Suspicion, that the Devil nowa-days, and not feldom, practifes the same Difguise to make our Dwellings too hot for us? To me he appears to have fo great a Stroke in most of our modern Marriages, that I am inclined to think the venerable Father has hit the Mark.

The Fury of Job's Wife, like a bilious Fever, had its Paroxysms, which were only increased by her Husband's Equanimity; like Ar never forms to loud, as when the fre her Husband viewing the Tempest of

Rage with a stoical Contempt.

Admire this holy Man! Superior to unmoved amidst the combined Assaults and Devil; her Asperity is answered w Favours of Heaven with Gratitude ; it become no less to bear its Chastisements with Pati

A walpith furious Woman proves to ha Job's most real Evil: His Flocks and Hen drove away or destroy'd; his Children or under the Ruins of his Walls; his Health guishes, and Disease preys upon his Body; Dunghil his Throne, his Scepter turned Potherd. Can there be any Aggravation Catastrophe like this? Yes, most certainly; one worfe than the whole of it, bis Wife was the only Evil which could draw a Sight Fob; refigned under all the other, deplorable they were; this was the only one he feemed feel; this was His Summum Malum.

And how lamentably has it spread its Jub's in this Particular, are to be found ever

where.

where.
To withstand Injuries is easy; it is even a tural to bear up against Contumely. Job had gon through a fevere Course of Patience, which migh have hardened him against the Clamours of Shrew; yet were they the Caufe of his most galle Evils. Had Satan gone the other Way to work, am confident, from daily Experience, he m have carried his Point. Had he practifed upon Job the same insidious Seducements, which brown about his fatal Plot on Adam, that holy Man Fidelity would have given way.

Pains and Molestations are far from acting upon is so forcibly as Pleasures, and Endearments. Patience alone is a Match for them; but, to stand our Ground against the Inticements of the foster Passions, 'tis not Moderation, Temperance, Chastity, and Devotion all together, which will do; every thing goads us on; our Senses betray us: To reject the Baits of Voluptuousness, to shield the Heart from the penetrating Caresses of a Woman, is little short of a Miracle.

Adam is placed in the delicious Garden of Eden; his Work was his Amusement; his Necessities his Pleasures; supine without Softness; indolent without Sloth; laborious without Pain; fenfual, without Weakness; voluptuous without Passions; temperate amidft Luxury; calm amidft Delights; Thus early enervated by an habitual Senfuality, no vigorous Emires, no commate Kenitance, is to be expected from him against the Tempter. The Serpent opened his Trenches with Even her he foon brought to his Lure; when any Wickedness is to be done, a Woman ever meets the Devil half way. Eue, duped by the gay Appearance of the Serpent and his foothing Flatteries, fets about deceiving her Hufband : No Frown or Pouting now; the imperious Look, the filly aukward Gesture, is laid aside; these, the apt Scholar of Satan well knew did not fuit the Affair in hand: Sweetness on her Forehead; Tenderness and Languishing in her Eyes; Persuasion on her Tongue; Complacency in her Gestures; and Embraces at her Fingers Ends. The sportive Graces and Smiles, just appearing under that winning Modesty, which the Hand of Temptation itself had spread over her whole Person, gave irresistible Lustre to it.in fhort I want a Name for her.

Thus fatally beautiful, Eve trips it to her Husband;

Hulband; and, with a fond Embrace my dearest, fays she, from my lovely Fruit, the Token of my Affection very angry if you refule me. The Co Heaven recurs upon his Mind as an Admoni he draws back; yet (the too frequent Pre Compliance) he hesitates : Eve however at his Delay, betwixt Jest and Earnest, Is the fays, the Love you bear me? How can be so ill-natured? In what have I offended Adam? Who can do more to please you ! answers he, I love thee as ever; and, amide the Varieties of the glorious Creation, nothing charms me like thyfelf. Well then, reply'd eat the Fruit. Eve, faid he, has not God for me!-The pious Answer indeed filenced he but, with the fatal Fruit in one Hand, the carelle him while the other, and conforms her long to destructive Toying with a Kiss, a Sigh, and su plicating Glances. The Fruit is natural beautiful; but its Richness improves, when de fered from fuch lovely Hands. Adam cannot for bear admiring; and Eve no fooner observes it than, like a notable Woman, allures him on pointing out in it all the Beauties of the Calvill See what a Skin! there's Colour! Then, halling cutting it; The delicious Fruit! it would be thousand pities it should be wasted; She disclose the Infide of it, and that's fufficient for Adam to taste it. God and his Commands are now discarded from his Thoughts; he forgets himfelf; and Oh! Disobedience ever to be lamented! It bites it with Attention, with Rapture; and thus by an impious Uxoriousness, for ever ruined himfelf, and his whole Offsfpring.

Every where is Adam cried out against; yet,

<sup>\*</sup>An Apple of a beautiful Red.

where is the Place in which the like is not transactd? it is yet daily exhibited in all Countries, and mong all Ranks.

If Job's Wife was that Good Man's true Evil, Eve was Adam's, but in a furer Way, and which her Sex have been careful to keep up to this Hour. How many modern Adams bring Destruction on hemselves and Families by humouring such Eves!

The Careffes of a lovely Woman do more flurt than all the Clamours of the Obstreperous. The latter I grant to be insupportable, yet is the former most to be feared: From ber all Vices are lerived; she is the Engine of all Missortunes; and o be the Husband of such a one makes the Case till worse; Duty and Religion so linking us to the Careffes, that they cannot be shunned or luded without a Kind of Crime.

A fine Woman, beloved, and at the same time ingovernable, with a Spirit distaining the Curb of Reason, what a Scourge! what a Curse! what in Evil! to perhaps the worthiest Man! and the nore he is so, the more galling is the Yoke, the

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#### Of MARRIAGE.

HE foregoing Definitions feem not im perly to introduce that State which is natural Center: No where are they both m

confoicuous than in Marriage.

How delightful is the Idea of a Union, enter into under the Auspices of Religion and Reason cemented by a Similarity of Tempers, Proport of Ages, and Equality of Conditions, and o rished by mutual Complacencies! This is inde a Source of true Good.

What a wild Prospect arises from a Maria where Interest or Passion joins the Hands, whe jarring Sentiments alienate the Hearts, and which mutual Neglects diffolve ! Here is the Torrent

true Evil.

"It is not good," we are told, "that Man should be alone; a Companion was therefore provided for him."

No Condition feems more natural for a Man than that of Marriage; 'tis the sole End for which his whole Frame and Texture feem calculated all his Senses, with an imperceptible Violence draw him to this Union: There is consequently no State which is politically entitled to more Esteem and Honour, yet of all perhaps it meet with the least. This Disparagement is owing to the Spread of Debauchery, which has eclipfed in Dignity, and decried it as a Gulph of inevitable Dangers;

ingers; being dreaded, no wonder it is despited

A millaken Vanity often puts us to a great deal Trouble, which, for our Interest, might be tter spared. The rich Man is for having the forld know all his Opulence: With what Rapre does he compute the Rents of his Farms, or Interests of his Stocks! His House is never iet from Entertainments, for the Sake of mak-Parade of his Plate; all the Gueffs must fee his rious Closet, that they may take Notice of his ong Box; thus, inconfiderately opening fo many lets to Envy. Know, thou vain Creature, that thou haft a Daughter, thou'lt quickly be obled by Suiters, and fhe encircled by Adorers; if Son, he's the general Mark; Rhoe and the young uchels are quarrelling for him; the Actrelles e in a Flutter, and countermining each other; ppy that Girl to whom he professes Courtship: e is simpered at in the Walks; not a Mother t compliments him with the Elbow-chair and e Upper End of the Table, and withdraw to ve their Daughters fair Play to make the most of emselves, and he to make what he pleases of em; and all he does, is to disappoint hearty overs who wished for nothing more than joining ue, and to spoil many a good Match. At length y Spark is charmed, fixed, fettered and captited by \* Agatha; now, thank your Oftentation fuch a Daughter-in-law. Nor imagine yourf made Amends by your new Son-in-law; the gh-born + Deiphobus vouchsafes to give his Hand your Daughter, in great want of that Million hich is to be her Portion: If he admits her to Bed the first Night, 'tis neither from Duty, Love, but from a vicious Appetite; a Role is

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<sup>\*</sup> Mad. Sticotti. + C'e D'Evreux.

a Rofe, wherefoever it happens to grow, it springs from a Dunghill, betwixt a Co and a Toadstool, still is it a Flower bear charming, an Object of Delight; I m for a Day. It is an ephemerean Tafte, To-morrow, extinguished in the Gratifican like that he had for Thais and Palagia, two G of the Town, whom he followed only to be a of, and foon after turned them upon the Sta If Deiphobus happens to call to mind, once in Life, that he is your Son-in-law, that is, your Daughter is his Wife, 'tis in your Presence and no less than a thousand Pieces is the Purch of one Night's conjugal Duty: Hard is this Par of your Daughter, that you cannot daily affer fuch Memento's of his Duty; he foon forget it there must be such another Offer to refresh Memory.

Oftentation may be faid to be a Bait for In mies; we are possibly in no Danger of a rapacion Son, or a lewd and lavish Daughter-in-law; ye let us not fancy ourselves out of the Reach of Harm: The Instruments of Envy are with Number: Imagine only the Havock of a Laufuit, can you think of it without shuddering

\* Beredach Baladan, Son of Baladan King of Bebylon, sent Presents and Letters to Hezekiah, he had heard that he had been sick; Hezekiah we greatly pleased, and shews them all his Spices as Gold and Silver, all the House of his Armour, as all his precious Things; there was nothing in Palace which he did not shew them. But last the Prophet came unto King Hezekiah, and in unto him, What said these Men, and from when came they? Hezekiah said, they are come from far Country, even from Babylon; and he said

aland, Sticetti.

wered, all the Things that are mine have they en; there is nothing among my Treasures which as not been shewn to them. Then said Isaiah to Iezekiah, hear the Word of the Lord; behold the Days come, that all that is in thine House, and hat which thy Fathers have laid up in store, shall e carried into Babylon; nothing shall be left; thy ons, thine own Issue, shall they take away; and tey shall be made Eunuchs in the Palace of the

ling of Babylon.

Marriages are often said to be appointed in leaven, before they are contracted on Earth. But ow, as a Christian, can I believe this? scarce ome a Couple together, but they begin to pereive, and manisest to the World, that they are tterly mismatched, clashing in Sentiments and aclinations; something beyond Indisference; a lontempt for each other: Can bountiful Heaven ave any Hand in this? No. It is that there is ot at most one Marriage in six, where the urse, and a hot Fit of Passion, are not more tended to, than Religion and a rational Hapiness.

Agathocles has for these five Years prided himlf in being every Fair One's humble Servant;
le Husband's Terror, the Lover's Rival, the
bung Widow's Relief; if he was constant for a
leek, 'twas with an Object whose Charms had
l the Advantage of the Bloom of Youth. If
leer he dropped a Look upon a Woman of
venty-five, 'twas but by way of Interfude, withlet any Attachment. He is reported to have had
Tariff from sisteen and under to twenty; and
om which he never departed, not so much as for
tolic; and so practised was he herein, that there
as no deceiving him; he had attained to such

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a Precision in Physiognomy, that, under all the Daubery of Paint, and the Disguise of Art, he could read the Date of the Register. At the Name of a Woman of thirty he was feized with a Qualm: What a Life has he led the poor Vifcountess D-, for having in her twenty-seventh Year taken upon her to mention his Name something mysteriously! and not only so, but carrying ther Affectation fo far as to hide her Face with her Fan as if the blushed at naming him: Did not be also deluge the Town and Court with his Banters on a certain President's undersized Lady, who, though turned of thirty, had forfooth, as he used to fay, the Effrontery to pitch upon him to be the Tool of bringing her into Play again; scandalously spreading about, to the infinite Prejudice of his Character, that she had a Rendezvouz with him.

This extreme Nicety of Agathocles, in point of Age, made it be concluded that he would never marry, at least that nothing under one of the three Graces could induce him to it: yet married he is, but to whom? Would you imagine that after all his Infolencies, the Bride of this fcornful Adonis is no other than the antiquated Hecuba. Here, it is plain, can be no Liking, no Sympathy; there is a Discordancy in the whole: Granted; but it is, and supremely so, what is called a rational Marriage. Rational! Yes, what more rational Course can Agathocles take, than to make himself Master of thirty thousand Livres a Year by a fingle Monofyllable? Thus, at once is his shattered Fortune repaired, a thousand Difficulties terminated, a Stop put to three Warrants, and an Attachment superfeded; is not this, of all Reasons, the most reasonable? Possessed of the Spoils of four Husbands, of whom Hecuba was the wealthy Widow, besides the Perquisites gained from half a hundred

hundred Gallants, no inconsiderable Sum; sure Agathocles must be vastly fond of a Wife, by whom he is freed from all Incumbrances, and raised even to Splendor. And do you think so? The Truth is, Agathocles has sold himself to Vexation, and Hecuba purchased Contempt and Despair. This is rating Men very low, and Injuries very high.

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If, on the very first Day he is disgusted, what will the fecond produce? What Kind of a Hufband will Agathocles make ten Years hence? On the Eve of their Marriage he had Eyes to perceive every Wrinkle in Hecuba's Face. On the Wedding Day the doating Creature had the Folly to fancy herself an Object of Love, and the next Day he was furfeited with Teizings about the Fidelity and Fondness the required of him. Poor Man! fay you; 'twill cost him many a hard Struggle to be a good Hufband. Bless me! was there ever fuch a Novice! Let Agathocles alone; he knows what Game he has to play, and that it will cost him nothing, if he does not set up for Singularity; he had laid his Scheme before the Marriage; and the thirty thousand Livres a Year, inflead of making him use his Wife the better, will only make him the fooner forget her, and launch into every Diffipation: Is your Probity offended at fuch Measures? Really thou art an old-fashion'd Fellow; you would have Agathocles, who is but five and twenty, stick to an old Woman of feventy: all the Fellows of Spirit in Town will be upon him; he'll be jeered out of his Senses: And if the World, in its great Good-nature, could overlook the Ridiculouiness of his Marriage, as a Point of Interest, she would still remain an indelible Blot in his Scutcheon.

No Ingratitude breaks out so quickly as that of purchased Husbands; it is premeditated and plan-G 2 ned

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ened even before the Benefit is received; nor there any fo much authorifed; perhaps, it is the only one applauded. Gratitude between two finele Persons is still so far in repute as to be accounted a Virtue: But Marriage alters the Point there 'tis Weakness; and it is well if in ten Year it does not come to be looked upon as a Vice Certain it is the Fashion seems to be at present taking large Strides towards it.

Agathocles follows the beaten Track; what he calls his good Tafte revives in all its former Keen ness at the Sight of a forward young Girl; for Peace-fake his Wife is obliged to retain in her House a Servant, who, she is conscious ferves for a double Purpose, whilst the Wench Hagar like, despises her Mistress, at the same Time that the laughs at the Authority of he

Master.

Anna the house to be of the His criminal Commerce with this Lifette h thinks perfectly justifiable, on the fingle Circum Stance of Hecuba's Age; 'tis no more, fays he than what Abraham himself did; but can he plea the fame Reasons for entertaining in his House th Partner of his ungrateful Adultery, as those of the Patriarch in respect of Hagar? Abraham had to ceived Hagar from the Hands of Sarah herfelf; was at her Intreaties alone that he bedded wit her; and when afterwards Hagar had brought his Isomael, whom Heaven itself had blessed, the Tooner began to exalt herfelf against her Mistre than Abraham, far enough from upholding her her Petulancy, leaves her Punishment even to & rab herself: The Peace of his Family demand the Absence of this Servant; and, like a go Husband, he immediately discarded her. here, Agathocles, the Example of Abraham thou be imitated; banish from your Thought eve

Remembrance of Lifette; difmiss her, and deprive not Hecuba of those Duties for which she has given you so valuable a Consideration.

Leander, an old Bachelor of feventy, has lampoon'd Hecuba on her unequal Match; he could never mention it without a Fit of Laughter, and entertained his Company with some tolerable Refections on the Event. Who would not have thought him far enough from committing the fame Weakness? He who had hitherto kept himfelf fingle; who was, as it were, the licenfed Banterer of all Bridegrooms, and the Cenfor of those intrepid Widowers who could marry when their best Days were over: He who was the Apollo of most of the Ballads on the ludicrous Subject, and who never failed to promote a mock Serenade for every Couple in the Neighbourhood, is it not strange that he should not hold out till Death? with a Foot already in the Grave, he had but one Step further. The charming Life has inflamed his frozen Heart; he has begged her of her Parents as. an invaluable Favour, and to his Misfortune he obtained her. Befides a large Settlement, fuch Pin-money has been feldom heard of; this Whim he further palliated with a Compliment to his Constitution, as not admitting of Continency; and yet the very next Day they fly to separate Apartments; so unsuitable a Couple would indeed be much too near one another in the same Chamber! What! can Leander imagine that the Confummation of his Marriage with Life is his Vow of Chastity? Can he think that St. Paul had such as him in his Eye, when he faid, it is better to marry than to burn? Has he Warmth enough to come within this Aphorism! Young Life it is perfectly adapted to; without Marriage, burn the naturally must; while Leander, instead of quench-G 3

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ing, is all the Time increasing the Flame. What an unnatural Union! No Wonder that Life, the Widow of a living Husband, should, even on her Wedding-Day, long for the Moment when her Marriage Contract is to take Place; her only Pleasure is anticipating the Enjoyment of her Dowery, which she could wish had been better earned. However, the has already fixed upon a Partner; and, as a Proof her Candour, gives him Earnests of the Bargain: What less can be expected from Marriages where the Years are for

disproportionate for a service of the language

Leander also is not without his Excuse, and impudently quotes David as a Precedent: With what Grace, Leander, can you shelter yourself under so august a Name? Is there any Resemblance in your Cases? The holy \* King, in his Wisdom and Equity, had released his lawful Wive from their conjugal Bonds. Emaciated by the Austerities of Repentance, and the Fatigues of War, his natural Heat was too far exhausted The Physicians, never wifer than when they study Nature and enter into our Wants, were of Opinion, that the only Method for preserving the royal Life, was to recruit it with Spirits artificial, but lenient, natural and sympathizing; and this wonderful Effect was to be hoped for from his continual Cohabitation with a young and beautiful Female. Among all the Virgin Beauties of Ifrail, Abishag the Shunamite was chosen; her Age, her Temper, her Constitution best corresponding with the King's Infirmities. To avoid the Appearance of Scandal, the good Prince took her to Wife before he made her his Bedfellow, though he used her only as a chafte Companion, whose kindly Spirits were to support his Life. Upon so ratio-\* I Kings i. nal, so well grounded a Connection, St. Yerome cannot forbear crying out, "Who is this Shunamite, this Virgin, the Heat of whose Constitution can revive lifeless Senility? What must be the Sanctity of that Virgin, when the Heat which

emanes from her, kindles no impure Fire !"

Ye Leanders of the Age, ye worn-out Old Men, when upon such Motives you enter into disproportionate Marriages, find out Abishags, and not a Mouth will be opened against you; but let them be such, as like her, marry only to keep you warm; would such a one, however, be as safe with you, as the chaste Shunamite with David? it is not likely indeed the Danger would be great; but would the Maids retain their virginal Purity? Your libidinous Impotence kindles Constagrations beyond your Ability to quench, or theirs to bear, and stimulates them, to call in Help from other Ouarters.

If the Disproportion of Years throws a Ridicule on these two Marriages, here's another no less singular, where Interest, the Soul of the World, that wonderful Proteus. acts a most nota-

ble Part.

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Man about purchasing a Farm, examining the Leases, the Buildings, the Soil and Income. Arontius, with no less Attention, enquires into Florina's Talents, her Use of them, and weighs to what Account he could turn them. It cannot be said that he has bought a Pig in a Poke; he was not only apprised that she had been three Years in an odd Kind of Seminary; it was his chief Inducement to profess Love, and marry her; others before him have had the same Humour; and as for the Ridicule of it, what cares Arontius for it, 'tis his Fancy. With a slender Estate, some

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Degree of Birth, a thin Varnish of Honour, Conceit in abundance, and brazen'd by a little superficial Knowledge, he has long been aiming to sigure among high Company; this his Marriage has done at once for him, and among the Tiptop. An easy, or in the fashionable Term, a reasonable Husband, who with a pretty Wise, understands himself, and is not for making a Pother, will soon see himself made a — of

Florina's Acquaintance is made up of Dukes. Counts and Marquiffes; the has Prefidents for Patrons, and Treasurers are to be found amonest her best Friends. Here's useful and creditable Acquaintances for you; Arontius, what a Legion of Friends does your Wife produce you! But is it too expensive in your Circumstances to appear among them? Florina takes that upon herself; let me but alone, fays she, and you shall be seen with the best of them. Every thing goes through her Hands; from her he even receives his Pocket-Money; she directs his Pleasures; he complains, and in his return is Master of his own House, when his Wife is upon a Party elsewhere. The best of Cheer, the most delicious Wines, expenfive Furniture, elegant Equipages, rich Liveries, and all through Florina; it must be owned there are few better Farms. Thus Arontius, by keeping his Temper, is in strong Interest; caressed by his Wife, though she has no Esteem for him; and, as belonging to her, meets with Access every where.

Should Arontius take upon him to be a Man, and hold a tight Rein over fuch an advantageous Woman, Treasurers, Presidents, Marquisses and Dukes would rise up against him: The Cry would be, A sower Misanthrope! A suspicious Churl! 'tis ten thousand Pities such a Woman should

be coupled with a Brute. The well bred Man is now a Scoundrel; a Beggar fet on Horfeback; unworthy of any other Wife than a Strumpet or a Fury; a Coxcomb, who is not fenfible of his own Happiness. For my Part, I cannot but think were he to purchase a Separation with his own Money, it would be well laid out; infinitely better indeed is his Case, than that of some whose well-grounded Remonstrances to their Wives have been known

to cost them their Liberty.

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Of all who marry, few or none do it with any other View than their own fingle Gratification. Interest claps up Matches with the old, and Paffion quickly procures Husbands for the young; on either Side there's neither Love nor Esteem; and from these it is, after all, that true Happiness must come. What can be expected from such Motives! Either he abuses his Benefactres's Credulity, or becomes a Victim to her Constitution. An Appearance of Love should be observed towards the former; with the latter, Dissimulation is lawful, is commendable; and the Excess of real Love should be concealed from the latter: A most sage Admonition! and pray, who can follow it!

Poor \* Cephalus is bewitched with Galantis, that inexplicable Medley of Coquettry, Affectation and Prudery: Mistress of a thousand little Artifices she has made him purchase Leave to be her Husband, by two Years of the tamest Submission and meanest of Services. Cephalus's Father would not hear of so disgraceful a Match; but the constant Son was no sooner his own Master, than he put the finishing Hand to his Folly: He married Galantis; this threw him out of all Favour with his Relations, but so little to his Concern, that he made a Jest of being disinherited; he valued him-

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<sup>\*</sup> M. de la Bedoyere.

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elf on throwing up a Parcel of dirty Acres for Love, as something new, and a Proof of the Heroism of his Passion. It may be thought that confiderable as fuch a Sacrifice is, he finds an Equivalent in the Wit, the Good-nature, the Obedience, the Affection and Fidelity of his Wife; were it fo, why should I blame him? His Condidition is truly enviable: A Mind of fuch a Turn is cheaply bought at the Loss of no more than twenty-five thousand Livres a Year; it must be an immense Inheritance which is not over-paid in fuch a Wife. But Matters are upon a very different Footing: In the two Years of Courthin, Galantis was but a Hypocrite in Coquettry artfully varnished over with Simplicity and Demurenes; but no sooner his Wife, than she throws off the Malk, is a noted Coquette, and has the Effrontery to profess herself such. Her Beauty, which was Cephalus's Pride, and from whence he expected fuch extatic Pleasures, is now his Shame and Torture; that Wit, which was to irradiate a gloomy Hour, increases his Despair: Prudery has given up its Place to Assurance; and what compleats his Wretchedness is, that he must not give Vent to his Vexation, but support the Credit of his disgraceful Choice by a chearful Carriage; he must praise the Woman he despises. It is now a Year, that, worn to a Shadow by incessant Grief, for Galantis gives him incessant Cause, he has been ruminating upon his Obstinacy, and wishing that Death would kindly effect a Separation, which he has not the Comfort of expecting to bring about by any other Methods. in or bushbui

There is no Venture like that of closing with a Mistress in Opposition to Parents. Such a Disobedience, turning the deaf Ear to the joint Calls of Nature and Interest, is a Sacrifice, which, of

all others, the Person beloved can never overpay-But with what Attention should the Heart of her, for whom such a Step is taken, be sounded, be scrutinised? for when once taken, there's no draw-

ing back.

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As most Courtships are little better than playing at Blind Man's Buff; the Stiffness of Fathers in these Cases is generally commendable; both Prudence and Duty call for the Interposition of their Authority to reduce their Children to Reason, and save them from those Missortunes into which Want of Experience, and the Heat of Youth, would plunge them; Indulgence is not to be hearkened to in Times of such Dangers; their Prerogative must be exerted.

But these Duties and Prerogatives are not without Limits; they vary according to Circumstances; a generous Heart may sometimes balance betwixt solid Duty and Gratitude: On which Side them should the Scale turn? on that where most has been received, and consequently where the greatest Obligations lye; that any Person can stand in Competition with the Father for the Son's Gratitude, ought to be held a Paradox; 'tis he that

ought to blush for his Son's Faults.

St. Paul's Injunction to Children to obey their Parents, is followed with an Admonition to the latter, not to be bitter against them. Let me not be thought by this, to be lifting up the Standard of Rebellion for Children against Parents; all I mean is, to rescue the Sentiments of the former from the Tyranny, the imprudent Tyranny of the latter.

Floridor was of a hasty Disposition; his Heart was tempered for the soft Impressions: He was just entering upon that dangerous Age, when Pleafures wear a seductive Appearance, and Prudence

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is wanting to direct the Choice; he felt Delires, intimating a Happiness, which at first he could not clearly comprehend; but the Vivacity of his Genius foon explained to him, that the Languers of his Heart were the Motions of a powerful Attraction towards the Sex, and which runs through all fenfitive Beings. This Discovery of the Obiect increased the Intoxication; his Sensations became so vivid, that, to feed his Flame only with ideal Amours and romantic Fancies, appeared to him a State of intolerable Misery. Determining to launch beyond imaginary Gratifications, he fell in Love, and with the whole Sex too; however contracting himself gradually, he had so much Self-Government, as to bring himself within the Compass of the first Law; and, with the most pure Intentions, fettled his. Thoughts on Marriage. Would one imagine that, when in the most respeciful Manner, he imparted them to his Father. they should meet with no other Answer than a Laugh; that even his Mother should make it the Joke of the Table among her Goffips i the Refult of whose fee Deliberations was to threaten him with the Lash for ten Years to come. Nature kept on its Course; Obstacles only serving to animate its Violence; and Floridor, to forward Matters by bringing them to a Confishency, paid his Addresses to a young Lady of an unexceptionable Disposition, and of a Family, both in Character and Rank, on a Level with his own. He broke the Matter to his Father, who again treated it with Infult, and Interest suggested to him an Evafion, from the Disparity of Fortunes. Easily is the Heart opened, but to close the Wound is extremely difficult. This drove him to juvenile Sallies, and even to Licentiousness; yet, amidit a continual Whirl of Pleasure, he preserved his Opinion Opinion of Marriage; so full was he of it, that he squared his Intrigues by it: Except the Disgusts and Jars of lawful Conjunctions, every thing else was managed as betwixt the sondest Couple; there was Complacency without Restraint, Assection without Folly, Respect without Meanness; in point of Constancy and Fidelity, so delicate, that he would have been shocked at a bare

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Thus completely qualified to give and receive conjugal Happiness, he frequently renewed his Inflances to his Father; but the more he intreated, the more harshly was he denied. After roving ten Years from Passion to Passion, less guilty than unhappy; licentious as a Man, but never departing from his innate Regard to the Law of Order: turned out of his Father's House by the Advice of ten Fools or Knaves; on the Brink of running Lengths, against which his Heart relucted, a propitious Hand inatched him from the Mire of Vice, and brought him out of the foul Darkness of Error: No fooner were his Eyes open, than they were struck with the Image of Virtue, displaying its native Loveliness in Zara, without Caprice or Affectation; to Virtue he becomes zealoufly devoted, from the engaging Example of the Fair One. It was not Passion, but the coolest Examination, which brought him to own the lovely Zara to be what she is, and to offer her the purest Veneration. With fewer Beauties than Qualities, without Dignity of Birth, or the Magic of Fortune, this valuable young Woman has fixed his Heart by her Charms, and reinstated his Reason by the Influence of her own Intellects; with this Curb has he checked the Bounds of a Temper which was taking Head with fuch Precipitancy: She has so mollified his Impetuosity, given such a

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Gentleness to his Deportment, and set such decent Bounds to his Profuseness, that he is quite another Man; and all these Benefits she has crowned with the Hopes of her Hand.

Either a Man is loft to all Reason, or the Woman whom he loves may reclaim him from the Extremity of even habitual Dissoluteness, only by

giving him fuch foothing Hopes.

It is Women who make us what we are; with all our Boasts of Freedom we are little better than Copies of that Sex. Are they wise, how easily do they make us worthy Men! Zara has great Goodness, and see how readily Floridor renounces his Errors at her Feet! the Necessity of such a

Sacrifice removed all the Difficulty.

And here let me appeal to Fathers, to those who have Nature in them, what Floridor is to do: With what Grace can he refuse a Hand offered to him; and where the most important Benefits already received are a fure Earnest of the fweetest Felicity? Would not Submission to his Father's Humours be a Weakness? I know it goes hard with Floridar to disobey! Into what painful Plunges is many a worthy Man brought by the Caprice of others! one Virtue clashes with another, and a Compliance with either has the Nature of a Vice; a disobedient Son, or an ungrateful Lover, one or other he must be: Dispasfionately weigh these opposite Obligations; and if thou dost err, Floridor, let it not be without using the Means to act right.

The first of all Laws, enjoined by God himfelf in the terrestrial Paradise, as the Basis of Nature, and the only one dictated in the State of Innocence was this: Man shall leave his Father and Mother, and cleave to his Wise, and they shall be one Flesh. Let this Law be but literally observed, and, amidst all domestic Incumbrances, not a few of our Marriages would resemble that of the terrestrial Paradise. By this Law, Bounds are set to the Power of Fathers, and the Submission of Sons. God does not say only, thou shalt not hearken to thy Father and Mother; but thou shalt for sake them, and cleave to thy Wife; and you shall both be but one Flesh. Where does the Scripture prescribe so close a Connection betwixt Son and Father?

The Duties of Gratitude take the Lead of those of Birth, and very justly, as arising from voluntary, free and determinate Benefits; whereas the others are grounded only on fortuitous and independent Circumstances; often on such as are involuntary, unexpected, and even against the Grain. -Walking by the Sea-Side, the Storm cafts at my Feet a Casket of immense Value, which I apply to my own Use; is there in this any Ingratitude towards the Lofer? it is to Chance, or Providence, I owe my Riches, not to him: I never was in his Thoughts; he knew nothing of me: The Will is the Effence of a Kindness, and the Tie of Gratitude. Life is no further a Good, than Parents attend to the Welfare of their Children; and furely an Evil can lay no claim to Gratitude.

Obedience stands in its full Force; it is commanded; but it reaches not to Marriage; the Inclinations are without its Jurisdiction: Nor is this all; God has allowed Children, nay the Precept is stronger, he has expressly commanded them to forsake their Fathers and Mothers, to cleave to their Wives.

Your Choice, Floridor, lies betwixt a hardhearted Father, who has forsaken you, and the tender Zara, who has been as a fond Parent, and a Friend to you. Call to mind the Rights of those endearing

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endearing Appellations which she has acted up to with such Affection; that will shew you the vast Debt you owe her; accept her Hand, and its discharged: But the Laws will not allow you to be thus grateful till your thirtieth Year: very odd Laws to stint Virtue to Years! Perhaps they are only meant against Vice, as such respect them; but don't forget your infinite Obligations to Zara; marry her; you cannot fail of being happy.

Harmonizing Dispositions, correspondent Inclinations, similar Sentiments, a noble Disinterestedness, a reciprocal Esteem, of which Friendship lays the Warp, and Love guides the Woof; these are the blissful Ties which unite Zara and Floridar; they want nothing but their Parents Consent to alcertain their Happiness. Who knows? Is there no being unhappy with it? then they may be happy

without it.

\* Sofmna is grown rich with the Substance of twenty exhaufted Families; by his Management of the public Monies; and by his Good-Fortune in having never fuffered fo much as by a fingle Bankruptcy. He is invested with a Post of Dignity, and at the Head of a Scheme, of which the Villainy is of a Piece with its enormous Profit; yet his Views reach further; they must be propagated in his Son; that is, whatever his Inclinations be, they must give way to the Ambition of his Father, who is for marrying him; and of all the World to whom do you think? to a wretched Face, with a deformed Body, suspended betwixt two diflocated Hips, and these mounted upon diftorted Legs. The Description falls short, believe me; the pigmean Figure might be shewn at a Fair, and Money got by it. Sofinna has selected this Thing for his Daughter-in-law. Ay, but what lays

<sup>\*</sup> Sanfon, Treasurer of the Consignments.

the Son? Has be seen her? Yes, once or twices through the Grate of a dark Parlour, where he could just distinguish her, and seated to the best Advantage: No surther does he know of her, except that she's of Family, and related to some Houses of Figure. Sure the Son's Happiness can be of no great Account with Sosinna: Is it in Nature for him to love that grotesque Dwarf? He knows the contrary: O impious Father! O forcible Ambition! must Religion ever be exposed to your Abuses; be prostituted to give Validity to your Crime, and to secure your Depredations?

What a rational Joy warms my Breast, when, opening the Scriptures, I find that all Ages were not thus abandoned: There I see a Tenderness and Wisdom in conjugal Measures, to which our

wretched Age is a Stranger.

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Abraham does not stay till the Heat of Blood has led his Son into criminal and difgraceful Intrigues with the Daughters of Canaan, well knowing that no Good could come from an Intercourse which God had forbidden; no fooner is Isaac marriageable, than, like a prudent and affectionate Father, he looks out for him; he orders his Steward into Mesopotamia to procure a Wife for his Son. A Fortune is not the Question with Abra-. ham; nor is Isaac curious about her Beauty: what both Father and Son are most concerned about is, that she be not one who may draw down the Wrath of God on her Husband and his Family: This was the Sum of Eliezer's Instructions. On his Arrival whither his Master had sent him, God himself takes care to indicate to him her whom he had chosen for Isaac, the lovely Rebecca, and being introduced to her Parents, he at once acquaints them with the Occasion of his Journey, and defires their Daughter for a Wife to.

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his young Master; no Inquiry is made into the particular Circumstances of the Family from whence he came; it is enough that they are pious, no further Question is asked. He is a Man fearing God, says the candid Negotiator, without any artful Amplifications. They know all they defire to know. Isaac fears God; that's Wealth; he is the Man for Rebecca; and her Discretion, Virtue and Piety place her upon a Level with Isaac.

'Twas not because setting one's self off with the Virtues, or perhaps with the Produce of the Crimes of our supposed Foresathers was a Practice unknown to those simple Times, that Abraham and Isaac are silent as to the Extraction of the Person, whom they are desirous of receiving into their Family: Virtuous themselves, Virtue in their Ac-

count was every thing.

Can a Person take it into his Head to imagine, that the Virtues of his Great-Grandsather intitle him to Distinction and Respect? Such a one will give himself no Trouble about improving the Inheritance. It is for Virtue alone that we are wanting in Ambition. The senseless pluming ourselves with what we derive from our Ancestors, diverts our Thoughts from any manly Endeavours to keep it up: In general, he who wears an hereditary Coronet, would not weigh in the same Scale with him, whose Patent was signed but yesterday. His Pride is the Effect of his Levity; a little Recollection would soon lower his Crest.

Piety, Conformity of Sentiments, and Parity of Condition, joined Isaac's and Rebecca's Hands, and they were happy; and what indeed could disturb an Union entered into under such facred Auspices! If modern Marriages be subject to Discord, if Divorces be so frequent, only consider the Views

of Parents, Relations, Guardians, or even of the Parties themselves in concerting them, and the Wonder will not be, that some Marriages prove unhappy, but that the Disorder is not more general.

"Houses and Riches are the Inheritance of Fathers; but a prudent Wife is from the Lord.\*"

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O Power carries its Original so high as that of Husbands over their Wives; established by the Mouth of God in Paradise, as a Part of the Punishment denounced against Eve, the first Wise, who was deservedly put under the Yoke of that Law, which subjected her to her Lord: "Thy Desire shall be to thy Husband, and he shall rule over thee."

This Power is not less natural and reasonable than that of Fathers over their Children; it is more extensive; not clogged with those Exceptions which limit the other; the Power of Fathers, by the Laws of all Nations, ends at a certain Term of Years; whilst that of Husbands lasts

till Death.

An Abuse of either Power is Tyranny; and ends in Confusion; a Wise, or Children, bebeing equally impatient of Slavery. There are Regards due to them from Husbands and Fathers; but these very Regards have their fixed Points; Weakness here is a Breach of the Law no less than Rigour.

Marital Tyranny in France is like a Bastard-Child, without Shelter; 'tis an exotic Vice which will never take root; it meets with too little Countenance ever to be naturalized; the gentle Admonitions of Mamma's and other Females check its Spread, if ever it begins to shoot; all the

the Sex join Hand in Hand to pluck it up. Softness, Thanks to the Ladies, has got Footing every where; not a Family is free from it; and Hus-

bands are now more than Half-Women.

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Behold, then, Timantes on the Bench; what a Judge! His Seriousness and Majesty, his steady Countenance speak the extraordinary Personage: It is easily to be seen that he is fully conscious of all the Dignity of his Post: It may be thought he is too sensible of it; he is always the first in Court, and flays the last; and with very good Reason: for tis the only Place where he is his own Mafter. The Clock Strikes one, the Court rifes, and Timantes returns to his House, I had almost said, to his Wife's House: now for a Metamorphosis, not to be imagined. Along with his Robe, the juridical Loftiness is laid aside; Fear and Abasement take Place in his fneaking Countenance, and his reptile Carriage might become a Woman who was afraid of her Husband, if any such there are. He seems so far even to have forgot he is a Man, that one would think he in reality was not one; and does the Slave of a Woman deferve that august Majestic Name? But how does Timantes bestow himself at his Return? He betakes himself to his Closet; his Hours of Retirement are prescribed him, and it is now pretty near the Time of my Lady's Assembly: And who is the Manager within Doors? Who should be but my Lady! His Cloaths are made up by her Directions. Whatever Officer or Servant may be wanting, the Place is filled by my Lady; 'tis to her the Tradesmen bow for the Payment of their Bills; Repairs are made by her Order. The Route is held at my Lady's, the Supper was at my Lady's, all the Talk is of my Lady; my Lady is the Person regarded; as for Timantes, he is

of no further Importance than as he gives a Tide to my Lady, and Liveries to her Footmen; and tho' the Soul of Justice in a Court, a Cypher at home.

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Timantes, how is it you debase yourself thus? Tis no more, says he, than Complaisance; and that, at least, is the Husband's Duty; 'tis the Command, says he, with a grave Emphasis, of St. Paul himself; Husbands, love your Wives as

your own selves.

But the best Maxims are abused; every one wresting them to his Humour and Interest. Timantes thinks he is no more than complaisant: What must be thought of Montalto, the very Reverse of Timantes, who makes himself known to be Sovereign in his own House; an easy, frank, agreeable Companion; a furly, paffionate, insupportable Husband; 'tis but on a few Days of the Month that his Wife would be taken for fuch. Milliners, Sempstreffes, and Mercers apply to him, he appoints all her Servants, and is fure to support them against any Dislike of hers: However reafonable, he uses her with fuch impertinent Overbearingness, that a cold Madam is the best World he can bestow on her. The Grand Signior does not look fo superciliously on the meanest Slave of the Seraglio. Why did Montalto marry, fay you? to keep up his Name and Estate; that End being answered, his Lady has been obliged to confume Time with Knotting. Well, what do you make of Montalto? Is he no more than what a Husband should be? You think him a Brute; his Wife looks upon him as her Tyrant; but tell him fo, and his Answer is, I am Master, and St. Paul makes me so; Does he not say, Wives, be subject unto your Husbands, as unto the Lord? And what is it I do but keep my Wife in Subaute Pirton regus. iection? Again,

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Again, there's \* Orgon in Behaviour not unlike Montalto; his Principles the same, but his Ends different. His judicial Authority puts it in his Power to do a great deal of Mischief, which he does; and some Good, which he does not. It is your Misfortune to get into his Clutches; and knowing him to be foon prepoffessed, and not so easily brought off from Opinions he has once imbibed. you wish to have him informed of your Cause, but are at a Loss to go about it. Buy him of his two Cabinet Counsellors; he is at their Disposal: These are they with whom he concerts the Mischiefs he may do, and upholds them in all they do: they are tractable People, and will let you have a good Bargain of him: But, fay you! I require no Injustice; besides, I am known to my Lady; why my Lady is his Wife only, a Name of but little Sway with him: Like Montalto, he married her only for the Sake of Children; and he would look upon any Intimation of Advice from her, as a prefumptuous Invalion on his Authority. Were this nothing but Firmness of Mind, Orgon would be an upright Judge; as his Wife must not offer to speak, and you know no body else, get acquainted I fay with his Valet; he is his Mentor; his Prime Vizir; or rather away to pert Mercennilla; that low-lived Hussey, at seventeen, is Judge Organ's Oracle; he, who is above fifty, and a Veteran in Business, is directed by a Girl; and her Caprice and Corruption determine his Decrees.

Such are the Abuses, and withal very common, of the Power which God and Nature confer on Husbands; we have in Scripture a Passage which proves this Superiority of Man to be not entirely arbitrary, and that there are Junctures when a Woman

<sup>\*</sup> Berrier, Lieutenant of the Police.

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Woman has at least a Right of Remonstrance. The Fact is fingular, and well worth noticing.

Never did the World see such a Display of Magnissicence, Plenty, and Splendor; such Decorum, and such Liberty, as at the Feast which Ahasuerus made at Shushan, the Capital of his Dominions; the Feast for the Princes and Nobles lasted a hundred and sourscore Days; for the sirst severy private Person in the City was treated like a Prince,

during this Week of Munificence.

For the Preservation of Order, which is the Soul of Festivity, the King had wisely appointed Moderators at each Table, that no body should either over-drink himself, or be compelled to drink beyond his Inclination. Abasurus, Legislator-like, had not included himself in the Law, or he conceived that a Moderator at his own Table would not comport with his State; however, such an Officer would not have been unnecessary; for in the Effusions of his Heart, at the Sight of the Flower of his Subjects, his Majesty transgressed that Law, which with such Strictness he had prescribed to his Subjects.

Heated with Wine, and elate with the Pomp of the Feast, it came into his Mind, that a Sight of Vashti his beautiful Queen, would be an Addition to the Lustre of it, and complete the Joy of

his Guefts.

Abasuerus had no Rivals to fear; in any but a King, it might have caused his Prudence to be called in Question. Many a private Person has dearly paid for the like Ostentation. What's become of De Cour—, who made a show of his handsome Wife? A Husband who is ever crying up his Wife's Beauty, and inviting his Acquaintance to applaud his Taste, is something like a seweller

leweller who exposes a curious Gem to every Body; the one tempts Gallants, and the other Thieves; and, accordingly, they'll foon find their

Minds haunted with Fear and Jealoufy.

But the Order is given, and Valti receives a Message from the King, that she would gratify him, and appear in Public in all the Ensigns of Majesty. An experienced Courtier artfully suggests to her, that she is the only Queen in the whole World, whose Husband would pay such a Compliment to her Beauty.

Vashti was at that Time entertaining the Ladies in her Palace, with no less Pomp, Plenty, Delicacy, and more Order, than was to be found

at the King's Banquet.

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What droll Times were those! cries Sostrates; Where can be Pleasure without a Mixture of Sexes! Polixena seconds him: What an Entertainment! What no Men! how must the Glass go about! the Duce a Joke or Catch could there be! Lord deliver us from such Fools of Queens! Right! Polixena; Vashti was no other; and such a Fool was she, that she positively refused to comply with the King's Order.

Virtuous to a Delicacy, and more scrupulously observant of the Laws of the Land, and the Decencies of Custom, than of the Will of an inebriated Husband, she accounted it her Duty not to expose herself to the Eyes of such a wanton Multitude.

But Kings are ever Kings, and will be so; and never more than when they are the least worthy of it: The best of them are for playing the Tyrant in their Cups; a commendable Action, too, by a wrong Turn given to it, gets the Appearance of a Crime: Happy the People who can appeal from the King when intoxicated to the King when so-

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Difference is never feen.

The Report of the Queen's Refusal, though entirely commendable, incented the King; he was not capable of viewing it in its true Light of exalted Virtue; but conftruing it into Perverienes and Difobedience, flies into a Flame; fome fmall Remains of Reason however check him; he calls a Council amidst Vessels overflowing with Wine; What Moderation or Wildom is to be expected in such a Place? Unhappy Queen! to be tried by a Junto of feven Ministers, equally mad with their Sovereign.

The Premier, who very probably had too much of a Wife, and was more minded in the Cabinet than at home, being a Man of Address, made a State Affair of a private Difference, in order to produce an Edict, which might restore and secure

his own domestic Authority.

and \* Cte D'Argenson.

ater Times have also feen Edicts decorated with Flourishes on the public Good, and the Service of the Prince; which, in reality, were contrived only to gratify the Views of a Minister.

This was the Drift of \* Memuchan, the Chief

Minister: "Dread Sovereign, faid he, this Difobedience of the presumptuous Valhai, besides being immediately injurious to your Majesty, may become of very ill Consequence to the whole Empire A Secret it cannot be; and when spread abroad, unless it be duely punished, all the wives in the Nation will lay hold of it, as a Precedent, Metropolis mimics the Court, and is rule the Example, it will be immediately adopted by the Padies will next give into it, and of heart give into it.

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from them it will pervade the Commonalty : Thus the Contagion becomes universal; and the meanel Wife will fet up to be no les Mistres in her Cottage, than Valbrid in her Palaces & Molto ill is your Majesty's Resentment as to its Cause. and highly proper as to its Confequences, it If I may speak my Opinion, the public Order absort lately requires that Vafori should be declared to lave forfeited her Dignity, and to be lawfully repudiated, having by her Frowardness render de herself unworthy of your royal Heart and Phrone. "Here we fee a Queen, whose only Faults were a Win Virtue and a delicate Modelty, ruined by the Artifices of a defigning Courtier; the first, but not the last Victime of that Kind, mort gains w gains

The other Ministers, no less fond of lording at home than Memuchan, and who might stand in equal need of a Proclamation for that Purpose manimoully applauded his Zeal for the Emperor's Honour, and his Concern for the public Order Such a Decree, fay they, drawn up and spublifhed in the Forms of the Medes and Perfians, will be irrevocable and forme Clauses expresty enjoining all Wives whatfoever to pay the most refeetful Homage and entire Submiffion to their Hufbands, will render it of wonderful Benefit in

the more Fury on account of the harflylims I vive

An Edict, fo novel in its Tenor, and fo ex mellent in its Regulations, was made public with out Delay; the World had never been favoured with fuch all one before yet thas it a finte feet Times, when fuch another would not have been Were a great King to issue such aldanolasim

It was fent the every Province, according to brespective Writing and Language, and after etting forth the formal Deposition of the unfortimate Valling leconcluded with this fine Maximo Orselal I fay, fet to right H

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Every Man shall bear Rule in his own House. Un-

out of Remembrance.

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The Wives most certainly at that Time carried it with a very high Hand; since the next Day, on the Review of this important Deliberation, when the Council being fresh and fasting, were more serious and dispassionate, it passed nem. con; too plain a Proof that such a Resormation was absolutely wanting throughout the Empire.

How the Husbands shouted at the Proclamation is easy to be conceived; the Word with them then was, I will bave it so; and their Ladies taking warning from Vasti's Fate, were neces-

fitated to become more pliant and focial.

I cannot bring myself to think that the Benefit was fo confiderable, as might have been expected from the profound Wisdom and Equity of the Edict: the marital Authority, when once loft, is of all others the most difficult to be recovered: it too often happens that the Cause of its Declerfion still subfifts in the Pusillanimity or Brutality of the Husband, who wanting either Firmness or Moderation to make himself obey'd, the Wife takes the Staff in Hand, keeps it, and uses it with the more Fury on account of the harsh Attempts to keep her under: Another Reason is, that Condescension and Kindness in the Sovereign, and Tenderness and Respect in the Subject, are the Foundations of this Authority; and that generally neither Party has a Grain of either.

Were a great King to iffue fuch an Edict in our Days, little Opposition would be made to the Registry! How many Husbands would rejoice to find themselves Masters of their own Houses! How many Families would be turned upside down;

or, shall I say, fet to rights !

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No longer then would Memuchan be tormented at home with different Tables, different Beds, different Apartments; and in those of his Wife another Master besides himself; his Steward's daily Account no longer loaded with the monstrous Expences of my Lady; Articles into which he must not presume so much as to enquire. Then Memuchan wholly taken up with his own Affairs, in his waking Intervals which would also be less frequent, might calmly ruminate on them undisturbed, then would my Lady's nocturnal Revels cease to be the Occasion of uneasy Dreams to him.

But why should I think of reforming Memuchan's Houshold, when he himself is so indifferent about it? He wins and loses: His Authority sinks at his own Home, and rises at the Marquis de B——'s, whose Place he fills in the Marchiones's Apartment; he controuls all his Accounts, pays all, from my Lord's Taylor to the Son's Preceptor; yet this is no more than what Counsellor D—does within Memuchan's Doors; and 'tis only for playing the same Game with others, that he frequents the Marquis's. You perhaps could not digest this Way of being eased of the Fatigue of a Houshold; but Memuchan likes it, and is of such overslowing Gratitude, that he thinks he can never do too much for his Substitute.

The Ascendency of Wives is carried to such a Pitch, and the marital Power at so low an Ebb, that, to put the Edict in due Force, and assert its Prerogatives, would occasion a Revolution beyond

any Parallel in all History.

Of all this the Conclusion is, according to the wisest of Men, who yet fatally experienced Woman's inauspicious Instuence, that "he who finds a good Wife, hath found a Treasure, and the Lord hath given him a Spring of Delight."

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No longer then would Memuchan he tornsented at home with different Tables, different Beds, different Beds, decount no longer loaded with the monfirous Fixpences of my Lady, Articles into which he must not prefuelly much a Coenema Heralds and prefuelly much a Coenema Heralds.

muchan wholly taken up with his own Affairs, fir his waking Rorlat Lam MArold also be less froment, might calmly runnings on them unti-

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TEXT to Love a more active, more easer, more general Passion than Ambition, is not, I believe, to be found; nay, may it not even be allowed the Preference? for Love, how often is it used as no more than a Bridge to Ambition

The Draper not only has his Cloths thretched to the utmost, he charges his Journeyman to be careful of the Inches at the End of every Yard: And what's his Drift in these illicit Profits? Why to multiply his Bags, till he can purchase an Employment to which Nobility is annexed this indeed is being at most an official Noblemen; no Matter, 'tis still being a Nobleman, and that's his Aim.

Grandeur and Opulence carry with them for much Merit, and every one is driving at them in fuch Hurry, that the Ambitious swarm in all Places; there is no stirring abroad without being jostled and elbow'd by them: If, in Company, they superciliously interrupt you: What's the Town to them? They'll post themselves on the Stage, facing the Audience; the Play indeed they don't perform; but they act such Parts of their own, that if attended to, would convey an excellent Moral.

The Dignity of the Ministry! the Veneration due to Religion! Veneration to Religion as much

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as you please; but as for an Eccletiastic, what is he one who fays his Breviary, because he is paid for it ; and thinks every Day an Age till he gets himfelf better provided to leave the tireforme Duty to a Curate; who goes about it as mechaninically as a Manufacturer takes the Shuttle in Hand. The Military ! what folendid Ideas rife in the Mind at that glorious Name! the august Nursery of Heroism ! the Element of Courage and Generofity! The Seat of Magnanimity! Such Virtues enrapture me at the first View, I see Trenches forced; the Enemy's Troops attacked with the most intrepid Fury: How resolutely they mount the Breach, and push on the Assault! Tis they who defend their Country, and cheerfully ruft on Death in the Service of their Prince. Very gallant and exalted all this, but the End fooils the whole. The private Man stands Sword and Bullet for Five Pence a Day; runs the rifque of being knock'd on the Head to keep himself from flaving; the Lieutenant leaves his Cottage in hopes of being a Captain; and the Captain faces any Danger to be a Colonel; the Colonel exposes his Person, and ruins his Estate, in hopes to be a Brigadier:

The Gown is the Badge of that which in the whole World is the most respectable, and at the same Time the most necessary, I mean Justice; the Explanation may be necessary to prevent Missakes. Can there be any Sight more venerable than a Court of Justice? the Caps, the Furts, the Mace, the Habits even of the lower Officers, have an Air of Grandeur. Every thing is so great, that, how Kings could voluntarily divest themselves of such a striking Branch of their Prerogetive,

And what's the Drift of \* Tullius's open Table

<sup>\*</sup> Duke de Chevreuse.

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Not to mention the illegal, difgraceful and flagitious Sollicitations, what means that young Counfellor by his early Attendance in the Judge's Antichamber, and hurrying away from thence to the Hall? or that rapacious Attorney, who, when he allows himself any Sleep, dreams of nothing but Arrests, Distraints and Prosecutions? There's another Brother in Iniquity starting from his Bed to peruse a Case recommended to him by some Great-One, and to throw it into a Form which is sure to perplex the Substance: Why the needless Diligence of that President, who is every Morning the constant Plague of the Parliament Coffer-House? 'tis all Ambition, Thirst of Power, an

impotent Avidity after Honours.

The Expences of the Government run high; the Exchequer is low, and all Resources exhausted: This glorious War, at it is called, impoverishes the Crown; what Victories we get, our Enemies take care we shall pay for, and every Town we take is a dear Bargain: Then there's the Navy quite gone to Wreck; the Cavalry must be re-mounted; and what Numbers of Recruits are wanting to complete the Infantry ! Where will Money be found for these Charges? and there's no doing without Them. Be easy; many zealous Patriots, who command Millions, offer to fupply all the Wants of the State. Indeed they must have then the Quintessence of Roman Virtue in them: Roman Virtue! no; they are the Leaches of the State, taking Advantage of its Necessities; glutting themselves on the public Diffress. Well, Ships are launched, the Cavalry re-mounted, the Foot completed; and what then? why now we are in a Condition of losing more; our Triumphs drain us, and they fatten on our Wants. Wants. Amidst our Laurels we are starving; much do they value our Execrations, whilst every Delicacy of Nature is seen at their Tables. Where do we see Furniture like theirs? the very Ceilings exhibit the finest Paintings; Dukes marry their Daughters; their Sons are at the Head of the Parliament, or possess the Mitre: Insatiable Blood-suckers! unnatural Monsters! Parricides!

Public Good, Patriotism, Bravery, Sanctity, Justice, Liberality; mere Varnish of Ambition! pleading, fighting, trading and preaching are no

more than its Instruments.

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No Disguise will do; Ambition makes a Bustle, and breaks out into publick View: The generality are no better than Wicker-Baskets, however closely worked, something of what is within will shew itself. Joy or Grief equally betray us; nay any thing of an Indifference more than usual, or

a Diffimulation ill acted, Tays us open.

The Enemy is ensured; hemmed in on the Right by a Wood, where care has been taken to throw in a Body of Infantry, and sell the Trees to hinder their Retreat; on the Lest is a River, let them offer to pass it, there's Part of our Army to face, and a warm Battery to flank them; they will have to do with the best Legions of the Republic: they are our own, unless they can force their Way through us: The Victory is certain; there will be a Booty! the Disposition was made by the experienced Claudius; let him be but well seconded, and the Day is ours.

\* Antony, stimulated by his impatient Ambition, will be sure not to contribute to his Rival's Glory, he orders the Legion under his Command to advance, and very conveniently for the Enemy, masks the Battery which galled them; had he been

<sup>\*</sup> Late Duke de Grammont.

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been paid for it, he could not have done then a better turn; nor are they wanting to make the most of it; for, sounding the Charge, they amuse him, whilst the heavy Baggage moves of, by Ways which had been scandalously forfaken; and Victory, being rejected by him, declares for the Enemy. His Ambition betrays him into a Series of Blunders, which he thought to expiate by his oftentations Death, and that was the greatest of them all.

What was it could bring the gouty \* Time twice a Week to Court? fome Motive of Importance furely that could induce him to hobble up the great Staircase I possibly Devotion to his Prince, a Defire of paying due Homage to his Virtues, drew him out of Town. Is he for taking him as his Model, for the Good of Mankind What indispensible Obligations had he under all his Infirmities, to crawl up fuch a Flight of Stain! Or was it only by way of Exercise? Alas! There was a Vacancy which he put in for, and, in order to obtain it, has done what he should not, as well as what he should; he has not so much as overlooked the good Word of the Youmen of the Guards; Laura's Parrot too was plentifully supplied with Biskets, every thing helps to get savour : But Philintus, without stirning from his Fire-Side, is invested with the Employment which Timon has been foliciting for two Years with no fmall Expence, Pain and Ignominy: His perform Merit pleaded for him, I won't fay without his having any fuch Wish; and all poor Timet has got by fo many Journeys, Bows and Prefented

the poor Satisfaction of having frequently jaunted his Gout betwixt Paris and Versailles, and done

more to get rid of it than he would for any of Dumoulin's Prescriptions; that's still something, it will be said, and there might probably have been a Cure, had Philintus's Preserment been deleved sour Years longer.

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layed four Years longer. To which has induced \* Moncade to quit the Finances? Does he at last relent having a Hand in sleecing the People? I hope itis a real Conversion, and that he'll refund: Let me tell you it would be fomething very noble; but this is talking at Random; however, he is upon a Contract for an Office to aggrandize himself and his Children; one is created a Count, the other a Marquis; he could be glad a Perrage-Duchy were to be fold. He calls his two Sons, My Lord, and My Lord Marquis; they have their separate Equipages and Housholds ; 2 Name in ille must be had for him; his Father is not to know him, and he would fain forget himself. His first Wife has long since been dead, and now he lays out for Quality: He marries a Lady with an ample Stock of Coquettry, helides a Temper tolerably fit to make him mad; the already heartily despises him; looks upon him only as a Hind, to whom the does Honour , or, at most, as a Farmer who manages hen Lands; and we shall shortly see him foold at her as a Beggar of Quality whom he keeps for Show. Moncade's Passion is servent, but the Blood of the Miba your will bardly mix with his, and his Children by this new Bride may be of nobler Birth than he ever dreamed of A

Thoulands of Souls for whom as under his Charge, he is answerable to God no less than for his own, and of whom some might have benefited

bone Vibert one nontstude A bas autil bo by M. Helvetius, Steward of the Queen's Houshold.

† Adam, Curate of St. Bartholomew.

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by his Sermons, goes away and displays his Nor. man Eloquence and Galcon Solidity on a Stage where he neither has done, nor could expect to de the least Good, being an utter Stranger to the Manners of his Auditors, and industriously avoided infinuating any thing of the little he could not bu know from common Fame: Then what carried him thither? To preach haughtily on that Humility which he fo little practifes, and to a Set of Folks who leave it to the Lay-Brethren; to inveigh against the Age, the Want of the highest Honours whereof fours his Temper, to thunder, but discreetly, against Ambition, to which there is not a more impatient Votary; it was Ambition which fent him on the Journey; but how galling the Yoke! Who can express the excruciating Application in which Argenes has laid himself out. to attain the Art of preaching up God without fpeaking of him, or at least only in praising Men? How has he tortured his barren Imagination, in degrading and disfiguring the Truths of Religion! that they might be understood so as to be believed no further than convenient, especially so as not to cause any Uneafiness in the Conscience.

Well were it for him, had he harangued to a deaf Auditory; for they would have been no Losers. What Disgrace and Anguish would it have saved him! His Journey itself was loudy ridiculed; his misplaced Erudition hissed! These might afford many edifying Resections for Humility: What a Rebust was this to a Desire of Applause, and an Avidity after Preferment! Write this, Argenes, on the Tablet of thine Heat.

Thus the four Conditions in the World, betwixt which there is the leaft Harmony, are found to agree in aiming only at Honours. Soul and Body, Virtue and Reputation, are readily staked when they call for them; yet this is not all: Honour too, which sometimes directs Ambition, is often sacrificed; that Idol of the World sees its Temple falling into Ruin, and its Worship exploded to gratify a more powerful Deity. If Virtue does not present an Opportunity for Advancement, rather than fail, the most infamous Offers will be embraced, the most infamous Crimes perpetrated. 'Tis a plain, beaten Road, and where we are sure to meet with good Company

to keep us in Countenance.

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Daphnis was once but a slender Sort of a Squire; a Fowl in his Yard might at one Stretch have flown out of his Territories; his Seat, as he called it, was a shabby ruinous old House, and a dirty Ditch served for a Canal; but he had a Wife, and that's a great Article. How the forung into the World has been a Secret to me; but Mushroom-like, she was observed here, for the Day before there was no Token of fuch a Phenomenon. It was but a Step from Turkey-coop to Town, and from thence to the Temple of Fortune. The same had been her Sifter's Good Luck; the expected and welcomed her; and what was a Prodigy, they shared the Favours of the Idol, as it were in Partnership, without any separate Interests. The Artifices of this little capricious Thing turned to as good Account as the Beauty of others; the was rather agreeable than handsome; thoughtless than sprightly, and had more Cunning than Wit; this indefatigable Mole has worked her Way with a Rapidity that is feldom feen. Her cunning Heart eafily received every convenient Impression; and the Lessons she fo readily imbibed, the as dexteroufly carried into Practice. These are the Talents which have mended Matters with Daphnis; it's his Wife who

drew him from the Mire of his Hole; where, for any thing in himself he might have lived and died; to her are owing those Preferments by which he carries his Head to lofty, and ecliptes all his former

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A handsome Wise, in all Times, has proved a powerful Recommendation to the Husband: When Abraham was journeying into Egypt, he told Sarah, her uncommon Share of Beauty made him apprehensive that the Egyptians, upon observing her as his Wife, might contrive to make away with him, in order to come at her: It is my Request therefore, said he, that you would pass for my Sister, that upon your Account these People may spare my Life, and deal kindly with me. When they came into Egypt, she appeared very defirable in the Sight of the Egyptians; and Pharoah being informed of her diffinguished Beauty, the was taken from Abraham and carried to Court. Great Kindnels was thewn to Abraham, for her fake, and all Manner of Cattle and Men and Maid Servants were given to him. But the Lord smote Pharoah and all his Houshold with very great Plagueson Account of Abrabam's Wile; and Pharoah, fending for him, faid, "Why haft thou dealt so with me? Why did it thou not let me know she was thy Wife? Why did it thou deceive me by calling her thy Sister, whom I might have taken to Wife? I restore her to you however; take her and go thy Way

A confiderable Fortune is feldom to be made, we find, without a Woman : the Dukes and Lords of Egypt make their Court to Pharoah, by informing him of the beautiful Sarah, and com-

mending the Charms of her Person

mended Matters with Daphnis; it's his Wife who Abrahams drew

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Passion for her might prompt them to mur. Abrahams there are many; very few Pharcabs; but all Courtiers are entirely the fame as those of

Egyph au antomora to gnevat ni one stiW a. rah; there Sarah was to pals for his Sifter : Abimeleck, King of Gerah made therefore no Scruple to order her to be brought away to him. But God came to Abimeleth by Night in a Dream, and faid to him, Thou art a dead Many because of the Woman which thou hast taken; for the is a Man's Wife. Abimelech timmediately rifing, though it was before Days fent for Abraham, and faid unto him. Thou halt done unto me what thou should'ft not have done. He answered I thought furely the Fear of God is not in this Place, and they will flay me for my Wife's fake; and yet indeed the is my Sifter; the is the Daughter of my Father, though not of my Mother; and the became my Wife - And Abimelech gave to Abraham Sheep and Oxen and Men and Maid Servants .- Afterwards he faid unto Sarab, I have given thy Brother a thousand Pieces of Silver, that wheresoever you go, you may always wear a Veil over your Eyes, and remember that once you was taken Sucercinoutned; the Moldness which .mid mortd

Excellent Abimelech ! great was the Wisdom of thy Present : few Princes imitate so worthy a Pattern; fewer Womens would account themselves much obliged to them if they did; a Veil is one of those Presents a Woman thinks herself little to endear themselves: And not a Peyd bestlened:

It is not everyor Child which takes Warning from the Faults of Parents : Iface came to dwell in the Land of Garabe and when the Inhabitants tasked him who Rebecca was, he readily answered, my Sifter; fearing to own her for his Wife, left

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a Passion for her might prompt them to murder him.

What can be more delightful than to live will a Wife, who, in faving or promoting us, has use no other Means than her Virtue! But this is most uncommon Case.

The Fish will be known through all Martials Skill; he may foak and cleanse it till he's tired its foul Nature will remain; all the Sauce in the World won't take away its muddy Quality.

No, no, \* Grispin, the glittering Coach in which you drive about your boasted Bride with an Air of Triumph; all her Jewels, and the illustrious Genealogy which has been contrived for her, will not answer thy End. Well is it known what she was, what she is, and your scandalous Sale of

yourself in marrying her. (11 10) out yell live

It is no uncommon Thing, that the Descent ants of those worthy Personages who acquitte themselves with distinguished Capacity and Ho nour in the chief Employments of the State, come - to fill the fame Stations; but how feldom does the Merit prove hereditary! Their Humanity and Condescension is degenerated into Cruelty and Haughtiness; inflead of their Gravity, we see nothing but Superciliousness; the Mildness which they mixed with their Denials left no Discontent upon the Heart: Now a Favour is a Rarity, and granted with fuch Moroseness, that the Persons obliged could almost wish they had met with a Denial. They endeavoured, by Affability and Gentlenes, to endear themselves: And not a Person of Sense but loved them: But these who affect to be Idols, are delighted with a Gang of hypocritical Worshippers; they truckled to Favourites, but withvilor tiber of private in the out

<sup>\*</sup> Bouret d'Erigny, married to Prefident Malvoifin's -Widow.

out Baseness; whereas, say their Descendants, who are our Equals? They died, as I said, at the very Summit of Dignity; and \* Lisimon, their Son, their Grandson, their Heir and Successor, is setting his Life away at one of his Seats, discarded by means of a Favourite, of whose Ambition if not the only, he has been the last Victim.

"There is he whom Promotion has shewn to be void of Reason: for had he been wise he would

have laid his Hand on his Mouth. Prov."

Distant Relation, momentary Acquaintance, old Friendships, every thing is practised to gain Access with a rising Favourite; what may not an own Brother expect? and an Uncle nobody will

forget.

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A warm Post has fallen to † Ariston's Lot as it were casually; the Surprize was so intoxicating, that he immediately lost all Knowledge of himfelf, aped the Man of Parts, and conceited the most arduous Designs to be his natural Province. The Benefit of this Miracle extends to his whole Family: My Brother! sure I may be allowed to make him the better for my Advancement: His Promotion cannot be said to be accidental; there's a strong Reason for it? he is Ariston's Brother: But the Cry is, why did not Ariston, with all his Power, if he was for preferring his Brother, pitch upon an Employment where he would have been anchored in sure Ground, without the Mortification of seeing him outed within a Year?

Welcome † 7——! My dear Uncle, I'm glad to see you; I am in Favour, and you shall be made sensible of it. Are you for Money! or would Lands and Titles please you better! But you shall have all three; the Well is mine, 'tis

M. dell'ardine.

only

<sup>\*</sup> Cte de Maurepas. + M. d'Argenson.

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only letting down the Bucket. I could prove for you handsomely in the Army, its pity want Courage, and relish nothing but the du Uniformity of a Country Life: May I alk you know that one strait Line falling upon a ther makes two Right Angles, or equal to Right Angles? Can you handle a Pair of Country I own you for my Relation; set up so Builder, and I'll engage Business shall flow upon you.

Indupportable \* Parius! how he bridles! To Coxcomb falutes no farther than a Look, and put the Women out of Countenance with an infole Stare; yet Folly shews itself amidst his Stateline and all the Conceit of Self-love runs through he whole Talk and Deportment. There is no new of explaining these Airs by a formal, My state of explaining these Airs by a formal, My state of explaining these Airs by a formal, My state of explaining these Airs by a formal, My state of explaining these Airs by a formal, My state of explaining these Airs by a formal, My state of explaining these Airs by a formal, My state of explaining these are fulficient indicated that, one way or other, you are related to get Folks; and if it be not the most reputable Way, he are you related; nay the worst way often does as we as the best. You are continually fancying you self a Person of Eminence: Now, Varius, be to continually giving, and you shall be whatever to desire: However, no more of your Caprices, eye cially let them not model your Behaviour.

By his Sagacity and Wisdom, Jajeph role to be Governor over all Egypt; and no better Proceed the Governor over all Egypt; and no better Proceed that the Moderation in all his Measures: As the Famine was yet to continue for some Time, and Pharoah had ordered him to send for his Family he received his Father and Brethren with the most affectionate Joy, and gave them a cordial Welcome. All his Instruction to them before they were introduced to the King was no more than

hat all the Favour they requested, that they might be allowed to fettle in the Land of Gofben: Accordingly, at their Audience, they punctually tept to what Joseph had instructed them in. The wife Prince referred their Cafe to the impartial Integrity of his Minister; adding, if thou knowest any capable Persons among them, make them Rulers over my Cattle.

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The amphibious \* Clarus puts on the Garb, and affects the Behaviour of one Protession, whilst he receives his Titles and Income from another: He is an eccleliaftical Soldier; in Town he's Monfieur Abbe; if there's a War, Clarus goes a Volunteer, my, and laying about him as stoutly as the best of them; when in Quarters, he appears with Sword and Feather at Court, and is often seen in the same Berlin with Nais, of whom he has tricked Chry-

Artemon is like a Man at Polifo Draughts in the Hands of a skilful Gamester: How many Snares are to be avoided what Art must be used in conducting its Motions before it comes to be kinged! that Advantage obtained, he threatens all about him, takes to the Right and Left, and begins to clear the Board; when a Man, flily stealing along from the farthest Row, comes upon his Back, and takes him off, as he had just before done so many others.

Fortune sometimes slips into Inattentions at her Game, which they whom the frowned upon take

Advantage of, to make themselves Amends.

The Reward often comes too speedily: Strange as it may feem, I have known a Scheme received with general Satisfaction, and seconded with Ar-

<sup>+</sup> Cte D' Argenson. \* Cte de Clermont.

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dour; yet the Projector would gladly retract it, and rues his Hastiness in making it turn to too good an Account.

What, in the Name of Wonder, fays one, Theobald's Vocation? Is he yet short of what h imagines God has called him to? Is he define to get yet something higher? I hear it answered it was the Infinuations of Lucinda and Argani which occasioned his Vocation: Away gentee Stripling, faid they, with the Habit of the World he frankly made a Stand, imagining that he must also renounce its Pleasures; but they taught him better Things, and two Days after he was tonfurated; I wish you Joy, Monsieur l'Abbe within a Week he's a Bishop; and not long after the World lift up their Hands to fee him a Cardinal: That's furely enough, Theobald / Why fol Argenice and Lucinda still like me, and I'll make the most of it; here's an honest Gentleman very feafonably gone to his Rest, which makes a fine Vacancy, and it shall go hard if I don't fill it: Pray who fitter? Certainly, Theobald, you have all his Genius; you were let into his Secrets; and you have often lent him a helping Hand, though it was on some scurvy Emergencies; and there are few better to make his Death less rejoiced at: But then 'tis fuch a dainty Bit, and so many Hands are fnatching at it, that I question whether a Tafte of it will fall to your Share; however, he fucceeds him, and well was it for him that this Vacancy did not fall out later; for now Theobald is finking: Argenice and Lucinda never think of any Increase of their Age, though he is grown old in their Service: A Man of threescore is disagreeable to them; they look cold, and this draws the general Contempt upon him; fo that at length length he prudently takes himself away, and retires to his Diocese, to avoid the Shame of being ordered thither: Your Diocese, Theobald! there it was, God called you twenty Years ago; that was your Vocation; but they who are the better for your Removal, may thank Argenice's Frowns, and Lucinda's Contempt; 'twas they only which

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\* Antoninus's Life would feem a Paradox to those who are not unacquainted with the Ways of the World; this Fellow, in want of Bread at home, very prudently turned Footman: His Master, to the Astonishment of all Ranks, fent for to Court, whither Antoninus accompanies him; never was a more fortunate Journey, he comes in for fome Snacks of Contracts, Tenths and Excises; Opulence pours upon him from various Streams; he, who had not a Rye Loaf at Command, now keeps open Table fix Days in the Week, and fuch a Table, that the Nobility, when they have a mind for a Sample of refined Epicurism, resort thither without Invitation: But alas! at length he dies! and leaves behind him Cash Seats and Lordships, to Nephews who were Strangers to him, and but little qualified to make a right Use of his Accumulations.

Haman is an Instance that a settled Happiness is not to be expected; he had Honours, Riches and Reputation to Satiety; he enjoyed himself with Exultation in the midst of a numerous Family; he had engrossed the Heart, and governed the Affairs of his indolent Sovereign, who minded only Pomp and Women; he was the Peoples Terror, and the Idol of the Nobility: All this was

Haman.

Mordecai,

<sup>\*</sup> Bayac, Card. Fleury's Valet.

( 190 ) Mordacai, though poor, yet without Expectations of Desures, refules to bow to this ldd and Haman, regardless of the Profrations of common Worshippers, has Eyes only to see the noble Haughtiness of the Jew; it fills him with a rancorous Rage: Thus he who can despite Fortune, has in reality more of it than he who knows not how to enjoy it.

A haughty Minister makes use of the King's Name, and takes Advantage of his Weakness for his own Aggrandizement; the People hall be made to feel that they are Slaves, is his Maxim: But would there not be a little more Prudence in endeavouring to give them Cause to forget they

Haman, bloated with Grandeur and Refent-ment, hastens to Abajuerus, and represents the Stiffnels of Mordecai as an Indignity even to the King himself, and that his Honour requires the Chaitisement of it: The King gave Credit to the Infinuation; he had no Time for Examinations, the lovely Esther being in Expectation of him: He hastily signed an Edict drawn up under Ha man's Direction; and twas almost pardonable. For could a King waste, the Hours with a Minister, when Love pressed him on to the Apartments of the Object of his Soul? and to all them a assure

The fatal Edict is dispatched over the Empire, for a general Massacre of the Jews, even to the unoffending Infants, on one and the fame Day and Hour. The Order occasions Speculation; fome openly accuse them of forming a desperate Plot against the State; the wifer Parr Whisper, that their Money and Possessions are the Things aimed at; for who could imagine that the refulat of a Bow from a private Person was the Founda

tion of it?

wolf Rayae, Card. Fleury's Valet.

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How miserable is the Nation that is under the overnment of a premier Minister, whose Master names himself with being a nominal King in his partments

Mordecai is not alarmed at the Edict; he puts a Trust in the King of Kings, and to him he ambles himself. Haman grows herce at his Inepidity; his great Revenge is to be satisfied beare the appointed Day of the general Execution; immediately therefore sets about forwarding it; Council of his Creatures is held, who are unal most for immediately raising a Gibbet fifty Curis high in the Court of the Palace, to hang More and on the palace and the said of the palace.

But Esther is soon acquainted with the Preparaons; she sets Abaserus right, as to Haman's bonduct, lays open his Drift; and thus brings the king not only to repeal the bloody Edict aainst the Jews, but to order his haughty Faounte to be hanged on the Gibbet which he had eligned for the Innocents

Power is no more than a Loan from Fortune. which she often bestows on us to require it again with fevere Interest. Ye great Ones turn your Lyes towards Haman's Catastrophe of and learn havan exalted Station creates more Enemies than perhaps for a fingle Person above all ansistella this Differition thews titelf most towards Perfors of the fame Sex. If a Party ne Play comes on, we interest outfelves in the Game, perhonately withing the Luck may run for some whom we never perhaps law, or heard of before, and not less hearthy as much ill-Fortune to others, who are as little known to us; and if the former have the best on't, we cannot forbear our Congratulations: Was cit be the Origin of such a sudden and firong Preposiestion? To me it appears unsathourable; Similarity of Dispositions it cannot be; we

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## LESSON XII.

## of Friends.

A S there are invincible Antipathies, so are there irresistible Sympathies, and both equally unaccountable; the first shun all Intercourse with the Object of them, and the latter can never

be too closely united.

If we happen to meet with any one, against whom there is a natural Antipathy in us, we are uneasy till we have got clear of him: Do we hate him? Perhaps not; but from some internal and involuntary Movement too strong for all our Efforts against it; the Sight of him fills us with Difgust. Our warmest Friendships are often sounded

upon the fame whimfical Foundation.

Are we casually introduced into a Company? it is natural to observe every Person; from this Look, our Heart is often brought to a decifive Preference perhaps for a fingle Person above all the rest; this Disposition shews itself most towards Persons of the same Sex. If a Party at Play comes on, we interest ourselves in the Game, passionately wishing the Luck may run for some whom we never perhaps faw, or heard of before, and not less heartily as much ill Fortune to others, who are as little known to us; and if the former have the best on't, we cannot forbear our Congratulations: What can be the Origin of fuch a fudden and ftrong Prepossession? To me it appears unfathomable; Similarity of Dispositions it cannot be; we were

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him of D ship, were utter Strangers; for the same Reason, as little can it be any Conformity of Sentiments, or Agreement of Humours. What then is this Power which so forcibly impells us, and often against our Wills? 'Tis a Sympathy; the Question then is, what this Sympathy may be? for as to any thing of it but its Consequences, we are in the Dark; a short Conversation, after the attractive Impressions of it, is sufficient to knit as entire a Friendship as a Twelvemonths Commerce betwirt those who sirst saw each other with Indifference.

Some Unions and Connections are formed without any efficient Sympathy, and where the Parties feel nothing of that inward Sensation which prefides over Friendship; these plainly owe their Origin to Dispositions, social Delight and Intercourse, and from the Conveniency of the Term

and its common Acceptation.

If, and certainly it is so, the most natural, most sensible, and most satisfactory Joy be to see one's self beloved, it consequently deserves our utmost Attention, and all the Means within our Power; any Neglect of it recoils upon us with keen Reproaches: Man's natural Fondness for Pleasure should prompt him to procure himself this, of all

the most exquisite.

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nve re Agathon and Eutichus were happy in a warm reciprocal Friendship, at least they thought so: Their Intimacy took Root so early as when they were School-fellows; and afterwards meeting again at College, it acquired Strength. Agathon was all for Pleasure, in which Eutichus heartily concurred with him; it was not long before this Similarity of Dispositions grew to the most cordial Friendship, by the Abilities which each of them shewed

( 194 )

a fame Region. in conducting a very critical Intrigue; it was fol lowed by many separate ones, though between them there was no Secret; their Purse and Four page were common, their Rank equal, they live in the same House, had the same Taste in Dress the fame Diversions, the same Mistresses. This was carrying Friendship as far as it well could me; the World accounted them excellent Friends, and the themselves were so persuaded of it, that they had fworu a thousand Times, that nothing but Death should part them; lamenting that Friendship could be carried no further. This pleasing Life hed gone on for three Months, when Agathan began a Kind of Reserve towards Eutichus: they had hitherto been inseparable; now Agathon takes his Tours by himfelf, wrapped up in Contemplation; or if with Eutichus, not a Word drops from him. unless in Answer to what Eutichus, may alk him, and that always far enough from the Purpole; he makes and breaks Appointments with him that he may the better attend others, which now lye nearer his Heart; till Eutichus finding himel a Dupe to him, watches Agathon to effectually, that he discovers his Affection for Alicia, and that 'tis The which engroffes the Hours fo lately devoted to a Friendship, which Death itself would have been thought fevere to have brought to a Period: Eutichus had seen Alicia a thousand Times with a perfect Indifference; but now, piqued at Agathon's Coldness, the appears levely in his Eyes; he begins to kindle, and a fingle Look inflantly fets him in a Flame; another Lover being all that Alicia wanted to turn off Agathon, Eutichus's Addreffes are countenanced, and the is denied to the other. He storms at his unknown Rival; hell lay him dead at the Feet of the ungrateful Woman;

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Wro his man; and his Vigilance foon informs him that his Rival was no other than his Eutichus: This mimates the more his Revenge; they are both esolute; they seek each other; they meet; and ach fall a Sacrifice to the fatal Passion of the other.

Twenty Years was this three-Months Inti-

Caraffrophe equally difinal and infamous!

The Friendship of Youth is all Life, all Flame. Have you seen a Brace of these good Friends meet at the Play; their hearty Smacks shall be heard over the whole House; and the same Evening, upon a mere Nothing, they perhaps composedly cut one another's Throats. Tis only in Speculation that the Contempt of Life is Heroism; Conteince, the Desence of our Country, and the just Service of our King excepted, 'tis supremely culpable; if Honour is to be included, what prudent Restrictions ought to be set to it? To expose one's Life in Revenge is Frenzy; to die for one's Passions is wicked and disgraceful: If it be said, This is reducing Honour very low; my Answer is, Can it be reduced too low?

Well might the young Men of this forward Age cry, Save me from my Friends, 'tis of them only

that I am afraid.

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Giddiness begins the Connections of young People; and if Licentiousness sometimes consolidates them, it much oftner breaks them to Pieces. It is allowed; but there's Crater and Action, is not their Friendship unexceptionable! if ever two Persons had all Things in common, 'tis they. I know it; but this Community allows of an Exception: Under the Rose, where would be the Wrong to the Friendship, if Action was to except his Wise? You stare; well, know then that

Crater is rather the Wife's Gallant, than the Hot band's Friend.—By an unexpected Tum of Fortune, Atteon's Effects were in Danger of be ing feized; this coming to Crater's Knowledge who had been a long Time in Love with Attents Wife, and waiting only for an Opportunity to break the Matter to her, was not wanting to lar hold of the present Exigency, and drove away to make Action a fincere Offer of any thing within his Power: Under all his Embarrassments, the Husband dares not accept it; but the Wife was more condescending to Crater's seeming Generolity; to her it was that all was given, and from her he likewise has received all. She took upon herfelf to repay fuch a fignal Favour, and has the ten Years been daily discharging it with a Punc tuality and Good-will, of which the is not the only Instance. Crater is every Day with Astern who cannot fup without him; he is his best Friend the most agreeable generous Man; and often a lows fufficient Time for his Wife's Gratitude to his Benefactor: Here's Return! Here's Sensibi bility! Can there be any thing more complete The World is full of this, as it is of Friend like Crater, whose Constancy in Friendship i owing to a very different Passion. How many an generous to the Husband, for the sake only of the Wife!

There's a Kind of Connexion, which is properly but half Friendship; one of the two Person always furnishing more than the other, or rather furnishes the Whole; so that only one of them loves thoroughly, and the other may be said rather to permit himself to be loved, than to love.

This is the Case, when one has Ability, and the other is under Necessity: There's a Sort of Sharping in Friendship, which one is not immediately

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fand Pleaf diately aware of; the Heart becomes captivated by the infinuating Ways of a defigning Man, who conducts his Plots with such Grace and Address, that we unfortunately sink into a Habit of loving him, whilst he tastes the Sweets of our Bounty: He is a Friend, such a one as it is; but when once we discontinue it, he is an Enemy, and none

of the fafest.

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With all our Kindness, we are too often found to be only pampering Ingratitude: If some grow wired with giving, it is a Pain to others to be known to receive. To inveigh against ungrateful Persons is only an Air, either to be thought capable of doing Good, or to palliate our Want of Humanity; as to Benefactors, they are seldom mentioned, it being an Acknowledgment, that we have been obliged to apply to them; and our Pride will not bear our Necessities to be made a Table-talk of.

Ingratitude, however, seems warranted by the Benefactors themselves: they bestow with so much Baseness, they sell the least Favour at so high a Rate, and with such mortifying Circumstances, that it is little to be wonder'd if the Persons obliged, receive them with a suitable Disgust, and both de-

fpife and deteft fuch infulting Patrons.

To a Heart indued with rational and generous. Sentiments, Gratitude is a pleasing Duty; but it is with great Difficulty that Self-Love is brought to any Sense of a Kindness, the bestowed in the

most engaging Manner.

Happy the Man who is capable of giving Happiness! The Virtue, the Glory of making Thousands of ungrateful Persons! If among ten thousand Benefits one lights on a worthy Man, the Pleasure is invaluable.

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Avarinus and Gripardo were Brothers in Iniquity; from petty Clerks they found Means to buy Directorships in the same Departments; what with under-farming the Taxes, and other Dexterities, they have made their Way to overgrown Fortunes. Their Methods of Embezzlements Frauds and Oppressions exactly tallied; they concerted them together; fo that even they who curled them, thought that Avarinus and Gripardo were linked together in a perpetual Confederacy. The former gives a Hint of a Scheme for new Duties. and the other having wormed the Secret out of him, applies himself Night and Day to reduce it into a specious Plan: It is laid before the Council, and passes without Avarinus's knowing any thing of the Matter, till the Edict betrays Gripardo's Hy-Avarinus is bent on Revenge, though it pocrify. may fall upon his own Head; he delivers in Me-morial upon Memorial against him. Oh laterest I 'tis thou which givest and takest away our Friends!

Do you complain that, for ten Days past, Agapet, has not been near you; that you might have been in your Grave for any Care of him; and that you are at a Loss whether he be living or dead; the public Places also where he was ever diffinguished by the respectable Appellation of agreeable, moun his Absence; they find such a Want of him, that Messages are sent to his Hotel: He's out, says the churlish Porter; yes, he is not at home even for his darling Herfilia, his charming Night-Companion at his Box; or for Dercette, whom he inveigled to play loofe with the young Duke, that for her fake is driving to Poverty as fast as ever did fond Cull for a lavish mercenary Strumpet. can induce him thus to withdraw from his Acquaintance, among whom he was so much honoured?

noured? It must certainly be some very weighty Affair; and to him, indeed, it is truly fuch: But where then do you imagine he has been thefe ten Days in close Confutation with fix Taylors; chalking, cutting, clipping and manghing Stuffs, to frike out a new fashion'd Sleeve, or alter the Turn of a Plait; the Cut of a Coat is his Masterpiece, and he values himfelf upon it no less than "Le Maitre, who within twenty Years has made flift by his Sciffars to get an Equipage and a Seat. At his Return into the World he is in a perfect Extafy, and his every body upon an extraordinary Success, like his: The Sleeve at last hits his Taste, and the Plaits are quite degagé; he puts on the wonderful Suit, the Fruit of so much Trouble and Contrivance; he views himfelf with Exultation; his Heart dilates; he anticipates with Rapture the Surprize of his Acquaintance at his exquisite Invention, and the Compliments he expects on fo curious a Difplay of his eminent Talents: He makes the Tour of all public Places, shews himself from the Thuilleries to the Breakfasting-Gardens; not for the fake of feeing the new Actress, fo much talked of, but that his Sleeve and Plaits may be admired. He makes himself merry with the Dress of his Acquaintance, till they themselves grow out of Conceit with it; they think themselves no more than cloathed, and one and all keep House till by a Taylor's Diligence and Ingenuity they are fitted to appear abroad. What a valuable Friend is Agapet effectmed, for giving Patterns of fuch a furpassing Piece of Tay-

All that Woman regards in Man are mere Accessaries; 'tis the Face or Legs which take with them; as for Wit, if it be but jocofe, twill

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do for them: the Heart is what they feldom mind, and in that, nothing but Love. Is Man's Estimate of himself more agreeable to Wisdom, more attentive to true Merit; the coarser Vices are odious; but as to Irregularity of Conduct, Sallies of Libertinism, an abrupt Carriage, they are deliberately indulged, and by many accounted Marks of Spirit; and if a Thought happens to be bestowed upon the Heart, the main Requisite is Complainance in Abundance; of Probity, just as much as will secure a Person from being the Tool and Jest

of his Acquaintance.

Where is the Wonder that Interest, Ambition. or Jealoufy shall fnap asunder the Connexions among Men of the World? that a fashionable Friend should take the Wife's Security for the good Turns he does the Husband it is daily feen: But is Christian Charity more refined, more detach'd from all By-Views in those fanctimonious Persons, who preach it up with such Emotion! Any Competition, any Jealoufy of an undermining Defign, the Gratification of some illiberal Freak shall excite in them the most rancorous Animolties; they are like the World; Love among them is at as low an Ebb as in the World, but their Feuds rise higher. Were they allowed Weapons, what an Effusion of ecclefiaftical Blood would there be

Theodulus was at the Head of a large Parish, and celebrated for his Pulpit Talents: The Husbands followed him for his Wit, and their Wives for his Person and his white Hand: His Confessionary was ever surrounded by Crowds of Females, and those of the first Class. A Woman of Quality had hired a Hotel in his Parish, and Theodulus immediately laid out to be her Director; a Dutchess amongst one's Penitents must be allowed to make

mo ill Figure; he frequently visited her, but not a Word escaped about the Direction, No; the jolly frank Curate was the Man for her Grace, and she appoints him her Director, her Confident and her Friend: Women are for Men of universal Abilities. Theodulus finding himself forestall'd in so good a Customer, not only discharges the Curate, but the more effectually to ruin him, spirits up his dear Daughter to second his Revenge; and nothing could have saved him but the vigorous In-

terpolition of his illustrious Disciple:

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Eudoxus was never well without Callidus, and no Love was loft: They were brought up together in the fame School; they met again in the fame Seminary; they were tonfurated on the same Day, and after maintaining together their forbonnical Thefes, had been at one and the same Time invested with the Hood. Eudoxus, whose Interest was confiderable, having timely notice of a vacant Living, flies to his dear Callidus and acquainting him with the Name and Value of it, and by what means he is fure to step into it, hurries back again as fast as he came. Callidus immediately takes the Field, and turning Eudowus's Information against him, obtains the Benefice; and now this vile Supplanter flays at Court, only to infult, with a more public Oftentation, over the Confidence of his unfulpecting Friend.

He who cannot conceal his Defigns, and wants the Talents necessary to push them, has the Choice either to be deceived or to pine away in Despair.

Nicander was passionately in Love with Aglaura, but could not bring himself to ask her Parents Confent. Be easy, says Phorbus his Friend of ten Years standing, I'll be your Negotiator. Nicander hugs himself at being in such good Hands, as Phorbas is indeed a confessed Master in the Art of Persuasion:

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he is fo, and gives a substantial Proof of it; for within a Fortnight he obtains both delaura's and her Parents Consent to marry himself.

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What a Deception did Sampson meet with by his Wife I she first cajeled him out of the Explanation of the Riddle, which he had put to the young Men, let them into the Secret, and them married one of them, a particular Friend of her Huband's, who had accompanied him at his Wedding.

To let our Purie be open to a Friend, is a ready

Way to make him an Enemy.

There is that for Bashfulness promiseth to his Friend, and maketh him his Enemy for nothing.+" Amnon, the Son of David, conceived a violent Paffion for the lovely Thamar; as he faw her every Day, the Excess of his Affection deprived him of his Health; the was a Virgin, and an Opportunity of gratifying his Defires was difficult to be met with; but Jonadab, a trufty Friend of his, perceiving his dejected Countenance, My Lord, fays he, how comes it that you are fo fallen away; may I know the Cause of such an Alteration ! I am in Love, faid Amnon, with Thamar my Brother Abfalom's Sifter: Lie down then upon your Bed, answered Jonadab, feign yourself ill, and when the King your Father comes to vifit you, defire of him that Thaman may prepare you Food that you may eat from her Hand : Amnon took the bale Advice; and David was prevailed on to lend her to him; the came, and found him by his own Contrivance alone in his Bed-chamber, where the fell an unwilling Sacrifice to his Brutality.

The execrable Race of the Janadabs is not yet extinguished; our Eyes have seen the most horid Effects of their Machinations; Too many Friends

Judges xiv.

tweens in Incest and Adultery. Do not ye find them such, ye Nobles of the Age, whose Hands are full of Gifts? No Amnon need ever want a Fo-

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ret rid ds are Do our Times afford fuch Friends as David and Jonathan! The Prince sees David, a mean-born Stranger, entering Jerusalem in Triumph, and applauded as the Deliverer of his Country; and for far from entertaining any bale Jealousy of his Courage or Popularity, he immediately joins in an affectionate Friendship with him; transforms, as: it were, his new Friend into himself; puts on him his Cloaths, his Armour, his Belt, and his Sword: The Soul of Jonathan was inseparable from the Soul of David; the malignant Indignation of King Saul his Father, was unable to intimidate Jonathan's Friendship; he ventures to inform David of every Defign against him; and when drove from Court, the generous Prince uses all his Interest to have him recalled; and even when Squl was for piercing David with a Javelin, Jonathan threw himself in the Way to ward off the Stroke. Ye modern Friends, produce Instances like these! David, wearied out at last with such relentless Persecutions, resolves to go over to the Philistines. At this farewel, fonathan, amidst the Perturbations. which on fuch melancholy Occasions true Friends: powerfully feel, transfers to him his Right to the Crown, and protests that it would give him more Pleasure to be second to David than to be his. Superior.

Behold unparallelled Friendship and Generosity! It is the noble Nature of Friendship to value the Union of two worthy Hearts above the Pomp of Dominion; but such Friends have long since existed only in Imagination, it is Advantage which directs

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directs our Friendships, Advantage alone; when that interferes, the other, however confirmed by Years or Actions, must give way; here it is that

Interest builds up and pulls down.

You are involved in a Difficulty, from which without a confiderable Sum, there's no extricating yourfelf; you confide in your Friend Theophilus, from whose unwearied Attendance at Church, and the Fervor of an external Devotion you make no queftion, he will readily affift you, and rejoice in an Opportunity of doing fo much Good. In this amiable Point of View Ladmire Theophilus as something more than Man, and follow his unfortunate Friend, to have the Pleasure of being an Eye Witness to fuch Benevolence; but at the Preamble of the Request, Theophilus bursts into Tears, and with awful Devotion lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, acquaints him it is only in his Power to pray God to be his Deliverer; Theophilus does not offer to alledge his Want of Money, for the World he would not wrong Truth to fuch a Degree : He makes use of a devout Subterfuge, which ferves not only to put by his Friend, but, as he imagines, to give him a higher Esteem of him: I won't fay, continues he, that I have not wherewith; Money, Thanks be to Heaven I have, and as much as in my close Way of living is necessary; but it is not my own: I hold it of God no more than as a Truffee for my Children, and to him I must be accountable; it would be unjust and impious in me to use it according to my own Temper, which leads me to stand every body's Friend; had you asked me any thing at my own disposal, my Duty would have induced me instantly to comply: But as to this, it is not to be thought of; however, let our Friendship be still the same: The Bell rings in - excuse me - a happy Deliverance! fays Theophilus; and leaving his Friend in a Maze, hobbles along to Church, where poflibly he will have the Impudence to thank God that

he held out against Charity.

How preferable is the ten per Cent. Usurer, who lends me his Money at a Pinch, when my Credit or the Comfort of my Family lie at Stake, to so precise a smooth-tongued Fellow as Theophilus, with all his Grimaces of Religion!

The Completion of Friendship is when the Lender looks upon the Borrower as no more than asking for his own, and complies with a kind of Acknowledgment.

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### LESSON XIII

### Of the WORLD.

I T is only in its optical Point that the World will bear looking at. That Infinity of Lights blazing on the glittering Lustres diffuse a seducing Radiancy; 'tis a splendid Illumination which must not be too nearly viewed: all behind the Scene is monstrous and frightful.

So far is the World from being a fafe Country, that there is no engaging with it under the utmost Risque of every Thing. Pleasure and Interest are every where upon the Catch; 'tis a Wood lined on all Sides with Robbers, that an Escape seems

impracticable.

The Labyrinth of Dedalus was not so intricate; we may possibly find a Clue for it; but 'tis odds that it breaks before we have got half our Way, and then nothing less than a Miracle can fave us.

Deceit is the strong but stubtil Chain which runs thro' all the Members of a Society, and links them together; trick, or be tricked, is the Alternative; 'tis the Way of the World, and without it Inter-

course would drop.

The Houses of the Great, in reality, are not the most chearful; there the Owners yawn away the tedious Time, till their more tedious Visitants relieve them from one Uneasiness to throw them into another. If Detraction be not the Topick, the reptile Company afford only Monosyllables,

Shrugs and Bursts of ridiculous Laughter. What Mitth they have, is owing to a futile Turn of Mind, worse than the most demure Taciturnity.

Farewell Society then, if you're not thoroughly acquainted with your Affociates; for no fooner is a Society formed, than all the World are admitted; and what follows, but Emulation, Bickerings, and double Dealing? if female Members be allowed, they are fure to superadd Jealousy and Scandal; and amidst the Collusions comes Interest, and gives the finishing Stroke to the Demo-lition of this Paper-building; and those who are fit to repair it, laugh as its Ruins.

How sublime that Stoicism which can despise Life! That Sect deserves the Name of philosophical Heroes. All Classes seem universally eager to play at the World's dangerous Game; the Menare ranged as it were on the Chess Board, the Pawns are soon taken off; a Queen is sometimes seen to check a King, and she is often herself.

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What an instructive Lesson have we in a Child? He tells his Secrets to mone but Children like himself; it is from among them only he chuses his Considents and cares not to be free with any other. If ever he carelles a Person of riper Years, it is thro' Fear or Interest, and even then it is not with that sportive Cordiality which he uses towards his Equals. Let Persons of the middle Class act thus towards the Great; let us be Children to them, since they are Men, and such whose Power makes them presume, that upon their abusing our Confidence, they have nothing to sear from us but ill Looks.

A Child at a Fair is taken with every thing he fees; he stops at all the Toy-Stands; and every where he must have fomething; there is no End

( 208 ) of pleafing him: A Scaramouch, a Shepherdels, Cuckow, a Trooper; no fooner is he possessed them than all are thrown by for a gilt Coach and Six : nothing less will do : Nor is it always his la Choice which best pleases him; Mamma begins to chide, Will you never have done? Is it not frame that nothing will please this Boy? Do you exped the Boy should be a Man ? Or rather will Man new outgrow the Boy? When are we so absolutely fatisfied with what we at first chose, though with Fondness and Deliberation, and may enjoy with out Disquietude, as not to hanker after other Things, and of which fome to all Appearance feem quite out of our Reach?

The Prejudices of our Childhood usually adhere fo close to us, as to determine many of our Sentiments; and will infect our future Behaviour, unless got the better of by the Force of a rational Education. Children are often fed by Way of Entertainment, and high Ideas of Delight taught them in the Dainties given as a Reward for being good; they are animated to Greediness, all the Presents made them are for humouring it; and they are praifed for BATING like a Man. Thus Children are dealt with; and when Men, can they hake of

these pampered Habits ? The state of the state of They are now above Sugar Plumbs and Sweetmeats; 'tis a Boar's-Head, Partridges, Pheafant, and Ortelans; 'tis Sturgeon, Turbet, fresh Salmon, Trouts, and Green-Peas before the Season, that they must have. Bring them Champaign, Malmlifey, and Tockay; and 'tis well if these will do without Barbadoes-Water, or Oil of Venus.

A Father by an Excess of Parlimony gives his Son an Aversion to it; and the Child of a prodigal Parent will necessarily have Recourse to Covetouineis.

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Irony is the natural Daughter of Truth and Fiction; she has something of both, without any particular Resemblance of either; and 'tis by this it
pleases: For, were it like Truth, what Reception would it meet with? With less to be sure,
than under the Form of Fiction.

If ever we come to have a fincere Esteem for Religion, it will only be in others, and then as it lays them more open to the Claims of our Pride

or Selfishness.

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One of the Favourites of our Self-love is the Humility of others. The Coquettry of Self-love is to begin the Praise of another, in order gradually to draw it on ones self.

Irony is often the Idiom of Self-love.

Self-love has at least half a Share in all our Modes and Determinations; it puts on the Sword, and lays it afide; it wears the Short Cloak, or the Gown; if it delights in Purple, no less does it in a Cowl; it quits the Coach to walk on foot, and throws by the nice Shoe for the wooden Sandal: the same Self-love which in others rashly attempts a Work, or leaps into the Trenches, is often fo fedate and quiet, that one would not imagine any Courage to belong to it. Sometimes obstinate and refractory, sometimes mild and ductile; fometimes kneeling on a large Cushion near the Altar, in a Seat with a glaring Carpet before it; but oftner without prefuming to take a \* Chair, kneeling in the bare Nave, where every one may see its Gestures, and hear its deep setched Groans. So very a Mask is this Self-love. Immense is the Extent of its Jurisdiction, very few of our Actions can be faid to be independent of its Controul.

A Heart in which is no room for Ambition, having nothing left to defire, may have a large Va-

Alluding to the Use of Chairs in the Romish Chapels.

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cuity for Self-love. B would be reputed de vout, and has his Recelles among the Saints I there he meditates, but it to be feared, on very different Subjects, sir han a reduce to conclude the state of the

Self-love has its little artful Windings, by which elt never loles, for they always bring about its Defigns. Capys does not, like Frontinus, confidently Bolt out, I have Wit, every Body allows me to have good Senfe. He goes more artfully to work; Wit, I am too fenfible, does not fall to my Lot . But un! answerable for that! The Beauty of all this is, Capit is no less persuaded of the Fallity, than Pronting

To pretend to be above all Want is a new Shift in Begging; no furer Way of having your Thirst amply quenched, than to say that you are not thirsty.

The Wealthy are too often impertment and overbearing; but none to much as one recently emerged from Rags and Penary. He may line to obliterate his Parentage and Drudgery, but they will ever be discovered in the Coarlenes of his Deportment, and the Meanness of his Senupis a Work, or leaps mo the Trenshimit

He who magnifies his Greatness before those who are obliged to petition him for this Patronage, while a Clown, who, just after eating Garlick, thrusts himfelf among Perfons of a weak Stomach.

Such a one we are often affured is tall, well-Inaped, handlome, and rich; and all this is prechery what is not worth knowing. Is he the worthy Man? Here no Answer is to be expected; and indeed ten thouland Livres per Annum make luch Questions impertment; what lighties Probity with an Estate?

I should be apt to take Diphilus for a Broker; never without a Score of Rings on his Fingers;

Theting to the Use of Chain, in the Romife Chaptin.

and whilst within the Sound of half a Dozen Clocks, two or three Watches must be exhibited from his Pocket to fee how Time goes. He never offers you the same Snuff-Box twice; what then is this Diphilus? If not a Dealer in these Things, surely a most despicable Coxcomb.

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Alk not Orgustus after the Health of himself or, any of his Family: If his Father has been dying these fix Weeks, why e'en let him die; not a Word of the Law-fuit which must either make or mar him. If he coughs till he is black in the Face, never regard it, he would be nettled at your Pity. Admire his new Diamond Ring; you'll please him to a Tittle; his Mind will be taken up with nothing less for Years to come, at least till he makes another Purchase of the same Sort, when this will be thrown alide, and your Compliments expected on the new one.

Flaccus builds a Chapel, small indeed, but mag nificent, and decorated with the exquitite Workmanship both of Gabriel and Nateire; a curious Niche is contrived for the Tomb of the splendid Founder; what an Expence is Flaceus at for a Structure, within whose Walls he possibly may never enter till in his Cossin; nay, who can say that this will be his burial Place: And actually Flaceus dies in a remote Village, where his Ashes.
mingle with those of a Plowman. And what Wrong is this to you, Flaccus? Providence fets. you down only where it took you up. The Niche remains empty, not a Stone is laid for the Mausoleum; and twelve Miles off there's no more talk of you, than if there never had been such a Person.

Take the right Time to draw your own Picture, vain-glorious \* Toural; there's Mirth in your Looks

La Tour, a Painter.

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Looks, your Eyes sparkling, your Complexion fresh and lively. Don't let these Advantages sip Now take your Pencil.——What an Alteration I see your Countenance dulled by a restless Night; a violent Headach makes you look heavy; your Face is bloated; you are quite another Man. Can there be a more lucky Instant to have a Picture without Likeness? Away to your Rival, pay him handsomely, and make yourself still worse, never grudge Money to get a Name.

Distinguish'd Merit is really an Incumbrance; but very few are otherwise incumbered with it than like the Whimsical with their imaginary Di-

stempers.

What is Merit? with Women, a handlome Person, Politeness, Gaiety, and Generosity. With Men, the Woman of Merit is she who to a pretty Face adds Sprightliness, Wit, and some Discretion; but the latter we often indulgently dispense with. What is true Merit in either Sex? Tis a Purity of Morals, and Justness of Sentiments, Sweetness of Manners, Knowledge of one's Self and the World, a solid and regular Piety, seasoned with an Attention to Decency, and a benevolent Esteem of others.

Large Salaries are settled upon a Singer, or a Dancer; a Pantaloon and Harlequin have the best of Wages. Princes envy one another such Performers; they entice and buy them off from each other, and how fares the Man of real Worth all the Time? What's thought of for the good Christian? Why let him live upon his Goodnes; for indeed what can be made of him? Is he either Treble, Base, or Tenor? Can he so much as cut a Caper? What Drollery is he Master of? What Sort of Faces can he make? Does he understand Mimickry? No; but he is a worthy Man; therefore

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What great things might not be expected by a Man of Courage, of Learning, and a fuitable Reputation? yet often all won't do; fometimes it is too much. In the first Case, a Patron can't be found; and in the second none will be so, less the Scale should be turned upon him. Great Merit sometimes proves a great Obstacle, even to getting but an ordinary Employment; but these Obstacles, to the Credit of the Age be it spoken, are not very frequently to be met with.

The Way to be preferred—let me not name it; but there's no need I should. If any can be ignorant of it, let them look up to those in Fa-

vour.

A fortunate Foreigner has brought the Pleafure

of Patronage to an extreme low Ebb.

If it be asked, what are the Ingredients for making a great Man? I answer, Genius, Courage, and every moral Quality, good and bad Fortune, and Exile.

Wit, good Sense, and Parts, are obsolete Recommendations at Court; 'tis not by them a Man will stand his Ground there; whilst the nominal Bussion, or the Fool, has Access every where, is countenanced, and lives to his Heart's Desire. But suppose it to be no more than seigned, who is then the Fool, he who only acts it, or he who thinks him such?

There are two Roads to Preferment, Interest and Pleasure; chuse either of them, for you'll soon find the Necessity of striking out of one into the other, in order to arrive at your Journey's End.

Favour, purchased by a servile Complaisance to the Great, is little better than a Carnaval Sugar Plumb;

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Plumb; the Sugar foon diffolves, and the Omis

fets the Mouth on fire.

\* A Minister often remains under Differee, for no other Caule than that his Sovereign cannot stoop to own himself in the wrong; and may not another owe the Continuance of his Favour to the same pitiful Pride?

The best Compensation of a Minister's Disgrace is the public Concern at it; his Replacement could

not do him half the Honour.

How many Ministers, whose Names had been buried in Oblivion, but for their evil Deeds?

Ministers are to Princes like Spectacles to an old Man, the Necessity of using them is a Missortune; and often, instead of affishing the Sight, the very Design of them, they serve only to obscure and confound it.

To drain a Province of Provisions, that Plenty may afterwards be restored by his Care, is an aukward Service in a Minister; 'tis such a palpable Fallacy, such a low thoughted Trick, that none but a Partizan could be thought capable of it.

To pillage a House with open Violence at Noon Day, and thro' the Street Door; and at Night to throw Part of the Plunder back again over the Walls, may seem to you an Act of Bounty; but the Owners think themselves little obliged by such a Return, nor perceive the least Merit inch.

A Dearth is the critical Minute betweet King and People; he may have a rare Bargain of them; and in Politicks, as in Love, this fortunate instant must not be forwarded, but left to Time and Circumstances.

We in Intimacy with him, what goes neared our

Plumb

<sup>\*</sup> Monf. de Maurepas.

M daw lishmil 215 Heart is, that we do not fill his Vacancies; or what is worfe, that they are filled by those from

whom we have nothing to expect.
Upon the first Notice of the Prince's Death, the Courtier runs to pay Homage to his Successor ; but let him here be a little cautious, and be first certain that the defunct Prince is actually dead; for upon a Recovery, we are not eafily apt to forgive those who were fo ready to believe us dead. \* Castello, to this Day, bites his Nails for being over halty.

The Virtues of the Great are lessened by Diflance, and feen by very few but those about them : if a Gleam chance to reach the Town, 'tis thro' the Refractions of the Courtiers, which feldom hew the Object in its original Clearnes; but as to their Faults, the Telescope is reversed; at Court they are scarce visible, but Abroad the same Refraction causes them to appear odious and frightful; and to the popular Eye represents the Atom as a World.

As the Inacceffibility of the Court is no Preservative to the People, against the Contagions of its Vices, allow them free Admittance; and if there be Virtue in a Court, they may improve by fuch

folendid Patterns.

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Whether in Good or Evil, the great ones are both the Authors and Actors of the Play, the

Commonalty only mimic it

The amorous Pollio Sips from Box to Box, kips up to the Pidgeon Holes, and from thence behind the Scenes, whispers the Actreffes, bruthes Corinna's Vermilion, and passes his Lips along Refalia's Cheek. The Eyes of the Pit are all the Time upon him; was even Man fo befotted with Momen, fay they; in Reality, who could ever imagine that he has not the least Fondness for \* Monf. de Chatillon.

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them; and that if he ruined himself with M, it was out of mere Vanity? Shall the Man of Quality confine himself to his Wife? No. Where then would be the Difference between him and his

Taylor?

\* Jervaise is at the Head of a populous City, requiring all his Care, his whole Time would scarcely be sufficient for a proper Attention to its Welfare; yet can he find spare Hours to retire to a Convent, and there make Franciscan Cords. How bless must a People be under a Governor, who takes upon him so devout an Employment? What a Convenience is here for Citizens, religiously inclined to initiate their Children? Their Lot may be said to be cast in good Ground.

Is a new Actress to perform? Then Polemistus is at the House. He thinks his Presence of no less Importance than her own. He leads the Clap, and is the first to compliment her, though he has not heard a Sentence the whole Time; he's here and there, and every where. He makes his Appearance on the Stage in such a Manner, that any one who did not know him would think he was going to speak, and expect to see the Part of a Coxcomb or a Wronghead acted to Persec-

tion.

One would be apt to imagine that some great Men speak only by starts, at most but twice a Year, or five or fix Times in their whole Lives; very few Sayings of theirs go about, but those very

concife and fagacious.

Many a Word at first delivered in a plain simple Manner, becomes so polished, so refined and ornamented from Mouth to Mouth, and acquires before it gets beyond the Drawing-Room, such a delicate Turn, such an Elegancy of Phrase, that the original

Duke de Gefores.

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original Owner would hardly be admitted in his Claim to it.

Betake yourself to your Heels; quick, close up to the Wall, or get within the Rails: Here comes one strutting in all the overbearing Airs of bloated Greatness; give Way, don't pass too near him; if at any Time you walk with him, mind that you give him the upper Hand, or he'll make you know your Duty, by squeezing you against the Wall, or laying you in the Kennel. So imperious is he, that when at Table he has Occasion to rise first, rather than modestly take himself away behind the Guests, like the Prior of a Community, he knocks, that the whole Company may rife; upon a Moment's Delay, up he starts, runs across the Table, come what will of Dishes, Bottles and Glasses, If Nobility be the Subject of Coversation, he will very gravely inform you of his being related to all the crowned Heads in Europe, tho' all the Knowledge he has of them be borrowed from the Almanack: He extends his illustrious Genealogy even to the Seraglio, and will needs be a Branch of it, tho' by the Women or Eunuchs Side.

Is there a Parity betwixt Man and Man, betwixt a Mason and a Prince? The Great hold with the Negative, the Women are for the Affirmative. The Essence of Things surely is not destroyed by

any Difference in the Accidents.

What is a Chairman? A Scoundrel, a Hobnail, a Mule in Man's Cloaths: it might be so Yesterday; but Times are altered. He is a Man of no small Note, his Name will figure among those of the Majesties, Highnesses, Excellencies, and the rest. Who can say that he is not a Companion for any Peer, since his Advice is required in Matters of State? It is not always that Chance is wide of the Mark.

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How

How the Favourite frowns at the People's Tediousness in making a Square with a Statue in Honour of the King! the senseless Flatterer little dreams that the finest Square for a King is in the Hearts of

his People.

What was wanting to complete Man's Madness? The Art of flying. \* Ballevicus had all that he could wish, but he must needs try this too; accordingly he contrives Wings, and begins his Flight, but soon tumbles headlong, smarts for it to this Day, and I fancy is quite out of Conceit with the Madness of the Attempt.

At the rate the Distempers of Love and Gluttony are going on, they will grow into Fashion, their Mischies will only be Matter of Mirth; but

what will be the End of it?

A great Lord is one who has Keepers to knock on the Head with Impunity all who prefume to catch a Hare upon his Grounds; who plays high, ruins Tradefmen, gets drunk only with the best Wines, surfeits himself with the most costly Viandes, and must have a Doctor to recover him. He is one who dines at Home only upon extraordinary Occasions, who sees his Wife by Way of Visit, and his Children casually; his Domestics are well cloathed and ill paid, he has Creditors and Mistresses. What is a great Man? The Reverse of this great Lord.

Man is as a Child amusing itself in viewing its Shadow at Sunset; as the Sun behind him lowers, his Shadow lengthens; at the least Obstacle it decreases; but the plainer the Surface is on which it is cast, the more it is extended; 'tis by viewing ourselves only according to the last Dimension that we conceive ourselves great; a Dwarf stretches to

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<sup>\*</sup> M. de Baqueville.

feven Feet, and at Noon what is the Shadow of a Giant? let him but cast an Eye downward, what

a Diminution is there!

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es to even \*Porphyrus, the Descendant of such an illustrious Family, whose Ancestors make so honourable a Figure in History, what has he done to perpetuate his Name? Contracted Debts which will never be paid. How many great Noblemen are transmitted to Posterity only in the Books of their Creditors!

Great Care is taken in the Kennels, about the Breed: what Exactness in the Studs, about the Stallions that are to cover the Mares; whereas, in the Conjunction of Nobles, not the least Attention is shewn; is not that of Brontin, the State-Leech, mixed with that of the M——, from whom a Race of Heroes was to be expected.

Money might possibly be the Match-maker.

Tell me, young + Antheus, how, by what Marks or Tokens shall I know you again; who would take you for your Father's Son, or imagine you to be your Brother's Brother? You can accept of a Name and Coat of Arms from a Wife, and renounce those of the glorious Persons from whom you are descended. You may plume yourself with your Dukeship, but I should value you more as a simple Knight.

To appoint the nearest Relation Guardian, as one whom it most concerns to improve the Inhemance, is taking Care of the Orphan's Substance instead of his Person. Is it not trusting Men a little too much, to expect that a Guardian who is to be a Gainer by Death, will be very tender of Life.

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Duke Tant. + Duke de Mazarin.

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The Characteristic of Honour is not so much to shake off the supposed Pusillanimity of Religion as to rise above Selfishness.

Andrew, a Sermon-Hunter, and never missing his Church, passed for the Saint of the Parish, but a Guardianship, which his Hypocristy procured him, discovered him to be something of a very different

Species.

\* Chryses was thought to be at so ill a Pass, that his Word would not go for a Shilling; he was so entirely carried away by his Pleasures, that he was not accounted capable of any Degree of Oeconomy. His Brother happened to die, and the Guardianship of his Nephew sell to him; every Body concluded the poor Child ruined; but when has there been a Guardianship managed with more Prudence and Probity? Who ever took more Care of the Fortune and Person of an Orphan?

It is thought strange that in Africa there should be found any free Men mad enough to sell themselves; that wealthy Merchants, who have hundreds of Slaves living in Plenty, can sell themselves, seems to stagger our Belief; yet is there not the like Madness among ourselves? Change but the Words, and most of your Honours and Lordships fall into the same unaccountable Base

ness.

It is not every one who will be brought to be lieve there can be any Uneafines in Grandeur their temporal Pains are to pay their Court to their high and mighty Lords, and their first Hell is to be their Retainers.

The Emptiness of Greatness and the Embaraffments of Grandeur are never well known, till selt.

<sup>2</sup> Bertier de Sauvigny, Intendant.

A diffraced Courtier is the most striking Picture of the Nothingness of Exaltation, the most eloquent Preacher can't come up to the Description.

To reclaim a Man of Sense from the Seducements of Ambition, the most effectual Way would be to place him near Kings, there he will get an experimental Knowledge what Baubles Court

Dignities are.

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who are treated and known by all the World; it is his Joy that the Motions of his Mistresses should be seen, the Fidlers and Dancers come in for a Share of their Favours; nothing pleases him better than to be complimented on the Agility of their Capers, the Gracefulness of their Attitudes, the Tips of their Ears, the little Foot and well shaped Leg, the hidden Beauties, &c. &c.

† Lindor again stands too much upon his Rank to take a Girl from the Stage; he gratisses pretty much in the same Manner as Clidamis, a Taste of the same Nature, and pleases himself like a Prince of his Rank. He has a stately House built with a Theatre in it, where his Mistress is Dancer in thies. Ye ignoble Fops, ye infatuated Worshippers of Jiggers, ye senseless ‡ Candaules, don't imagine that the last of the Gyges died in Lydia, the Dancers know far otherwise.

Is it not he who purchases the Farm, who pays for the Tillage, who sows the Ground, and is at the Expence of the Harvest, that after all this Charge and Trouble about the Corn, eats of the

Flour.

Less than a Couple of Centuries, if Things hold on the same Way, will, I dare presage, restore an Equality

‡ A King of Lydia.

<sup>\*</sup> Cte de Clermont. + King of France.

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Equality of Conditions. The Daughter of a House-Porter has already reduced a Prince to a level with her Father, and the Nobleman is his Tenant's Rival.

A King is the Image of God, but were God like his Images, no Man of Sense could forbear

leaning towards Atheism.

It is said of a Prince, that he is a great Personage, in whom all the Virtues of his Ancestors are concentred: and pray who were his Ancestors? His Father every one knows; his Grandfather and Great Grandfather are now on Record; well, I grant you thus far, still are there more remote Progenitors; among Friends the most certain Circumstance in his Filiation is his Inheritance.

Sure the Enemy has passed the Frontiers, and is marching for \* Paris, that fuch a large strong Fort Were ever fuch Walls, or better is building. furnished with Batteries, and which command all the Neighbourhood? Centinels are every where posted, the Word given, and the Garrison go the Rounds with the strictest Regularity; Luxemburgh might be carried with greater Ease. Is a second Golden Fleece to be kept here? Is some old Amfius uneasy about his Dange? Nothing of this, a fecond Paris intends it as a Seraglio for his + Helen: Instructed by the Use she made of Menelous's Indulgence, he is for curtailing her Liberty; accordingly there she is placed, configned and committed no otherwise than a State Prisoner in t Pierre-en-Cife. The Women one and all cry out, a barbarous Lover! Was there ever fuch a Brute! It is certain half a Dozen such Lovers would go near to cure Women of their eloping Humour. Thus Paris sets them a Lesson with a

<sup>\*</sup> Cte de Charolois. † Mad. de Courchamp.

<sup>1</sup> A Prison in France.

Witness; he proves more a Husband to Helen than her Gallant, and what is worse, a thorough Italian Husband; but however, he is her Gallant, otherwise she would have given him the Slip. But did

he ever put it in her Power?

The Farmer and the Cornchandler refuse to furnish you without ready Money, and that you have not. What will become of your Horses, Cleophorus\*? A Citizen here would be at a Nonplus; but Cleophorus, in Answer, only asks his Steward, who is it that continues still to trust me? The Pastry-cook. Well then, give the Cattle Cheesecakes and Custards.

Example does infinite Hurt, the Contagion infensibly becomes general; common but weak Objection! a Palliative which does not become the Mouth of a Man of Spirit. The truly wife Man in a Circle of Fools, is as distant from them as the

Antipodes.

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+ To erect a large and expensive Foundation, to be supported by Revenues arising from the Folly of Mankind, is a hazardous Confidence that such Folly will be perpetual. Should Mankind grow wis:

where would be the Foundation?

When I hear such long-winded Enumerations of ungrateful People, and find all Places sull of Invectives against them, it abates of my Spleen against the Age, as I conclude all these Complainers to be Benefactors; but is not Good-nature too easy in adopting a Prepossession in favour of my Cotemporaries? all the Clamours on this Head may be no more than an imaginary Epidemic.

A quiet Enjoyment of the Satisfactions and Delights of Reason, is never better secured than in giving ourselves up to a judicious Person, in whom we have an entire Confidence, and who does not

<sup>\*</sup> Prince de Conti. + Military. School.

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abuse it; 'tis gathering the Fruits of Virtue without the Trouble of Cultivation.

The Defects of the Body are not so easily disguised as those of the Mind, and therefore put one to more Trouble; every Shift is used to hide them. He who has a Defect in one of his Eyes takes care to shew only the advantageous Side; if he takes the upper Hand, 'tis not out of Pride, and he means as little Civility in giving it; he is at infinite Pains when at Table to be feen only in Profile: no less upon his Guard is the Crooked against shewing his Deformity, crying up the old-fashion'd Chairs which quite covered a Man, and as careful to be feen in front as a one-eyed Man is of the contrary; he would screw himself into the Wall. rather than any one should walk behind him. He who is lame decries all Diversions, but those where there is no need of changing Places; and I suppose 'twas one of the limping Species who invented the everlasting Game of Quadrille. In the finest Weather there is no persuading such a one to take a Turn; either he has got a Cold; or the Sun hurts him; or he is afraid of the Dew; or who would be choaked with Duft!

Should any one conceit that he has turned from Vice to Virtue, let him beware of a Delufion; its too often no more than one Passion springing up in

the room of another.

Many imagine themselves only parsimonious, when they are covetous; again, others who are manifestly profuse, in their own Ideas are no more than generous; two Iron Rods are not long kept in Equilibrium.

One Extreme leads to another; the Man of strong Passions is seldom seen to stop at Virtue's Mark, but generally overshoots it; and thus departing from one Vice, he runs into another,

which fometimes is full as difgraceful and dangerous as that which he boafts of having overcome.

A fingle Glance into ourselves would shew us that the Vices on which we bear so hard on others, are often the very same as our own, which we are so ready to justify. What is more common than this among the Proud and Niggardly?

There are private Passions which prove public Benefits; but there are also public Passions which

are private Mischiefs.

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It is not every Child who refembles his Father; some Virtues are the known Emanations of Vices; and Virtues often produce Vices. How many are supremely honest out of Pride? and how often is

Occonomy the Mother of Avarice?

There was a Time when Marcus's Income would but ill afford being generous, and then he was all for giving. Happy were his Servants who set out for the Country on fine English Horses, if they had Shoes to return in. However, Fortune smiled upon Marcus, and Money came tumbling in upon him by Millions. Should any one think now that his Munisscence was enlarged, and that his Servants were never obliged to soot it, he would be somewhat mistaken; he not only retrenched them, but never were they worse paid or cloathed; he even haggled with his Mistresses. Well, this might be owing to Care for his Heirs; he had none; and was carried off before he had Time to make a Will.

Who can account for this; that a Man upon becoming rich turns Oeconomist to a Fault; and that when he was poor, he lavished away every

Thing?

Thyrsis, the gay welcome Visitant at the most polite Toilettes, is now as much out of Date as a last K 5 Year's

Year's Silk; and what can be more intolerable,

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the very Mention of it makes one fick.

Within these ten Years \* Lodovitus's Table was upon the Decline, a flender Defert ferved him, and that too upon Trust. Ten Stewards had left him with the same Cloaths they had on when they came, and not a Shilling of Wages. Let them go; Castel, their Successor, restores the Conserves, the Bisks, and all the Voluptuousness of the Table, and Lodovitus is transported at the Address of his Domestic. After ten Years in a Service where he never fingered a fingle Pistole, Castel takes the Liberty to leave it, hires his Footman, furnishes a House with the most expensive Plate and Goods, and lives like a Gentleman. There must certainly have been very notable Address to raise a Fortune in a House quite bare of Money! 'Tis bathing one's felf in the Sand, or striking Fire out of Water. Lodovitus's Grandson may to this Day be paying the Usury of Castel's Accumulation; and the Tradesmen who trusted the Master, have not done curfing the Ingenuity of the Steward.

By what transcendent Talents has † Nekia merited all these Honours, Titles, and Pensions? Has he sound out a certain Cure for Wounds heretofore held to be mortal? If so, I heartily subscribe to the Rank conferred on him by a respectable Company. But wherein lies Nekia's Knowledge? On what is he to be consulted? It is shocking to mention; I cannot bring myself to declare it. But Nekia would have answered Pharash's Purpose much better than all the Midwives in Egypt; he is possessed of Secrets which would have kept the Israelites low enough. Execrable Instrument of unnatural Barbarity! methinks I hear the plain-

curs, as won ai seem

\* Duke de Richelieu.

<sup>+</sup> Quenet, Physician to Mad. Pompadour.

tive Embryo's fummoning thee before the vindictive Tribunal of God and Nature.

It is not in honour to the Painter alone, that

his Picture is fet up in the Gallery.

This fame Gallery is a pretty Sort of Novelty, where a Moralist can't be at a Loss for Reslexion; there we behold an Equality of Conditions. The Plebeian in his Cap and Night-gown placed next a Lord glittering in Embroidery; a Prince with all his losty Looks, his Collars, and other Ensigns of Distinction, betwixt a Shoe-Boy and a Chimney-Sweeper.

The Melancholy of Saul is faid to have been considerably abated by the Melody of David's Harp; to these happy Properties of Musick it is perhaps the Opera owes its Success; at least, there are infinite Numbers, to whom the Physicians could prescribe nothing better than a Course of such hu-

manifing Music.

It is the Taste of the Times, to let the World understand that you are at least a Whore-master or an Adulterer, or it will certainly point at you for what is thought much worse than either of

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How august and venerable is an Assembly of the States of a Province! My Lord Governor, my Lady Governess; how pompous the Sound! the Husband is there to receive Presents, and the Wise by her Card-table never fails to ruin the best half of the honest Country Gentlemen, who could not go home without having it to say in their Village, that they had the Honour of playing with my Lady Governess.

There is a Time when he who most prides himfelf in his Riches, would wish to be thought poor; and that is, when others compliment him on his Riches, because they stand in need of his Favours.

When

When do we really wish the Prosperity of any one, but when ourselves are like to be the better for it?

Riches are the supreme Wish; that Desire alone takes up full two-thirds of all our Prayers; and they who are so, are uneasy about their Money; how they shall increase it is their Perplexity. Who would buy Houses? they let for nothing. If a Place; out may come an Edict which surpresses it.

There are Annuities; and there is also such a Thing as Reduction. Put it into the Hospital Funds; more than one of them have broke. In the Ecclesiastical Funds; they shake their Heads at this. If the Disposal of Money be then so troublesome, where is the Wisdom of longing so much for Riches?

That the turning our Necessities into Pleasures should ever be boasted of! 'tis a pernicious Device, 'tis a detestable Invention which has multiplied them, and ingrafted upon them numberless Superfluities.

We could bring ourselves to be Christian Heroes, for this may be gone thro' in an Instant and our Self-love would besides find its Account in it, but to apply ourselves to become good Christians, what Aversion! This affords no Reputation; and to mortify our Appetites, and curb our Passions, is. a hard Task.

Would any one think there could be adulterous, cheating, malicious, vindictive, oppressive Chriflians? Christians who go to Church out of Cufrom, nay, who perhaps never go thither at all, and yet would freely be cut in Pieces were they in China or Japan, and forbid, under pain of Death, to be present at the Offices of their Religion.

The wife Man is above any fear of a Woman's. Anger, but he is wifer who is cautious of provoking her. He who in Sport beats the Hives, and drives the Bees out, deserves to be stung:

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Theramenes thinks there is Wit in Distraction so but he acts it so aukwardly, that he is partly what he would only seem to be: There is no affecting Distraction to any Purpose, without a close Attention.

Formerly Calumny foread its Venom in artful or virulent Speeches or fly Intimations. How the Age improves! A certain Mode of Silence is now the current Expression. This is at least husband-

ing Time.

A long-winded Talker is often complained of, from the fingle Circumstance of envying him the

Satisfaction of being heard.

How Erophilus's Eyes flame! He foams, he grates his Teeth, he shakes the very House with his obstreperous Rage; Wife, Children and Servants must keep out of his Way; he does not so much as know his Dogs, which not a Minute ago he was slabbering; the fine Looking-glasses and enamell'd China are all demolished; and out go Tables, Chairs and Pictures thro' the Windows; at last having no more tobreak, he comes to himself, as out of a Sleep, and stares at the Havock of his own Freaks. So far from being ashamed of the Brutality, he remembers nothing about it; asks what all this Destruction meant, and how it happened.

Is it possible a Man can so far forget himself? What Hopes is there that *Erophilus* will ever get over a Distemper which he does not so much as remember? If you could prescribe a Remedy, is he.

capable of taking it?

)

Our best Sentiments often graze upon our Passons, but oftner pass quite thro' them, and there imbibe a strong Tincture.

Your dear \* Zenobia's Hustand is dead, and you are a Widower. Now + Lycidas is the Time to

legitimate

<sup>\*</sup> Mad. de Boufflers. + M. de Luxembourg.

legitimate Joys, which even ten Years of Adultery have not palled. You have accordingly married Zenobia, and what can you alone do for her? you have loft your Partner.

By what does a Man often keep up his Credit? By knowing when to change his Cloaths and Name; at Court these are often all that are known

of many a Dangler there.

It is the lively Passions only which can bring us to know with what Ease we might devote ourselves absolutely to God: What does the Lover grudge or fear? And the Mifer facrifices himself to his Money,

Gaming Debts are punctually paid; most certainly, Honour's at Stake. To what Account are placed the Debts of buying and borrowing, which are never paid? To that of Honour or Re-

ligion?

If ever we fludy a Person, setting aside the selfish Designs we may have on him, where it is once to know his praise-worthy Qualities, it is twenty Times to find out Matter for Censure.

Thus, if ever we give ourselves the Trouble to analyse a Virtue, it is not that we intend to practife it in all its Extent and Delicacy; but to find

out some Lenitives.

New Crimes appear on the Stage, and others go off. The Case of Rapes is much softened by the Unanimity and Perseverance of those to whom such a Law might be inconvenient; the Term now al-

most bears no Meaning at all.

After all that is faid of the Influence of Climates, on the Temper and Manners, who that fees the Ardency of the reigning Passions in France, the determined Continuance in Vice, and the unalterable Contempt of all Manner of Virtue,

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The Nature of hot Countries has been afferted to authorife a Plurality of Wives, what is then the Nature of France, where it is growing to fuch a Head? Is the Temperature worse than the Climate? or the Climate than the Temperature?

A janty Spark comes up and whispers to me a Detail of the Characters of this and that Gentleman or Lady: What must I think of this Tattle? What can I? but that when my Back is turned, he'll also take me off at full Length.

A Heart fo well disposed as to love Virtue for its native Amiableness and Excellence is secure, with-

out any Abhorrence of Vice.

Mistrust and Probity seldom meet in the same Subject; it is difficult to over-reach a Knave; we have heard of some who so much used themselves to Poisons, that they were not to be hurt by them.

We praise only what is of no Consequence in refect of us, or something which is known to be our own peculiar Excellence.

Excessive Commendations of a deceased Person, reoften rather Proofs of the Malignity and Joy of

our Hatred, than of any Friendship.

Adead Enemy is not eafily diffinguishable from

the best living Friend.

To be prevented in point of Affection is not in the least unbecoming; shew yourself worthy of it; let your Behaviour give it both Warmth and Permanency.

Agood Name is a Fortune, fays one to Manson; you have a thriving one: A Namesake of your's was the first Man of his Profession: What's the Matter you should not make as much of it as he and! I have nothing of the necessary Knowledge,

answers

answers Manson: Pshaw! a Fig for the Know-ledge; such a Name as your's is sufficient; and without hearing further Pleas of Modesty, a Pencil and Ruler were put into his Hand; he draws a Line or two, and is given out for an Architect: How! why he can't give you a Plan? Well, but some-body may do it for him: How many Orators know just as much of Rhetoric as he of

Defigns?

Phado, tho' a Fellow of a College, was ftarving in Paris: He could meet with nobody out of Conceit enough with Life to confult him: He therefore quits the ungrateful Town, where all flock together to make the most of Life, and retires into the Country. He buries himself in a Village for ten long Years; till weary of Life in fo low a Sphere of Action, he returns to the Capital; provides himself with an ample Beard, a Sugar-loaf Cap, a Sweeping-robe, a Flow of Gibberish, and an Interpreter properly habited: Behold the Arabian Physician! Nothing is wanting now but a Lord or fo, with Complaifance enough The Number of his Pato die under his Care. tients immediately encrease, he has more Practice than he can well attend, and who, for People of Distinction, but the Arabian Doctor!

Orantes, who borrows of every body, and readily gives Notes at thirty per Cent. is often told, "you are ruining yourfelf; fuch Conduct must end in Reggary:" He laughs at it; and when any seem to wonder at his Unconcern, 'tis not I, says he, 'tis they who lend me that are ruining themselves; the Biters are bit: I am under Age; and I have a Trick in Law, to make my Notes no more than Waste-Paper. A Word in your Ear, Orantes, but don't take it amiss: You are Rascal, a viler Rascal than either Nivet or Cartouche. If the

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Laws fecure your Fortune against the Artifices of Usurers, they were not meant to be as a Ladder for you to get into their Houses and rob them. A poor Fellow is hauled away to Prison for being found with Picklocks about him; It's a Shame, says Orantes, such a Dog should be punished with any thing less than the Galleys: But soft, Orantes, you are passing Sentence on yourself: What has he done more than you?

Propose any thing to Lysippus, and he's for it: He is incapable of either acting, or even designing any thing of himself. Take him either to the Play, or to Mass, he'll go any where to oblige you, but

no where for bimfelf.

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The greatest Happiness for such a Man is always

to find himfelf in good Company.

There's Menophilus, a weak, irrefolute Creature, if possible, without Thought: His Yes or his No may equally be depended on; for it's a Question whether he so much as knows when he speaks, or wherefore, or what he said: He's a very Eccho, rather repeating than speaking. His last Sentiment is not so much his own, that is, what he really approves of, as the Person's who last lest him; if he continues in it, 'tis because no body has been with him to make him alter it. He's like a Speaking-trumpet, that may be made to say any thing.

Is it Modesty or Shame which first laid it down as a Point of Good-manners, never to open a

Book in another Person's House?

Why under such Concern? Have you adubious Suit upon your Hands? Have you a been a Robber or Incendiary? Have you killed your Man? Is any Friend of yours to be burned, hanged or broke on the Wheel? Don't despair; if you have Money, all is safe: I'll inform you who has it in his Power

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Power and makes it his Bufiness, to sell every

thing.

This is the wishing Season, the Time of Gratifications: Military, Civil, or Church Preferments, Which are you for? Prebends, Deanries, Bishoprics; Warrants, Patents, Commissions of all Sorts, which would you have! down with your

Money at the Office, and they are yours.

Is a Man finking, his best Friends let go their Hold and turn their Backs upon him; no body fo much as gives himself the Trouble to cry help; 'his very Relations difown him; they could wish he was not of their Name; no one can bear to be thought like him. Does he come up again, every one makes towards him; his Foot's no fooner on the Land, than there's a striving who shall wipe him dry: His Acquaintance are for being his Relations, and his Cousins his Brothers; there's no being too intimate with him.

The Family of a new Favourite increases to an Infinitude: and that of the difgraced Minister is fuddenly extinct in him. It would not be known that he had so much as a Wife and Children, but

for their Share in his Misfortunes.

There is an exact Compensation betwixt the Sentiments of both Sexes, according to what either defires or fears. The Women, one and all, exclaim against a wicked Man, and join Hand in Hand against him, especially if it be a Fair one whom he has injured. Is a Woman only fulpected of a criminal Amour, the whole Tribe of Husbands are for giving her no Quarter, Hanging is too good for her: Would not one, at first, think, that the Men and Women all held together? No, that's not the Case; they are afraid only it may be their own Affair to have to do with fuch flippery Companions. No No Happiness or Calamity ever proved so bad

in itself, as it is in Appearance.

'Tis from Prosperity and Adversity that the Virtues of each Situation derive their Lustre and Value.

There are some Virtues of Adversity with which those of Prosperity cannot pretend to dispute Pre-

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Moderation in Prosperity is certainly amiable; but what is it to Firmness in Adversity? How much easier to be virtuous in the first State, than resigned and patient in the latter?

Adversity fashions the Sentiment, and Reason

gives it the Polish.

What has been done by Monogamy may it not be the very Thing designed? It shall always be my Opinion, whilft I see Adultery not only un-

punished, but thriving.

Thersites, whose Wife has been pouting at him these three Months, puts himself upon such Follies to bring about a Reconciliation, that would hardly be forgiven betwixt a young Financer and an Opera Girl: She sold the first Jewels he gave her, and he presents her with others ten times finer; he has bought her a magnificent Coach, and such beautiful Horses, that one Reconciliation more, on the same Terms, would hardly leave him a Shoe to his Foot.

How frequently are we the Dupes both of ourfelves and others? Whilst we imagine ourselves to be giving Proofs of our Love, we are only sollowing the Bent of Constitution; and the Favours we receive, seldom are of a more refined Origin, and as much unknown.

How low is that Husband sunk, whose Profusesess has brought him to the Necessity of being, as it were, a Parasite to his Wise, and partaking of

her

her Jointure? The most unhappy Wife can have

no Misery comparable to this.

In what is Manners and Religion the better for that Medium established by weak Prejudices, betwixt the Sanctity of Celibacy and the Utility of Marriage, but that the Condition of Husbands is become more dangerous, and that of Batchelors more convenient?

Can Manners have any Hope amidst such a Contempt of Marriage? The Sweets of Innocence will never pass upon the Senses for an Equivalent

to the conjugal Vexations.

Marriage, from a general Rule, is on the Eve of growing into an Exception; but the less it is esteemed, the more unfaithful Husbands will there be

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Marrying a rich Wife is often like buying a Parcel of Land for an Income; the Purchaser, at first, goes to it and views it, without ever intending it for his constant Residence; he receives the Rent, whilst the Farmer occupies the Land; as the Gallant does the Wife.

Expect hard Terms from the Parents of a Girl with whom you are smitten; you must be born under the most lucky Planet if it prove otherwise: Love! What Weakness does that imply! And how many are ready to take Advantage of

our Weaknesses!

Sichem is dying for Dinah; and Hemor, in his Fondness for his Son Sichem, willing to do any thing for his Satisfaction, delivers up himself and his Kingdom into the Hands of the insidious and vindictive Sons of Jacob. Here, destructive Love I perceive thee! And if parental Tenderness seems much injured; yet when carried to a faulty Indulgence, it justly proves its own Chastisement; and thus Hemor, having probably countenanced Sichem

Sichem in former Excesses, may be said to have

drawn this Disaster upon himself\*.

Such open Violence is no more in Use; it is no longer Sword in Hand that such Affairs are decided; but peaceably at a Notary's, and by a Contract, but in which some ambiguous Clauses are foisted; and thus both Father and Son-in-law

are clandestinely destroyed.

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Every one, though perhaps not very wifely, cries up the Goodness of his own Temper, his Sincerity, how true he is to what he once professes; and all this, either because he knows there's nothing in it, or what is much the same, if there is no body perceives it: No one ever took it into his Head to fay he had fine Eyes, a white Hand, a well-turn'd Leg; because, though all these are what we sufficiently pride ourselves in, yet they are so obvious any body may prove him a Liar.

Whether the Persons we hate are better or worse disposed to us than those we love, is a Problem which is still without a Solution.

Jealoufy adheres to the Heart as Ruft to Iron: Amidst all our Designs and Disavowals of it, any little Occasion detects it: We forgive; that is,

till there's an Opportunity for Revenge.

Bathsheba, Solomon's Mother, had done every thing for this dear Son of her's; it was by her Arts that David was drawn in to promise him to be his Successor in the Throne, preferably to some of his elder Children. Adonijah, concluding from the King's extreme old Age that he could not live long, fet himself up for King, and feasted his Party. Bathsheba watching every Moment against her favourite Point, sent the Prophet to inform David of the Insurrection, and upon Solomun's being proclaimed King, Adonijah's Party dispersed:

<sup>\*</sup> Gen. xxxiv.

dispersed: After David's Demise, Solomon having peaceably ascended the Throne, Adonijah desired Bathsheba to move the King, that he would confent to his marrying Abifbag, the fair Shumanin, whom he loved. Solomon, instead of granting this, mindful of his former Competition, laid hold of this indifcrete, and possibly defigning Step of his Brother, to take him off.

Foppery is a Coat only for Fools; it is cut out from their Measure, and, if it becomes any, is themselves.

Company is often peftered with Blockheads, who hammer out a dull Tale, and make it work by their Manner; without Stile, Judgment or Spirit, these shallow Creatures conceit they are fomething very clever, but left they should pass without a Laugh, they themselves fall a laughing till they shed Tears, then stare at you to look if you do the fame; but what need of that, when they themselves laugh for the whole Company?

Women are faid to refine the Tafte; frivolous Pretence for being led by them! they manifestly introduce a new Corruption of Manners. It was through an Emulation to please them, that Men began to affect the Ornaments of Dres; and from that Time, the Attention to please by Fashions, superseded all Care to please by Accom-

plishments.

diffuerfiel:

Every Thing is adapted to the female Talle; nothing takes but the Light and Frivolous. Does not Affectation run thro' the whole Deportment; and what are our Conversations but Pride and Vapouring? our lieleris mid.

How strangely contradictory are Mens Judgments! in female Affairs, unless you are really 2

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Probit often We judge superficially, in preferring austere Probity to an easy Sprightliness; our Choice is too

often mifled by Appearances.

Men are like Diamonds; hard, and to be polished only by one another. The Philosopher, who places Virtue in a Contempt of Honours, is very far from being the Man he fancies himself; and will never be the Man he would.

We fee a good Man rough, surly, and untractable; he has so many Oddities, that we overlook all the Advantages of his Acquaintance; and link ourselves to another, who often conceals a bad Heart under an exterior, which we could wish to have found in the former.

The covetous Man is the nearest to, and the farthest from Wisdom. Deplorable indeed is the Condition of him, who has not still something to

give, tho' it were but a Glass of Water.

What did that Man, whose Tongue has been going these three Quarters of an Hour, say to you? What do you remember of all his Babble? Why, it is answered, would you have him mute? Thus is there a Licence for Talkers and Coxcombs.

He who fays, that Man does not know himself, must never have observed how careful and circum-

fpect he is to disguise himself.

Let who will hire one of those magnificent Houses, half of which must be lest unsurnished. \*Olenus will have none of them; he finds his Diversions run away with his hundred thousand Livres a Year without furnishing Houses; besides, he is for Privacy, and quarters himself at the fag End of the Town; where he is ruining himself in Hugger-mugger with three or sour common Women, whilst no Body is suspecting any thing of the Matter.

<sup>\*</sup> Duke d'Olonne,

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I had heard, but would never give any Credit to it; and indeed is it credible, that any Perfors should be so void of Sense, as to go in the Dead of the Night to a Cross-way, to have a little Discourse with the Devil! and what is still more strange, to pay a monstrous Price for only a Word or two with his infernal Majesty? But I am asked, what could they want with him? Money, to be sure; no body goes to him about any thing else. Why, Neolan, was you in want of any? Ah, and greatly too. Why then did you squander away your hundred Pistoles?

Away, unhappy Alphonso, the Mistake is as much as your Life's worth; your enraged Pursuer is at your Heels; over the Wall at once, still it won't do; cross the Seas, and post away to the World's End; your Life, as I told you is at stake, what are you to him, in Companion of the

Hen you have killed?

What infernal Flames have seized you? is it Frenzy or Jealousy; is it Love or Play? wretched S—— S——, could you ever deserve a Punish-

ment of this Kind?

Every one tells you Ceremony is his Aversion, and lays the Blame on Custom. Is there not some Mistake here? To be ceremonious may be our Aversion; we are then forward and free, and perhaps it sits well enough upon us; but how sel-

dom do we like this in other People?

Various are the Expedients of Politeness, that it may not be bestowed for nothing. Great Dissiculty is made at leaving the Room about being waited on; the Master of the House on his Side, insist upon seeing his Friend to the Door; but the Vistant forces him back, and they separate. The Master is quickly after him, and finding him still upon the Stairs, persists in his Complaisance to him;

him; this should seem enough in all Conscience:
O no, that his Labour may not be without a Return, he takes his Leave half way down the Stairs;
but the other turns back, shoves him up again into
his Room, and must lock him in too, if he would
avoid a Repetition.

To be short-sighted is fashionable; every one is for having an Excuse at Hand for Unpoliteness or Self-love, when they happen to be caught in

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A rich old Uncle, from whom something is expected, is seen a Mile off; whilst a Brother, under Difficulties, or where nothing is to be hoped for, may pass by unobserved; or should we be so clear sighted as to see him at a Distance, there's the Conveniency of Cross-Streets.

He has a tender Heart: Don't imagine this to be faid of a King, a Father, or a Husband; 'tis meant of one who has it to a Fault, who has too

much of what others have too little.

We say to the most indifferent Person, "I shall use you as a Friend, I have only Soup for Dinner"; but how should we ourselves like such friendly Treatment?

Many, who within their own Doors, commend a fimple Way of living, and are for the cheapest Estables, leave their Philosophy in the Cupboard

when they go Abroad?

The Sight of a Man, and he a worthy one too, shall frighten another good Man, by Night in the Street, and by Day in a Wood; whilst two Wolves shall express a kind of Joy at meeting. Is it not a Disgrace to Society to be ever on the Mistrust, to use Dissimulation as a necessary Guard? How long shall that injurious Maxim prevail, and that in the Centre of the polite World? I shudder only at the Theory of it. Believe, it is seen in large

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large Characters, all Men bonest, but live with aben as so many Rogues. What a Brand on Mankind, that this should not be a Paradox! yet when was it such?

The good Man thinks himself obliged to all who do good, and loves without knowing them.

You are for bringing all your Relations and Friends to take you for their Model; but it is no easy Matter; a shorter Way to an Agreement, is for you to come over to their Sentiments; but this, though indeed the shortest, is far from being the easiest.

God having introduced us into the Benefits of Society, it is Churlishness towards him to toss and spurn at its Inconveniencies.

I have known more Men forgive Injuries than

properly acknowledge Kindnesses.

The Benefactor commences a Suit with the Perfon obliged; in which the latter, being both Judge and Party, tho' the Grounds of it are incontestable, if there be a Fault in the Form, the Benefactor is cast without Appeal.

The Queen of Acknowledgments would be from a Benefactor to a Person who had put him in a way of doing Good; but her Reign is not of

this World.

I fee only one Happiness beyond standing in need of no Body, which is that of doing good to every Body.

Doing a Kindness, like Virtue, is its own Re-

ward.

Some Friends are so hasty in making use of the good Nature of others, and put it to such unreasonable Trials, that what they should wonder at,
is not that there was none left the next Day, but
that it could hold out the Day before.

the Theory of the Borrey, it is the

Table-Friendships appear to me no very bad Contrivances; they are contracted without any Trouble, amidst Freedom and Mirth, Dishes serving instead of Accomplishments, and Bottles supplying the Places of moral Virtues. Is not this a rare Expedient? What a Reciprocation in this kind of Friendship, who can go beyond Martialo?

To rise above a rancorous Sense of Injuries, and to pardon them, have always been accounted the Properties of an exalted Soul; What then can be thought of him who insists upon Revenge? who is for drenching his Sword in his Friend's Blood? It is decided: If it is Greatness to forgive, Re-

venge is mean.

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\*Lenor is confined to his Bed, equally unable to attend Business or follow Pleasure; an excruciating Gout has laid an Embargo on him, that he cannot visit † Elamira, whom he still loves amidst all his Torture: But the Way to hear from her! and who will run every Day to inform his Charmer of the ill State of his Health, which gives her such Uneasiness! This Task their common Friend † Vollery freely takes upon himself; and whom could Lenor better trust with his Mistress! or where find a more acceptable Messenger? Elamira is too sensibly taken with him, any longer to afflict herself about Lenor's Gout.

The oddity of the World! There's a Kind of Shame in accepting when we are in Want; and to refuse when we are above Necessity, is Rude-

ness.

The little Sallets of the Capuchins have given violent Colics to some Collaterals.

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<sup>\*</sup> Prince Charles. + Mad. de Courcillon,

1 Duke de Villeroy.

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I fee fome Celibatarians by calling, but furely

they have found Means to get a Dispensation.

A raw and unexperienced Smuggler enters small Parcels of Goods, and pays the Duty, in order to run confiderable Quantities with the greater Confidence. It is a Practice to trust People with trifling Secrets, to be excused from the more conlequential.

Eyes and Ears fometimes add to our Misfortunes, then what can be worfe than a Tongue!

The Mendicant Brother, who is a Mafter of his Bufinefs, is as good to a Convent of Capuchines, as the best Farm of the Benedictins; no Mildew, Frost, or Hail can hurt him.

Some are continually exclaiming with the most passionate Vehemence against Women; I am in-

clined to suspect 'tis only from Revenge.

It is not fo much to his Talents or Reputation, that the most famous Preacher sometimes owes his Audience, as to the Situation of his Church; or the Fancy of some People, that they may there fee and be feen more than any where elfe. The Idleness and Vanity of Women, and the filly Custom of Men, in dancing every where after them, are often the chief Supports of the Jefuit's Character.

No better Judge of the Eloquence of a Preacher, or the Music of a Salut, than the Charwoman; and very good Reason, it being in her Way to know to a Livre, a Sol, or a Denier, what both are worth.

There is Fashion in every Thing, even in public Worship; a Set of Hymns, Pfalms and Anthems had been used in a Diocese Time out of Mind; but now comes a Bishop who must have every Thing new; new Pfalms, new Hymns, and new Anthems. The People must provide themlelves with new Doxologies, or be like to many Mutes at the Office. What! shall Caprice or Fashion intrude themselves into the Worship of God? Surely it would be wrong to think to; Why then these Innovations? This his Lord-

hip's Printer can best answer.

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In the spiritual Director ship, next to being Master of the Womens Secrets, the most dainty Bit is
to have both the Title and Office of Almoner. To
have the Purses at Command, to be accounted a
Saint by those who are relieved, to purchase Veneration with another's Substance; the Hands of
some People are a strange Conveyance of Liberalities; they are like a Labyrinth, where many a
one loses his Way, so as never to be heard of
again.

Brother \* Cofmo will only learn how to bleed; he can already make Broth, and give a Glyster; so his Salvation is secure. As for the Scriptures, Fathers, and Councils, he has heard of them; but no Body shall persuade him that it is his Duty to study them, and that a Christian cannot be too well versed in them; there is no beating into him the Value of religious Literature. He has made a Vow against every such Thing: Being then illiterate by Vow and Profession, would you have him take Pains to be otherwise? He is so, and will be so; therefore no more of it.

Brother + Ignatius's only Vow seems to be to know every Thing; and if ever Vow was fulfilled, 'tis his. After going thro' profane and sacred History, he took in Hand the Civil and Canon Law, then dived into the bottomless Gulph of Controverses; he has read every Thing, nothing has escaped his Researches; and, as if all this was not enough, he

<sup>\*</sup> The Brethren de la Charité.

<sup>+</sup> Father Griffet or Buffier, Jesuits.

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attends the Great, and endeavours to worm him-felf into their Favour: What will all this Learning fignify among them? Nothing; he knows it well. But then he is also an Adept in Family Concerns. Are Waiting-maids, Nurses, Midwives wanting! He can provide them, and upon Occasion supply their Place: He pries into every Thing; and directs all from the Garret to the Cellar: He tastes Wines, Pickles, and Sauces: This is sine Veal; that Mutton is not eatable! Kitchen, Stable, Apartment, every Thing comes under his Cognizance: He is Steward, Valet, Gentleman of the Horse, Farrier, every Thing to get a Step higher.

Some Sermons require an immediate Confuta-

ceived from them.

Do Colours imply Privileges? Are certain Hats like Green Caps, a Discharge of all Debts?

It is advanced in favour of large Hats, that they are becoming; but that does not always hold; fome Heads are small; on which large Hats make so disproportionate a Figure, that they ought to be

reduced at least to the common Size. This is taken

I am hurt when I happen to go into a Country Church and see the Roof broke, the Walls full of Clefts, and Puddles of Rain near the Altar. Such a neglect of the House of God throws me into a melancholy Amazement; but this Passion is something abated, upon being informed that the great Tythes belong to the Bishop.

Stand up for your Right, \* Theocritus, you are in Orders, and that intitles you to the Living; fue for it, whilst you have Breath in your Body. If any Thing has been intrusted with you, never give it up, stand Trial first. There is no need of such Advice; you will be sure to die in Law, and be as much

\* Curate de St. Jean.

much for it whereever you go after Death; and if you there find none, you will be for existing again in this World where there is too much.

All Masters in their respective Kinds, seem to overflow with the Sciences which they profes; the Teachers of Languages, and I don't mean the arrant Pedants, emit from time to time some Sparks which clearly indicate their Vocation. Whatever comes under the Naturalist's Eye, he is fure to expatiate on from his Principles. The Geometrician and Geographer are feldom at a Loss for Objects on which to declare themselves. Teliote quavers at the Altar, and Tavillier cuts Capers in the great Walk at the Thuilleries. None more addicted to this Parade than the Politician; two Professions however there are, which do not appear to place any great Value on their Principles. Tis very ill, but no Bolusses or Juleps for him. The Jesuit and Capuchin say abundance of fine Things in the Pulpit, but act otherwise. In the Physician it may be Prudence; it certainly is so; but the Preacher feems wholly without Excuse.

If Residence can be brought about only by the Influence of Court Devotion, there's but little Hopes of seeing any such Thing in our Days.

Make Hay while the Sun shines, Philotetes, never slick at a Treachery which carries its own Reward. Pursue your Scheme, and sell your Fraternity; let them disown you. You have made a Duke of your Name already; now crown all by making yourself a Cardinal.

\*Balance, Cession, Interest; Words which had better never have been known, or at most among trading People, are now in the Mouths of the Nobility and Gentry, the illustrious Prelates, and

the mortified Communities.

L 4 Seifures,

<sup>\*</sup> Canons de St. Croix de la Bretonerie.

Seizures, Banishments, Prisons wont's prevail. Menaces and Careffes are equally difregarded. It feems as if nothing under great Rewards, or fevere Tortures, ought to overcome the Mind. Perfecution is discontinued, and now all the Baits of Interest and Self-love being removed, Schism Submits. Was its Opposition right? Is its Conformity right? That would be owning, that there was a Time when one of them was in the Wrong. Is it Humour? These Conversions may at least go under the Predicament of Folly.

To fall upon the Infurgents with Fire and Sword, to make use of Tortures against them, is to increase them, and put the Victory into their Hands. To fet Interest against them, to leave no Reflources for Self-love, would effectually con-

vince, reduce, and extinguish them.

That Reprifals are made upon Enemies, that two Armies strive to kill, burn and destroy, is no Wonder: But that a \* Prelate and a respectable Body of Men should quarrel about Women, and that these irreconcileable Parties should be Christians and Countrymen, who would believe it but the Prince? and he finds himself obliged to use his Power, and threaten them into a more orderly Behaviour.

Whether + Pancratius most fears the Churchwarden who has a Demand upon him, or the Appearance of a Cat, is a Doubt; fo far is known, he thuns the former, and faints away at the Sight

of the latter.

I could defire to be informed how far the Vow of Poverty reaches? Do Annuities and Portions come within it, or are they excluded? No Body would think fo. Do

Archbp. and Parliam. of Paris.

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<sup>+</sup> Curate de St. Nicolas des Champs.

Do you observe a Priest, a disguised Sharper, or some Dealer? Go up to him, he's waiting for you; any Thing to change or sell; nothing comes amiss to him; old Gold and Silver Lace, right; produce. What's there? 'Tis a Diamond, and a true one. \*Tanguel, be careful how you set up for a Jeweller; you'll burn your Fingers: But suppose you should, who will you hurt by it?

What is your Business with + Patelin? To lodge a good Sum with him, as a private Provision for your Bastard. You may give it him; mind me, I say, give it him; for he will be sure to keep it.

† Philagon, your Reputation is lost; the Enemy has taken the Field, and you are not allowed to go against them. How will you be thought a better Man than § Hyacinthus, who is still scandalously loitering here? Post away to the Camp, or there is no saving your Character. Hold, there is yet one Way: Squeeze a Physician by the Hand, and he will order you to go and drink the Waters.

Nothing more than Opportunity, Time and Station often makes the Difference betwixt a Hero

and a Villain.

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Tell me, Bibulus, how will you manage yourfelf with the Baroness | Candida, who left the Innocence of the Country for the Service of all the
Staff-Officers of a Regiment, and fared accordingly? Besides you know she is a Widow to most
of those who perished in the Parthian Expedition.
Will you consent to a second Partnership in her
with the joyous Prelate, whom she still loves as
her Papa? What will you do with her, you who
have the Choice to hire or buy so many blooming
Anti-vestals? Take my Advice, and keep her, for

<sup>\*</sup> Curate de St. Sulpice. † Curate de St. Nicolas.

† Duke de Biron. § Bernage, privot des Merchands.

La Baronne Blanche de Castile,

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you are fure of never being able to get fuch another.

Does not the Law, which forbids taking another Person's Substance, reach to Robbery, Thest and Oppression? Do not the fraudulent Debtor, the Usurer, the Attorney who draws double Writings, the Counsellor who sells his Client, the Judge who accepts of Presents, and he who makes them to carry an unjust Cause, do not these Wretches come under it? If this Law extends to all Kinds of Wrong, what must be said of Costs and Damages?

To form a Code, to provide one's Country with wife Laws after having protected it by Courage and Capacity, to put the People in a Condition of enjoying all the Bleffings of Peace, nothing can be greater than procuring it by honourable Means, without Treachery, Bribery, or any

base Devices.

There is but one Sort of People who may be faid to be above the Lawgiver; they who willingly

observe the Laws.

Some People in every Respect resemble Infects; in Birth, Rank, and Employment; in their Disappearance too, the Comparison still holds good; and what completes it is, that in three Days they are no more talked of than an Insect of last Summer.

Chrysolater invites me to an Entertainment; the high-seasoned Ragouts begin to want a Dilution. Honest Friend, says I, whispering one of the Servants, Favour me with a Glass of Water; but the 'Squire watches every Opportunity of gratify-fying his Vanity. Slap,—open slies an immense Beauset; four Rows of Shelves, loaded with Plate of all Sorts, Cups, Mugs, Salvers, Turreens, Bowls, in short I forgot my Thirst, in an

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Apprehension left the Shelves should give way 5 no Goldsmith's Shop so furnished; and is all this Glitter put out of Order only to serve me in more Splendor? But in the mean Time the painful Senfation returns, and I am dying with Thirst: Can it be doubted that I shall soon be relieved? Alas: Chrysolater must shew his Silver Cisterns, and my Glass of Water is to be cooled. For God's Sake, Chrysolater, less Oftentation and more Humanity, more Manners; what fignifies feeing to my Thirst; I must drink,—give me any Water, and in any This is not all; when he perceives I am for going, he gripes me, and away am I lugged to his Closet; where opening a huge strong Box, his Servants are ordered to take out a Number of Bags, of which he reads the Labels with a Stentorean Voice, then chuses five or fix, which he deafens one in telling over, and leaves them piled up on his Desk. Every Day is with him Pay-day. Sometimes he is buying an Estate; then he has Money to return, and all told out in Silver. The Patience of a Saint would tire with all this, yet his Vanity has further Occasion for me; unlocking a large Cupboard, which he leaves open, out comes the Bags of Gold, and emptied on the Table; then his Fingers are plunged among the Heaps, to separate the Single and Double Louis: Half a Louis is wanting to make up a Sum, which he pretends must be in readiness against the next Day; for this fingle Half Louis another Bag is taken out, and emptied, tho' they lay by Dozens at the Top; at last, wearied out with the nauseous Ostentation, I steal away, and leave him to discuss his Receipts and Payments by himself. The same Chryfolater, when he gives a Halfpenny to a Beggar at a Church Door, pulls out a Handful of Gold; puts that up, and draws out more to find the Copper,

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which he knows he has plenty of in his Waistcoa Pocket. If he comes where the Conversation is upon Lottery Tickets, or the Price of Stocks, this is his favourite Theme, and no Body understands Is what he fays called in Question? Out comes Scrolls of Paper, which he throws among the Company; fee if I lie, fays he. If he happens to hear, any Complaints of the superfluous Expences in Weddings, that, interrupts Chryfelater, no Body has felt more than myfelf; then gives a Detail even to the Cook's and Wine Merchant's Bills, of the monstrous Expence he was at in marrying his Daughter; but, concludes he, it could not in Honour be otherwise: From these Complaints the Conversation shifts to the Bride's Portion, the Marriage Contract and the Jointure. My Daughters, cries the arrogant Coxcomb, were better jointured; but then adds, as loud as he can well fpeak, I gave them too much; 'tis fo, I'll affure you; there are the Contracts, dispute them who will. Is there a Report of reducing Annuities, he storms, sends the Ministry to Hell; he's ruined, the best Part of his Substance is in Annuities, and produces his Vouchers. A Relation tells him that he has lately bought a confiderable Estate; So have I: There is a very handsome Seat upon it, fays the Relation: Mine, answers he, is in the Midft of a Park, with Canals, Water-works, and Cascades: I have fine well-stock'd Fish-ponds and Woods, adds the Relation, with Plenty of Deer and Hare: Then the Vaffallage of my Manor is very confiderable; 'tis just fo with mine, continues he: And if his Relation's Seat has Battlements, his, to be fure, has Turrets: There's no offering to question it; he'll be for shewing you his Seat, Park, Forests and Vassals; for, knowing him as I do

do, I am fure he has them ready in his Pocket to

corroborate his Vanity.

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That whole Provinces should be as it were condemned, by Way of Punishment, to eat Salt, when the general Distress leaves the Reople no Means for turning it to any use, would, without the Taxmen, appear the greatest of Paradoxes.

Old Men are often feen to differ from Children,

in nothing but different Kinds of Play-things.

The Day, when Leisure allows us Freedom of Thought and Action for the worthy Purposes of Life, is accounted dull and melancholly; so he, over whose Head scores of Years have passed, is looked upon as happy; and the more so, if his Life has been passed in thoughtless Festivity.

Composedly to wish for a sudden Death, argues that all, we fear in Death is the Pain of dying; and that as to the other Circumstances we are perfectly easy. As to Suicide, I pass it over; to what

purpose talk of Madmen?

The langer we live, the more desirous we are of living: The sick Man of a hundred Years old, is like him of twenty; a Recovery, and ten Years more Life, is what they are equally follicitous about.

It is at the Point of Death that the most puzzling

Riddle is put.

The Dread of Death makes the Physician's Fortune. Who dares refuse any thing to a Man, who is accounted to have the Keys of Life and Death? Even the Priest himself has not Admittance till the other withdraws. Whatever one may believe of Paradise, 'tis Life which is wanted; and Death is more dreaded than Hell.

There is a Mistake in our Ideas of Physicians and Confessors; the former are sent for, admitted to the Bed-side, and chearfully received; the latter

we are almost afraid to mention, their Appearance carries a dismal Presage with it, and so the Terror of it is spared till the last Extremity.

The best Friend, in the Road to Death, bears us Company no farther than a certain Point; not one is to be found who will go thro' with us: A Step or two, more or less, and farewell; and 'tis

often without any Heart-breaking.

The great Man weakens gradually as he draws near his End; the several Things which set him so high above others drop off by Degrees; his Spirits stag; Fears, Remorses, Shiverings and Disquietudes seize him; his Firmness staggers; he is not the same Man; and at this critical juncture, the Soul of the General, Minister and Monarch sink to a Level with that of the Plowman, the Thresher and the Vine-dresser; there's no visible Difference then betwixt Florus and Hobbinol.

How illusory is the Hope of Fame! Multitudes of great Men would be enveloped in the most filent Forgetfulness, did not some old Banners keep

up an obscure Remembrance of them.

They are gone, those wealthy Men are now no more; vanished is all their Glory, like a Fog dissipated by the Beams of the rising Sun: all their Remains are contained in some Bills at the Corners of the Streets.

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## LESSON XIV.

Of Ecclesiastics.

THE present Subject, it must be confessed, is none of the least difficult; what can be more dangerous than to expose the Licentiousness of these Men? yet would it be pusillanimous to connive at their Behaviour, and give it a false Varnish: Pusillanimous did I say? it is shameful, it is wicked to conceal Vices of such Consequence to Society; to stifle the Crimes of Malesactors, is to be their Accomplice.

They who penetrated with a Sense of the sacred Character, and attentive to its important Duties, shine amidst the general Depravation, in an irreproachable Sanctity of Manners, I esteem, I honour, I venerate, I compare them to those Stars, which in the Darkness of a calm Night, from their immense Distance, gleam even to the Earth; there's no beholding their Radiancy without Admiration-

As for the Multitude who make a Trade of their Calling, and in themselves debase its Dignity, I openly declare against them; I hate their Vices, with all the Reserve which, as Christians, they can require of me; but, am I told to respect their Persons, on account of their Character? my Answer is, must I respect them more than they do themselves; however, if I lash their Vices, no one shall exceed me in a prosound Veneration for the divine Character.

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My Sincerity, I am sensible, will not procure me the more favourable. Treatment; it will rather be accounted an Aggravation of my Infolence: Insolence, and even Impiety I shall be charged with, it being the constant Practice of Hypocrites, to connect Religion with themselves, and to alledge that God is wounded through their Sides; should any one only fay, is it decent in Athamas, to pay his nightly Visits to Julia, and steal the Affections of Ladies from honourable Lovers? this Questionist is immediately a Heretic, a profine Fellow without a grain of Religion in him; then what must I expect, should I venture to fay that \*Aristophanes, a Prelate who owes a Pattern of Piety to above thirty thousand Souls, has given a Picture of himself to + Albina, the Prostitute of all the Military Rakes about Town, who scruples not being of Parties with abandoned Wretches; what would Be faid of me, should I add, that opposite to Albina's lewd Bed, hangs Aristophanes in his Rochet, and the golden Cross on his Breast; I have been told the Picture keeps the Original's Place, on Account of the great Refort. What can be bad enough for prefuming to declare fuch a Truth? Why Aristophanes will give out that all Hell has not fuch another Atheist:

In answer to his charitable Invective; I affirm that I adore God in the Truth of Christianity; I own the Catholic Church as established by Jesus Christ; the Religion which Paul and Peter preached, is mine; this is my Confession of Faith; and in this Armour I set up the Standard against the scandalous Practices of the Ecclesiastics.

From the following Passage, one would think, St. Chrysostome saw into our Times: "When the People are given up to all kinds of Debauchery,

Bp. of Montheliard. + Baronne Blanche.

look for the Source of it among the Priestheod, it is too certain there must be some Defect among them;" had he lived among us, could his De-

scription have been more resembled?

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What can I make of my Son, fays Afforgus, he's hump-back'd and splay-sooted; he stammers too and squints; Why, an Abbot, to be sure, says a Friend, you don't want Interest: Thus the inward Calling of Astargus's Son is his Deformity; and since by the World he will be only scorned and

ridiculed, he is dedicated to God.

In a numerous Family, as the eldest must uphold the Credit of it, he has Estates, Seats, Employments and all, whilst the second Brother, with his Pittance of a Portion, would be put to fuch Shifts, that some of his Brother's Servante make a better Appearance: This is scandalous, and must be falved fome way or other; to he's allotted for the Church, with the Hopes of a Mittre in ten But there's the poor third Son Mill unprovided for, and for him there's the Convent, where by good Friends, no doubt, he will mend his Condition. But what Convent will be best? A Royal Abbey to be fure; and a few Years, by the Grace of God, will see him at the Head of it: Here's another Call as hopeful as the former.

Is Faith an usual Motive in Parents sacrificing their Children! Is it by Precept from God? How many Isaacs are led to Mount Meriah, without knowing why or wherefore? They may look about long enough for a Victim; it is no other than themselves. Their own Fathers blindfold them, and hind them on the Pile; and so bent are they on the Sacrifice, that an Angel from Heaven

could scarcely withold them.

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\* Philo has an old Uncle, the Incumbent of a fat Benefice, of which he has also the Resignation. Shall I, fays Philo, let it go out of the Family? No, certainly I will fecure it to my Nephew. Immediately there's my Strippling tonfurated, and a Band about his Neck. Is ten Years an Age for fuch a grave important Function? Besides, the · little Shaveling is waggish, wanton, and heady, cut out from Top to Toe for the World. No Matter, an Abbot he must be; and the old Incumbent dying, the Nephew, at twelve Years old, is Rector of a Parish, with Cure of Souls: A Dispensation is obtained, and some Capuchin or Curate does the Duty for a hundred Crowns. The young Prior's Father is his Steward of Course, and, to be fure, without Account. The Spark has now been some Years at School, and begins to disclose his Temper; his Inclinations, instead of mending, become-worse; for the Diffipation of the College shews him all the Extravagance of Passions; and if he has any Spirit, it is to be feared it will carry him beyond the bare Theory of them; if not, his Constitution and Liberty will put him upon knowing more: His Wantonness already is grown to Wickedness; his Unruliness hardens into Contradiction, and an untractable Obstinacy.

Nature, which is often too near our Heart, opens to him the Book of the World; he is struck with the Variety of its Customs, which are far from blunting the Keenness of his Desires after the Knowledge of Pleasures: Having a Sight of them, he is for diving into their Nature; and in this

<sup>\*</sup> Bp. of Soiffons.

this Science, a well disposed Youth quickly

makes confiderable Proficiency.

That he shall submit to Admonitions, or be checked by Religion, must not be expected. If he knows the Name of Virtue, it is as much as his Knowledge amounts to, and what is that since it is very seldom accompanied with any Knowledge of its Essence. A general Virtue has so many Branches, that Man, whose Pleasures allow him no Time for subdividing, often rejects the whole, to save the trouble of an Analysis.

The Deity is represented to him in a Light so disgraceful and absurd, that he is at a Loss how to form any Notion of him; he meets with some shining Passages in History, which shew him in a mere Man Qualities more excellent, than many of those which he has been told are divine Attri-

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With this multilated Idea of the Supreme Being, and a Head littered with some Fragments of Philosophy, he gives his Name into the Sorbonne for a Course of Divinity, and that he may go through it both with greater Credit and Conveniency, he enters himself into a Seminary for three Years. In this Recess, where he is to prepare himself for the arduous Function which has been provided for him; what is the Subject of his Prayers? Does he pray to God for the Gifts and Graces of his Holy Spirit, whereby he may prove a resplendent Luminary in his Church? Or does he attend at Chapel Hours, and think there is no fort of Occasion for private Devotion? Set times for Retirement and Meditation are indeed appointed him; but God has but a small Share of them.

In his Chamber he revolves within himself the Chaos of Darkness, which the Regents daily endeavour to throw in betwixt his Reason and his

Faith;

Faith; determining to extract Light out of it, he runs into worse Errors, and thinks he has a Glimple of something in the very Instant that he is only adding to the Mass of Errors which the forbonical Differtations interpose betwixt Heaven and Earth: Thus, at the Expiration of his three Years, he leaves the Seminary, a worse Infidel than if he had never gone beyond his Catechilm; the Preferment however must not be lost, and therefore upon a flight Examination, so far as a little Memory will help him out, he is ordained; thus my Gentleman rifes to an Abbot without any Pretence of an inward call, a Priest without Faith, in his Heart disclaiming Religion, and even doubting the Existence of a God; and with all these facking Circumstances he sets up Confessor, Preacher and Catechift

In their Addresses to God and even in his own House, some dare ask of him other Goods besides

himself

In such is the Vocation of too many Priests: In fome framilies it is known, that for these last hundred Years the Abbey has devolved from Uncle to Nephew; Benefices like Titles, are become Inheritances: as their Brothers are Counts and Marquisses, on the same Foundation are they Abbots. Out of my three Children, fays his Honeur, I shall confecrate one to God; and I fay, out of your three Children, you intend the Church shall support one of the most worthless. His Horses shall be gorged with the Substance of the Poor; the Revenue of a fat Parish, where a hundred Families want the Necessaries of Life, goes to the Abbot's Pack of Hounds, and enables him to keep a Choice of Mistresses.

What kind of Fire is this put into the Cenfer? Such as Self-love kindles, Ambition blows, and

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Hipocron grew tired of ten Years Parsonagehunting; as he thought himself not undeserving of Preferment, he constantly railed at all who obtained it; whenever he preached, the Pulpit rang with Declamations against the fastuous Luxury of the Prelates, the Emptiness of worldly Grandeurs; the Age was over-run with Selfishness, and Merit discountenanced; but at length, a comfortable Prebend has changed his Note.

It was indeed a most worthy Action in Clitheon to lay hold of a favourable Juncture for breaking off an adulterous Commerce which had been carried on for ten Years, to the great Offence of the Neighbourhood: It was nobly done, I own, it wanted but little of being a good Deed; with less Noise and Lostiness, and a little Prudence, it had been meritorious: Yes, but then it would have been known only to God; and possibly, it was not out of regard to God only, that Clitheon

went about it.

"It was in a private Apartment of David's Pa"lace, that the Prophet Nathan laid open to him
"all the Atrocity of his Crime, and denounced the
"Vengeance with which God would profecute the
"Murder of the worthy Uriah; but he faved
"Bathsheba the publick Defamation, and did
"not expose her to the Hootings of a rude Rabble,
"as the Preliminary to the Punishment her Adul"tery deserved."

Whither rufties that Troop of Missionaries? Is it a Zeal for God which animates their Steps? Have these facred Warriors listed themselves under the Banners of Religion; for wresting out of the rapacious Hands of Heresy, those Nations which

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were unhappily fallen under its Dominion! Oh! transporting Sight! every Heart opens itself wide to admit Catholicism; the Neophites appear in numberless Bodies, their Hearts now united by Faith, long for a Temple where their Prayers may unite also: The primitive Times revive, the Altars are crowded with new Converts, offering their whole Substance; not an Ananias or a Saphira to be found among them; nor is this the Age of Nero, the Decii and the Dioclesians. A great Prince forwards the glorious work by his Munificence, and condescends himself to lay the first Stone; rife, spacious Structure, stately Monument of Christian Liberality! rise in a Grandeur equal to thy large Foundation! Alas! admire the Foundations! for that is all you are like to have for your Money; there was, indeed, a Plan for a Temple, and a converting Scheme; but the Plan was all, unless you'ld include the Dishonesty of those, to whom the Collection was committed

To lay Foundations, confiding in the Probity of Men, may well be faid to be building Castles

in the Air.

How are the Children of Heli increased! "They knew not the Lord, their Behaviour to the People was not as became Priests; for when any Man offered Sacrifice, the Priest's Servant came whilst the Flesh was in seething, with a Flesh-Hook of three Teeth in his Hand, and he struck into the Kettle, and all that the Flesh-Hook brought up was for the Priest; so they used the Children of Israel, 'till Men were alienated from offering to the Lord—they even lay with the Women that assembled at the Door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation."

\* Theogenetes, an Actor, Buffoon, and Hypo-

Curate of St. Sulpice.

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crite, in whatever he has a Hand he is fure to give a Display of his primordial Profession; is it a Consecration, the Church is not only hung, but sull of Decorations. Girandoles, Branches, and even Garlands which have served at Balls, any Thing for Ornament; the Opera-Orchestra is hired; there is Pit, Boxes, and Gallery; it would be a perfect Play were Chasse or Poirier to perform there.

God was never known to dwell with Idols; where wordly Passions bear Sway, there is no Piety, no Love of God. "The Presence of the Lord makes itself known in all Places; what becomes of Dagon, the adored Idol, when the Ark is placed before him? he falls from his Altar; his insatuated Worshippers place him up again; but the next Day he is found broke to pieces on the Pavement of his Temple, and the idolatrous People were plagued with Sores and Distempers."

Triphesmus is at present not less vain of being series Director, than Florimon was three Years agoof being her Gallant; their Advantages have

been equal, Pride and Money.

The Church most truly is the Ark of the Covenant; this contained the Pot of Manna, the Tables of the Law and Aaron's Rod. What is it that first strikes the Candidate for Orders, is it the Tables of the Law, the Importance of explaining them to the People, and of making them the Rule of his own Conduct? No; he immediately grasps the Pot of Manna, a rich Living, a stately Abbey, or a valuable Bishoprick; there's precious Manna, and gathered without Labour or Vexation; and some will say it is the Gist of Divine Grace: No, say I, it is often obtained by the Depravation of Custom, or the Artifices of Corneption, and increases in Sleep. Delicious Bread!

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of which the Purchase is only a few Prayers, and most of these committed to a Chaplain, who is rewarded with a Crumb or two; nutritive Bread! various in its Taftes, and which procures every Pleasure : most excellent of all Bread: exquisite Bread! which all the World are for eating; old Men and Children, the Libertine and the Devotee. Priests and Monks, are scrambling for a Morsel, and fnatching it from one another, none of it comes to the true Owners; if any happens to be left, it goes to Families who are already glutted with it, or even to Dogs rather than they shall have any Share. Different has been Theophofus's Conduct; if he has fingered the Manna, he has not left the Tables of the Law in the Ark; but at the fame Time he did not forget to take out Aaroh's Rod. He has taken the Law not with any Intent himself to conform to it, but to urge it on others, and thereby make it one Prop of his Authority; and the Rod serves to inforce Obedience to him as to the Law; 'tis all in the Name of Heaven, that he gratifies his Love of Superiority. He glories in a Divine Zeal, of which himself is the Object, and rigorously revenges in the Name of God the least Failure in that Respect which he claims. He keeps a good Table; but his Assemblies and his House might become a Prince. If he preaches but once a Year, is not that enough for a Prelate? All he recommends is Temperance, the Improvement of Time, Humility and Submission to Superiors; whereas not long fince, Charity, the Duties of Superiors to Inferiors, Christian Condescension in Masters to those who are under them in the Lord, were the Theries which he used to urge with his most pathetic Energy. But now become a Mafter, Obedience is the Word. What

What a Pursuit after Church Possessions? there is no burying one's felf now in Deferts to avoid Benefices; there is no having too many; ready Money is paid for them; they are exchanged against Town and Country Houses; they are given as a Portion, and sometimes are even the Wages of They are got both by Law-Suits and Fighting, and carried as it were by Dint of Sword like a pillaged Town; 'tis indeed a War but a very scandalous one, where the opposite Parties are led on by Jealoufy, where Hatred, Slander, and Malevolence ferve the Batteries; the Action is over and the Benefice gained; Jubilate is fung by the whole Family, as every one is to have a Fellow-The Abbots first Care is to set up his feeling. Equipage, his Sifter may depend on a handsome Wedding-present, his Brother is promised a small Place, and the Poor must pay for all.

"A Levite lived with Micab, who had hired him to be his Priest, and some Men came to him and said, go with us and be to us a Father and a Priest. Is it better for thee to be a Priest unto the House of one Man, or that thou be a Priest unto a Tribe and Family in Israel? And the Priest's Heart was glad, and he took the Ephod and the Seraphim, and the graven Image, and went

away with them \*."

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Times seldom mend; most of our Levites are no better than this of Micab; a better Offer is a

Call which cancels all Obligations.

+ Onuphrus has for three Years done all that could be expected from a Man of the most unbiassed Zeal in support of his Doctrine; he was Proof against Banishment; Imprisonment could not bend him; he was the Apostle, the Guardian Mangel

\* Judg. xviii.

<sup>+</sup> Late Curate of St. Nicholas.

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Angel of his Party; he was Proof even against a Benefice of a thousand Crowns and great Expectations besides. His Friends grew prodigiously elevated at such Constancy, when a handsome Rectory convinced him of his Error and brought him to a Recantation; and would it not argue a Conceit, an Obstinacy near a-kin to Madness, to abide by one's Opinion, though on the most serious Points, in Contempt of twenty thousand Livres a Year? However true and indubitable they may appear, this would be Refractoriness almost without Example.

The Hearts of those Holy Persons whose Thoughts and Passions should be wholly devoted to God, are seen to be inflamed by Jealousy; or Ambition stirs them up to the most rancorous Feuds, into which the well-meaning People are also drawn; no Neutrality is allowed of, for Paul or for Cephas you must be. Ye Corabs, ye ambitious Dathans, ye seditious Abirams, must the Earth swallow you up to silence your Quarrels? is it nothing with you that you are all Servants of

the fame God ?

Who can without Indignation see that Fribble Celades, a Man only in Name, in a Cloak and Band, which he has taken upon him just as some mean Fellows get Commissions, and strut with their long Swords, but to be what their station requires is the least of their Thoughts; Bravery they have none; as careless is Celades about a Temper suitable to his Function; he is not devent, nor ever intends to be so. In the Morning he is as necessary a Piece of Furniture at a Lady's Toilette as her Looking-Glass, a pretty Toy which serves to while away a Quarter of an Hour; he is a Monkey, at whose Tricks and Grimaces there is

<sup>‡</sup> Jansenists and Molinists.

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no forbearing to laugh; he is a tame Kind of Animal admitted without Scandal, and who may fometimes entertain for a Minute or two. He is able to instruct Waiting-women; he can introduce new Fashions, and a lingle Word of his explodes a Head-dress or a Ribbon. No Man, says he, like Duchapt; for Topknots especially, there is not his Fellow. At an Affembly, he is by Profession the Buffoon of the whole Company; he is the Collector of News for half the goffining Meetings; he is the Register-Office of all the idle Smarts and Actresses; all the Frolicks of Court and City; all the Gallantries transacted in the commodious Recesses of the Play-House are the Subject of his indefatigable Enquiries; he is a complete Collection of the Stories of the Day; he is the only one to tell you how many thousand Guineas the easy English Lord spent on Elisa in one Winter. The World is obliged to him for knowing that Pontius has run away from four Benefices, with a pretty Nun, whom he has carried off to London, where he has married her; without him, who would have had the Pleasure of hearing that Acis, a Novice just fresh from College, has for these four Days been in Retirement on account of some Reciprocations of Kindness betwixt him and the affected old Aramintha, an Intimate of his Mother's, and who made the first Advances. There's not a House where Celades is not welcome, and who to conformable, fo ductile as this Eccletiaftic! the Company may wind him any Way; he is their Mark at which they may freely aim, without any fear of a Retort: He's a Fop Cap-a pee, steeled to all the Practices of that empty Character, and versed in all the Arts of Tenderness; sometimes mooth, gentle, and fawning, as a Fool in Love, and immediately flying out into the Bluster of M 2

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a thorough Rake. Celades is not to be trufted; if he has but Opportunity it is enough; and that he knows how to come at as well as any body.

Volpone has young Agnes under his Direction and has often discoursed to her on the Love of ou Neighbour; but the simple Creature imagines this reaches no further for her, than to drop a Half penny now and then to a Beggar; or to fave the Footman and Housemaid from being rattled. This is nothing to what Volpone meant, he was for carrying her a great Way further; and as she could not go of herself, he kindly affisted her Incapacity what with her Simplicity and his Craft, he lead her on to his Ends; Veneration produces or implies Confidence. He knows her Weakness, he Fears, her Wants; Agnes's Mind lies open to him he inflames her Heart, still innocent but ready to take Fire at his questioning her so particularly or Faults which are not fo much as known by Name to her. Under Pretence of Remonstrance he instills into her the Knowledge of Guilt; if in he Sleep the Fermentation of Juices has brought upon her any of those voluptuous Impressions which cause in us such sensible, yet involuntary Emo tions, from which waking scarce recovers us, h takes her Dream to Pieces, she must tell him the Beginning, Middle and End; the feveral Particular Jars over and over again; the Progress of he Sensations must be detailed; even the Sighs Postures, and Touches, a thousand Things which accompany and follow, without any mental Confent. A Dream without an Object! he must know every Thing; but as this is painful, and wha Pudicity can hardly be brought to, he takes Medium, and asks Agnes, what did you think What did you feel? Nothing, answers Agnes that I can give any Account of; a great many Thing which

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which I know nothing of. But how, replies Volnone! Was you so much Mistress of yourself, in those tumultuous Moments, not to indulge a Delight in those Motions which you know nothing of? and-but I am running into the Effrontery of the infamous Corrupter of the wretched Agnes; She leaves Volpone more knowing than ever, with a heated Imagination and a throbbing Heart: If any Scruple of Religion checks her vitiated Mind, this Obstacle is soon broke down by the Eloquence of her impious Teacher; he can turn the Holy Scripture to all his Ends, and especially with so easy a Pupil. Religion is a proper Restraint upon the People, as for Marriage 'tis but a civil Ceremony to prevent Confusion; Chastity the Virtue of a Simpleton, Modesty Want of Spirit, and Discretion Dulness, Adultery Fornication Incest itself; Stumbling-blocks only to the lowminded. If Agnes shews a Dread of publick Fame, a fine Story, fays he, indeed! what Fault has publick Fame to lay upon an Intimacy with a Church-Man? but here's besides an infallible Expedient; turn Devotee Agnes, reform—what? Your Drefs; Censure your Neighbours without Mercy. wonder at Mrs. This, hatch a Surmise against Lady That; make Faces methodically; have always the Practice of Piety in your Hand; and there can be no better Book for Volpone's edifying Visits. Ask the blooming Genia, ask that lovely Bride, or t'other pretty Widow, by whom they were feduced? Possibly they may hesitate, or answer but confusedly; however 'tis known to have been by an Abbot, a Director or a Monk. No Seduction. is so general, because by a strange Infatuation none are so safe from Suspicion.

Aaron himself requires from the Children of Israel their Jewels, the Ear-rings of their Wives M 3 and

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and Sons and Daughters; it's he who throws the into the melting Pot, and makes of them a golder Calf, to work upon the Superstition of the People and by a Herald appoints a Festival to the Idol He even offers Incense to it, and can bear to be present at their profane Rejoicings.—Mojes upon coming down from the Mount, where he had been talking to the Deity as to a Friend, ground the Object of their Idolatry to Powder, which he strewed upon the Water, and made the Children of Israel drink it.

We also have our *larons*, and the golden Calf is set up among us; Ear-rings, Jewels and Necklaces are not spared for the Enrichment thereof. Idolatry and Superstition abound with free will Offerings; the Priest himself, consecrated with the holy Oil, offers Incense to the Idol, and pay to it that Worship which is God's peculiar Right; but where's a zealous Moses to overthrow the Altar, the sacrilegious Work of a stupid Impiety; and at once to destroy the Idol, Priest and Wor.

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Is it the Cares, the Fatigues and Troubles requisite to bring about a tolerable Conversion among Ladies of Fashion, which raises that Emulation among the Tribe of Directors, to lay out for them, and to draw them from each other? What can I think of it, when their Gallants continue in Office, when I see them still at the Play, patched and painted as much as ever, and with not a Grain more Charity, or less Malice than before. I am forced, though it grieves my Heart, to conclude that 'tis Interest, Vanity, and Self-love which set the Bulk of Directors to work. Aaron has lest his Fellows behind him.

"Zimri has the Affurance, in the Sight of all the People, to lead into his Tent Cozbi, a Midianite Princes,

Princes, and there perpetrate his brutal Lust; Phineas in his noble Zeal for God, rose up from among the Congregation, and with a Javelin follows Zimri, and pierced both the Criminals through; and the Plague was stayed from the Children of Israel."

That among us are Zimri's and Cozbi's, Wretches of barefac'd Profligatenels, is notorious: our Sufferings also exceed those of the Ifraelites; but

where are we to find a Phineas!

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Calf ok-

of. 训 山 り Very seldom is it that a Man becomes converted; Directors soment the Contempt they are in, and warrant the most irreconcileable Disgust; a Penitent who comes to them must expect a sour Reception; and a good Reason there is for it, for whilst the honest Creature, in the Simplicity of his Heart is confessing only his own Faults, the Confessor looks upon him as a busy Fellow, coming to set before his Eyes, such as he himself has committed in the like Circumstances. The more Contrition, the less Comfort; the longer the Confession, the more impatient the Confessor; what next, what next? he thinks him tedious; the Reproaches of his Conscience, and the Struggle to keep them under, become insupportable.

That ever a Woman could be imposed on to such a Degree, as to give no less than twenty thou-fand Crowns for Passports to Paradise, is what will not be credited; and what I credit still less is, that there could be Priests so horridly impious, so execuably sacrilegious as to put them up to Sale in order to force a Trade: If Things be so, we may hope to see a Change opened, and Brokers job-

bing for the other World:

Is there any Report of a Restitution, all the Ferrets are immediately in Motion: The Good-Work-mongers, the public Almoners, the Charity-

<sup>\*</sup> Numb. xxv.

rity-Distributors, flock from all Parts to get it into their Hands; whoever have it, are mindful of themselves, and often divert a considerable Part of it to their own Necessities of all Kinds.

Your House Orators, ever gluttonous or dainty, know all the good Tables, where they may gratify their Sensuality; and at the same Time have the Face to talk of their Zeal for Religion; with a Point of relax Morality, lower'd to the Mode, they go at noon, to keep their Vigil-Fast with a wealthy Sinner, a Partizan, all whose oppressive Practices they artfully palliate, or indulgently remit; I should be far enough however from grudging them their voluptuous Cheer; I would say no Wine can be too good, no Dishes too costly for them, did they but every Year convert only one of those Gentlemen; but do they so much as ever think of it?

They who love Elbow-room, must not go to hear \*Theodas; his Church is always thronged, and where can any one who has a Tafte for Puns. Antithisi's, Humour and the Pathos in every Kind be better entertained? He is a surpliced Actor: In a first Advent or Lent Sermon, he expatiates in Praise of the Rector; at his Farewell Sermon the Crowd is insupportable, for that is to be the Masterpiece: Besides another Eulogium on the Rector, the Church Wardens are fet forth in the most exalted Strains; indeed he can't well do les, as there are a Brace of Hundreds for him: Theodas never fails of the Pleasure of being complimented on his out-doing all his Collegues; the true Meaning of which is no more than that he has out-lied them.

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<sup>\*</sup> Father de la Neufville.

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Have you ever heard Belologue + deliver a Paner gyric; it is no more than Patch-work artfully fet off, far-fetch'd Thoughts, flowery Style, romantic Turns, theatrical Geftures, endless Raillery on the Manners of the Times, a few Words on the Saint, and not one on God. He thines in Mary Magdalen's Sins; but omits her Repentance and Mortification. His little Hands play upon the Pulpit, or rather that their Delicace may be the better feen, are ftretched beyond the Cushion; his Lips screwed up to give an effeminate Tone to his Voice; he abounds in Exclamations, and has his fet Paules; but not so much to observe from the Countenances of his Hearers how much they are affected, but how they are diverted: Strip Belologue of his Rochet and Caffock, dress him up in a laced Suit, and give him a Part in a Play, and different as the Scene is, he will be exactly the same Person. He preaches out of Vanity, he lifps out his Doctrines, is a Narcissus to himself, adjusts his Hair to a Nicety, and displays in his Flourishes the Whiteness of his Hand; is not this a good Sortment, for an Actor? In what does Grandval exceed him? and if Belologue has too much of any Thing to make a Dangeville, you must own it is of Coxcombry.

Am I in the House of God, or at Thomassin's Farces? Such Gestures, such Grimaces! Why these Tears? What means this Laugh? Is it a Wager, or the Essay of some new Harlequin? What, and shall we have the Catch too? if he does not know the Words, he hits the Tune and humours it to Perfecton: What! because \* Momisphere has not yet begun Rope-dancing, and belongs not to the Dutch Company, nor lards his Sermons with

M 5 1 Ribaldry

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<sup>\*</sup> Father du Plessis.

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Ribaldry, must be be called a heavenly Preacher? must be reverenced as an apostolic Personage? the Italian Theatre is the best Place for him; he

would there eclipfe Mezetin.

A Monk arrives from the Country, he is followed; there is no Admittance for the Throng; the Chairs are all befooke the Evening before; hur after hearing him four Times, they have enough of him: To fpeak too often is fometimes an unhappy Miftake; the good Father, instead of preaching, only repeats his own Words, and so often that his Followers have him all by heart: no matter, he is invited to all the Pulpits in Town; however, he soon finds it best to return from whence he came; and home he goes, little pleased with a City, where his Glory was of so short a Duration. He is a fine Rose, which yet won't bear looking upon above twice.

ing to Nineveh as he had been ordered, he takes Shipping for Tarshish: The Deity raises a Storm to destroy the Vessel; the rebellious Prophet terrified at the Danger, which his Conscience told him was sevelled at himself, acknowledges his Guik, and the Mariners throw him over-board; but Providence directed a large Fish to receive him into its Belly, and cast him on the Shore. This miraculous Preservation brought him to better Thoughts; he hastened to Nineveh, where he delivered God's Menaces with such Authority, that the whole City was converted by his preach-

ing."

How many Ecclesiastics quietly repair to their Seats, or to those of others on frivolous Vists, when the Duties of their Function require them in otherPlaces? but do Distempers seem to float in the Air? and are they brought within Sight of the Grave?

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Grave? they then see the Extent, the Weight of their Duty, but no longer than the Danger lasts.

\* Hermanise aims at Sanctity, he already makes a Figure in the Appearances of it: No Olios, no Ragouts at his Table; he lives like his Servants; and for them he makes but little Provision for the Flesh, for they are generally at short Commons; their Backs fare much like to their Bellies, their Cloaths indeed will fcarce hang upon them; complain they must not, and why should they? is not their Master in the same Trim? So far is he above affecting the Reputation of a Wit, that whenever he puts two or three Sentences of his own into a Discourse, one of them is to thank God that he is neither full of himself, nor leans to his own Understanding : So little does he concern himfelf with the Buftle and Diffractions of the World, that he leaves all Bargains and Purchases to his Steward; it is he who curtails the Tradefmens Bills, and tricks them out of Receipts; he puts up with two fubstantial Benefices, whilst he is patiently waiting for a third: Such is his Aversion to any thing of a worldly Appearance, that he even foregoes the generous Pleafure of nominating to no less than ten Livings, now supplied by as many starving Mendicants, put in by a Delegate of his, who will never be hard-hearted enough to substitute others in the Room of these poor Fathers. mamife you are mistaken both in your Steward and Delegate; I know them perfectly, fay you; and I, Hermanise, know no less what you are; I draw your Picture from those who have your Confidence, who lead you by the Nose; Hermanise, you have neither Mercy nor Principle: Here you are a Papist, at London you would be for the Church of England; at Berlin a Lutheran; por would you fcruple feruple to declare yourself a Musulmon at Constantinople; a Character like yours is every where a Conformist, be the established Church what it will.

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How circumspect ought we to be! what Trials of Merit are necessary, before we admit Persons into our Familiarity! we are made responsible for their Behaviour, and they are the Originals from whence our own Pictures are often drawn!

\* Theomenes is bent like a Bow; his Legs are unable to bear his Weight; he is led about by two lusty Footmen; his Appetite vitiated, his Complexion cadaverous, his Voice scarce to be heard; his Body literally Skin and Bones: who would not think Theomenes had brought on these Infirmities by excessive Mortifications? alas! nothing was ever more notorious than his infamous Debauchery, Intemperance and Senfuality of all Kinds; these it is which have ruined his Conftitution; he would never have undertaken for the Service of God, or the Good of a departing Soul, a Quarter of what he daily did for fenfual Gratifications; 'twas impossible to comply with the Church Fasts, his Weakness would not permit him; but he has guttled away all his Appetite: Had he been called up on the utmost Exigency to rife in the Night, it would have been certain Death; yet has he spent a thousand Nights in the most profligate and scandalous Companies: Upon a Request to relieve a worthy Person in Distress, he would answer with a Shrug, that he had nothing to spare, when, at the same Time, belides the Income of two of the finest Benefices in the Kingdom, he was running himself over Head and Ears in debt, to maintain the Pride and Luxury of ten Women, who now go by their proper Names.

Woe to the idol Shepherd that leaveth the Flock : the Sword shall be upon his Arm, and upon his night Eye; his Arm shall be clean dried up, and

his right Eye shall be utterly darkened.

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Where's the Prieft, where the Prelate, who can challenge the noble Character given in Scripture of Samuel? he judged the Children of Ifrael to uprightly, that no Reproach lay against him : Where is fuch a one? Yes, there is one, and no more; to him it is applicable in all its Amplitude: + Phylotimus is the Man; Phylotimus, who refides in his Diocese; edifying it no less by his whole Life, than by his preaching; who laments, and thuns the Softness and Debauchery of the Capital, and the Glitter and Deceit of the Court? Beloved of God, extolled by Men, idolized by his Diocese, who in return to all the Tenderness of parental Affection, which he on all Occasions demonstrates, account him the best of Fathers. No Debts, no Suits, no State, no Vices; a Person of Rank by his Birth. and respectable by his Virtues; a good Priest, a real Christian, a Gentleman, and a Patriot; a Bishop, and a dutiful Subject; a Shepherd, not a Wolf. Behold in him a modern Samuel, but where is his Second? nere's no Hypocriff, ico

\* Zach, xi. + Bishop of Anxerre.

to brave it long en a fitte Bottoin. Devotion igay make its way to the ideates of some People; very unexpected Conventions no often wrought by Example and Reflection; but Courage is not an accountable Virtue; it is none of those Qualities which everyone by proper Endeaborn with it will never be Walter of it.; all the -Start and restection in the World will never soulbong

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## LESSON XV.

rest of the state is one, and no more

O F all Professions, the Call to that of the Military must be the most evident, and such as to be above all Suspicion; it must be felt.

The Ecclesiastic may deceive by a regular Exterior: it may gain him a high Character of Devotion without a Spark of Piety in his Heart; it were to be wilhed there were more Truth in Appearances: The Priest who performs his Office with Solemnity and Fervor, who mixes neither in the gay not ambitious World, and knows how a give a Turn to the Attention of those by whom he would not be narrowly observed, must be unfortunate if he is not looked upon as an Apolloic Man, when, in Reality, he's no more than a well masked Hypocrite.

There's no Hypocrify more difficult to support than that of a false Brave; the Coward is probed to the Bottom; Trials occur too often for him

to brave it long on a false Bottom.

Devotion may make its way to the Hearts of some People; very unexpected Conversions are often wrought by Example and Reslection; but Courage is not an acquirable Virtue; it is none of those Qualities which every one by proper Endeavours may implant in himself. He who is not born with it will never be Master of it; all the Thought and Reslection in the World will never produce

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t I produce a fettled Bravery. "Tis a Virtue of the

Heart and independent of the Ideas.

There's a Military School, and a commendable Foundation it is, where the Sons of deferving Parents are taught the Use of Arms, the Esponton Salute, the Management of the Horse, the Exercife, the Military Evolutions, those Branches of the Mathematicks which relate to War, the Art of Plans and Encampments, the Fineffes in taking Fortresses, and Rules for defending them; but what no Books can furnish, what is beyond the Skill of an Academy to teach, is Courage; and

Courage is the Soldier's effential Quality.

He who with the compleatest Knowledge of the Art of War has not a Soul above all Fear, is little better than the speculative Historian, who pitches a Camp in his Closet, who opens the Trenches at his Delk, forms an Army by his Fire-fide, storms a Counterscarp in his easy Chair, and gains Battles with a Stroke or two of his Pen. He's no more than a Coffee-House Newsmonger, who draws the Plan of a Battle with his Cane, forces an Intrenchment with a Turn of his Wrift, and drives the Confederates into the Scheld as eafily as in his Delineation he drives about the Sand on the Floor; both of them know the Meaning of the Words Ravelin, Redoubt, and covered Way; but he who is capable of Fear, has foon, enough of the terrible Operations of War. Thus before the Military Life is embraced, it is absolutely necessary to be ascertained of one's Disposition, to know the Heart throughly; to fay that it ought to be put to a previous Trial, is what I shall decline, as an Opinion whose Consequences might prove dan-I will therefore suppose a Person to have got such a Knowledge of himself, as to be sure that he shall not be daunted at Dangers; that on Ocea-

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that besides he has a well poised Judgment and a penetrating Foresight. Valuable as these Qualities are, the Constitution and Habit of the Body must also come into the account: Will they go through the Fatigues of the Trenches? Will they bear Thirst and Hunger, and lying on the hard Ground? It is no small Prudence which can suppress Anger, and as much Wisdom is required to distinguish betwint a real Affront and what is only apparently so. What Condescension and Mildness, what Probity and good Sense are requisite to gain Friends in the Army? and to keep them is a Point of no less Nicety.

The Art of War is the general Art of the Great; perhaps because 'tis the Art which Princes most countenance and encourage; 'tis the Road to high Preferment; its Distinctions are splendid; its Rewards noble; its Hazards, its Successes, its very Missortunes are attended with Glory. If its Dangers are great and sudden, so are also its Advan-

tages.

Every Profession has its peculiar Prejudice; that of the Military is Honour; the Principle and Nerve of the whole Body, the leading Motive of all its Actions; this Prejudice gives Birth to all the Virtues, at least to the political, as Generosity, Courage, and Magnanimity, and generally to all which go to make a Gentleman: As for true Virtue, it requires too much Circumspection, and is what a Soldier imagines himself excused from by his Profession.

Honour has a Bastard Brother who is well received, and made much of on account of its Re-

femblance.

This is false Honour, to know, mistrust, and avoid it, is a most happy Test of Prudence, this boisterous

boifterous Baffard must not be elbowed, nor trod mon the Toe; a Smile, the most innocent Mirth. are with him unpardonable Affronts : Relations and Friends he has none; his Speech is throughly laconic, confifting only of two Monosyllables, die This false Honour is, in the World, what Superstition is in Religion, extreme in all Things, it offends God and terrifies Men. The true Gentleman is as far superior to him who acts upon falle Honour, as the real Christian is to the super-Sinte of Interpolary and States

The brave Man has his Duty at Heart, goes into the Trenches, leads on a Detachment to attack a Work, or whatever the Service be, endeavours to perform it; No Noise is made of his Success; he does not needlesly run into Danger but chearfully faces it on every honourable Occabe a lively locative of the Bests, and coni

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The Coxcomb is a most terrible Hero at a Toilette, or a Party of Pleasure; is the Kill-devil of a Coffee-House, but in the Street often pockets a Orubbing. Comercial of them. It was a spindfull

The Man of false Honour most frequently uses his Sword in belabouring a Hackney Coachman with the Flat of it, for splashing him, or daring

to mutter for his Due.

With fix Months Fencing, a little Spirit, and a great deal of Conceit, these Blades set up for Heroes; in what do they refemble them? 'Twould be doing them little Wrong to class them with Bullies and Banditti: for don't let them pride themfelves in a Commission; that in itself does not alter the Nature of Characters.

Honour in the Military not only stands instead of Virtue, but also takes up the Place of Religion; to which it mostly leaves but a slender Sort of an Exterior. Is this Contempt of Religion in the arno has evene / electrical Army

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Army entertained on Principle? Is their Scepticism grounded on any studied Knowledge of Things? Zoons, says one, stroaking back his Feather, e'en let the Water run its own Course, no Dispute for me; for my part, says another, squeezing down his Hat upon his lest Eye, 'tis all Jargon to me, the less of it the better; who's for a Bottle?

Many have got into a Notion that the Belief of Annihilation at Death was of great Service to the State, as productive of Intrepidity, than which nothing can be more erroneous or unnatural! He who has led a good Life, is felden afraid of Death; the Hope that God, to whom virtuous Actions are acceptable, will crown with Felicity a worthy Member of Society, who has greatly hid down his Life for the public Welfare, cannot but be a lively Incentive to the Brave, and difarm Death of those Terrors which serve to damp the Courage of fuch whose Wickedness allows them no fuch Expectations, or who have hardened themfelves into a Disbelief of them. It is objected that the most Religious are so timorous as to start at a Squib; that \* N-, with his Chaplet, trembles at the firing of a Gun, as if every Discharge would take off his Head; whilft + M an open Libertine, cries out fine Music! your Freethinkers, I say, if Men of common Sense, must be cautious and faint-hearted; they who expect nothing after Death ought to make the most of Life, and is well known they do fo; none make better Heroes than true Christians, none else can be fo. il

Honour is so indulgent a Judge as to admit as Law whatever has the Appearance of Spirit, and like a relax Casuist, justifies every Action to which an Idea of Bravery is annexed: There is no doubt

<sup>+</sup> Marchalls Noailles and Saxe.

doubt but that Gallantry being a Principle received in all Callings, must be the Soul of the Military. It is true, Honour requires Passion or Conquest to be its Concomitant; but the latter having the greatest Assinity with the Profession, has most Votaries, especially if good Contributions can be raised; and these the Son of Mars often makes the best Branch of his Income.

The Diffipation, which is inseparable from those Exercises which lead to the Knowledge of the Art of War, produces in its Disciples a Levity which is continually fluttering in their Hearts; the Leaven of the ripening Years ferments in the Mind of a young Man with that Vehemence, that be goes to other Places before he leaves the Accademy; he initiates himself with the Country Girls, and picks up fome jantee Airs among the Garrison; imagining himself tolerably polish'd, he comes to Paris, where, after a Touch or two of the File, and especially if with Madam de P., he's a complete pretty Fellow, but to be filed by her Hand is a peculiar Privilege; the has fo many Customers, that to take ones Turn, the Name must be entered fix Months before. Days of ladity, 131

This has been the Case of the greatest Men; it is inconceiveable that the French Women, who are so frail, so indolent, so very much Women in Love Concerns, should be thus infatuated with the Military, as often to sacrifice to it both their Pleasures and Gallants. As to Husbands, they are readily parted with; the most tender Myrtles are often interlaced in the same Garland with the finest Laurels. What a Gainer would the State be in Time by this System, did it bring no Prejudice to

Religion?

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As to the Licentiousness of the Commerce betwixt the Ladies and Officers, 'tis a Vice of Profession :

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Profession; the Spirit of War intrudes itself every where, even into the Modes of Courtship, and is even less cautious than when it has to do with an Enemy; one is so used to War, that Stratagems are laid aside, and Precautions laughed at. To throw up Trenches for making Approaches with more Sasety, is boyish; the Attack is in broad Day, and the open Fields; the Women also invite this precipitate Daringness; the flow Proceedings of Method are tedious, and surther Ceremonies would pall their Pleasures. Do they not every Day surrender at Discretion, to save the Trouble of Articles of a formal Capitulation?

This illustrious Class of Military Men it is, that more particularly furnish the Nation with Fops and Fortune-hunters. In the former Accomplishments the Law may possibly rival them, but in the latter Quality they have the Vogue, 'tis become a Trade, in which many a good Bargain is made; and as in other Trades Ease and Probity are sacrificed in the Pursuit, here it is

fometimes one's felf.

A Man may be enterprifing, active in a Rencounter, withal have a Capacity improved by Experience; yet would you think such a one more than half furnished? 'tis more than even so, the Crown of Glory has by Agreement been deposited in the Hands of Love, and from his Hands you must either obtain or snatch it. One is soon tired of a Man who has seen nothing but Battles, and talks only of Bombs, Cannons, Slaughter and Plundering.

To me an inxexplicable Phænomenon is the Difference betwixt a Frenchman in the Camp, and the fame Person at Home: Honour must have something extremely bewitching in it, to make the same Man so very opposite to himself; or the Heart of Man Man must be of a very versatile Turn, to conform as Occasions vary with such very dissimilar Usages. It is astonishing, that an habitual Indulgence in Women and Wine should leave him any Thought, much more an ardent Concern for Glory and his

Country.

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\* Areas goes to Bed in the Morning; rifes in the Evening; has his toilette Hours like a Woman; views himself in the Glass; sticks a Patch on his Lip; and uses Pastes to improve the Delicacy of his Skin; at his rifing, he models his Eyes to that Cast he intends them for, the whole Day; he fits himself with a Gait, and practises over an effeminate Carriage; he has ready placed on his Face the Laughs and Smiles which, with great Propriety, he adapts to every Person and Subject; the half Equilibre of his Head is one of his favourite Graces; and, as if this was not enough, he has been at infinite Pains to modulate his Voice; when he goes Abroad, he is perfumed to fuch a Degree, as to leave no Doubt of the Occasion he has for it; as he is without Reserve devoted to the Sex. he enters into all their Humours, Passions and Pleasures; he prompts them to fall out with their Husbands, reconciles them with their Gallants, and is provided with the best Receipts for secret Diftempers: Should an Englishman fee him in his Frolics at Euphracia's, he would indeed scarcely take him for the Frenchman of Fontenoy; there firmer than a Rock, all Ferocity, all Ardour; here a Woman, less than a Woman, a Child; yet would I advise the Englishman to keep his Thoughts to himself, or they may renew the bloody Scene, in which the patched, the perfumed, the affected Arcas was one of the most distinguished Actors.

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Amidst the Delights of an amorous Retirement funk in the Carefles of the beautiful Egerie, the Rattle of the Drum reaches Eumenes: Now Pleafure puts on a different Face; Love was the Entertainment of his Leisure, without captivating his Heart; he's gone-I fee him amidft the Cloud of War, covered with Dust and Blood, driving the Enemy. Can this be the fame Eumenes? before Egeria, the most tender Lover; here an Alcider animating his Men thro' Fire and Sword to a glorious Slaughter. At Paris the most delicious Suppers could not come up to his Palate, even Vin de Beaune was no exquisite Liquor to him : Here is he often glad of a Cruft and a Glass of Water; Down itself was uneasy to him, it never afforded him a good Night's Rest; here Fatigue disposes him for Sleep, and he makes but one Nap of the whole Night on a Camp Bed. Winter comes on, the Troops break up, they go to Quarters. Eumenes hastens to present his Laurels to Egeria, who mixes Myrtles with them; these the raptured Hero esteems the glorious Reward of all his Toils and Dangers.

In the Article of Gallantry the Soldier has several Advantages, of which as he is not ignorant, he seldom fails to put them in practice. The Profession is an Excuse for any Breach of Ceremony, or even Rudeness. How many respectable Authorities countenance their precipitating themselves into the greatest Hazards? A Woman, the resolved on Intrigue, is always for eluding Self-reproach or the public Censure; she loves to have somebody on whom to throw the Blame; the forward are the Men for her; with them she can bring herself to believe, that she is not so much their Partner in Guilt, as the Victim of their Obstinacy. Is not this Illusion amazing? Not a few,

after ten Adventures of this Kind, think themselves Lucretia's, let us except the Number of Toronins a in Assert-moods of harabar bas . and

\* Adonis is as much averfe to rough Procedures. as he is above taking Advantage of the Privileges of his Profession; the Commission and Uniform are all he has about him of the Military, and by thefe, if by any Thing, he must be acknowledged to be a Man. He prims it to Perfection; he forms his Eyes to Joy, to Languer, or Difguft, and difpofes his Lips in the prettieft Manner imaginable: there's not a Woman can exceed him in shewing a Hand, or Leg, to Advantage. Who smiles or ogles like Adoms, or so agreeably drops Pleasantry or double Entendre? There's fomething fo sprightly, fo careless, so wanton, so sportive, in every Thing he does, fo exactly to the female Tafte; he is a mere Woman in Man's Cloaths; I should be apt to think him one by his very Hat, had not twenty Women, whose Idol he had been, intimated some Things to me which looked otherwise. In a Word, what Female can be more a Woman than he? Yes, let us except Domitilla, who adores him with all his unnatural Failings. 'Tis to comfort her for the Death of her Husband that Adonis is no more to be feen among his Acquaintance, and fequesters himself even from his Relations. By his indefatigable Affiduity to relieve her from the Horrors of Solitude and Widowhood, he might be taken for an Executor; good-natured Creature! and who was ever better cut out for a Comforter than the sympathising Adonis! The Women must envy Domitilla the prodigious Felicity of her Confolations, in the afflicting Circumstances that attend the Death of a Hufband; possibly, afflicting as they are, some would not grudge to be Widows on the same Account: they might not; but as Appearances

Marq. de Flavigny.

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Appearances are deceitful, their great Expense tions also might be baulked; attenuated by Plea fures, and reduced to Spoon-meat, it is well for Adon's that he is the Substitute of no more than one Huffland; lany further Employment would be as difagreeable to the Delicacy of his Fancy, as pernicious to the Decay of his Constitution Demitilla and he feem indeed made for each other: the lives by Rule, and nothing could fuit him bets ter; for who can prevail to fwallow a Pill like Adonis? Who more genteely recommends the chicken Broth? Who throws a better Grace on his little Services? Who a more winning Officioulnels? Nor are his Services confined to thele light Matters: Adonis examines the Family Arcounts; he affifts fo far in the Management of them, that were the Payments in his Hands, he would be no less than Steward; he makes no difficulty of going into Domitilla's Apartment in his Night-gown and Slippers; nor is any thing wanting more than Ceremony and four Looks to confitute him a real Husband. Happy Domitilla, to bea Widow only in these Respects; Adonis is indeed an Expence to her, and takes care to be well paid for his good Offices; whereas the Deceafed thought he could never make her rich enough, and was always willing to buy off her humourfome Fits. The Heart of Adonis is a light Soil, on which Love can make Impression with a golden Spade; if he gives into a kind of Passion, it extends no farther than the Opera Girls. He is always for balking in the Sunshine of Affluence; any House suddenly risen to Interest or Riches, may be sure that Adonis will be for wriggling himself into it. Domitilla, never could have been at a better School for learning Behaviour in the World. Who understands it so thoroughly as Adonis? Where is a more fagacious Tutor? dominioqa'A

Maro. & Langer.

Tutor? There's not a Leffon he gives her, but he can warrant from Experience, were it even on Fickleness and Seduction. And may not Domitilla prove a Coquette? possibly, if he left her Time enough to be fo; but he has Entertainment for every Moment, is ever ready to humour the least Hint of her Fancy; he is the close Attendant on all her Steps; and for whom fhould he ever leave her, unless for a richer Widow? And tho' the Choice may indeed be great, he could not well he better off than at present. He is an English Stallion, for which, tho the pays a good Price, he is not however halfily to be brought to the Snid. A Word of Advice, and I have done: Fail not, Domitilla, each Night to fay a Bit of Prayer for Peace; and if you think yourfelf well with Adonis, and that he may be of Use to you, provide yourfelf with a good Stock of Money.

Is Holofernes the only one of whom it may be faid; "he who was mighty among them did not fall by the young Men, neither did the Sons of Titan smite him, nor the huge Giants invade him, but Judith the Daughter of Merari discomsted him by the Beauty of her Countenance, she anointed her Face with Ointment, she braided her Hair, and adorned it with becoming Ornaments. She dressed herself elegantly, the better to deceive him; her Slippers ravished his Eyes, her Beauty captivated his Mind, and with his own Sabre she

beheaded him." " total on 1980 short

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Our modern Judiths fall short indeed of this Daughter of Merari, in Actions like this, yet

are they not less to be feared.

The Lawyer's Time in Vacation hangs upon his Hands: but 'tis far otherwise with the Soldier in Winter Quarters, or in Peace; his Courage only shifts Objects; instead of forcing an Intrench-

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ment, he lays Siege to my Lady's Bedchamber, and in this petty War is he often put to no less Difficulties than in the Campaign; his Enemies, though in themselves weaker, are to him more formidable.

Tancred must be confessed the Soldier at all Times; he knows no Difference betwirt the courting a Lady, and the storming a Fort; having once reconnoitred the Outworks, (for too much Precaution would retard the Victory) he begins the Attack, and carries it on with such Spirit and Resolution, that he is Master of the Place, before the Enemy is well aware of his Design; he uses his Conquest like a Town he does not mean to keep Possession of; a reasonable Contribution must not satisfy him, he falls to plundering, and who will may then take his Leavings. Tancred is

every where the Conqueror of Bruffels.

See Artamenes upon a Visit to Belifa; what a Trim! Plain jockey Boots and Night Linnen! No Narciss! Neither curled nor powdered; who would not think that they were old Acquaintance, and that he acted upon the fensible Maxim of Friends live freely; yet the first Sight that Artomenes ever had of Belifa, was the Night before last, and Yesterday was the first Time he ever spoke to her; he nevertheless makes but a Step into the Lady's Dreffing Room; from his Garb she cannot but conclude him upon his Departure; the fudden Shock! what! no fooner acquainted with the agreeable Artamenes, than lose him; 'Tis a Disappointment not easily overcome. To leave the charming Belifa, and not knowing upon what Terms one is with her, is a Denial too, to which nothing less than royal Orders could bring a Man of Sentiment; take it not to Heart, Artamenes; Belifa is as much concerned at the Suddenness of your Departure, ore

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parture, as you yourfelf can possibly be; a weeping Scene might here certainly be well introduced; nor, were I writing a Novel, should I omit the fond Emulation of Tears, the Handkerchiefs difplayed, the wringing of Hands, the Agonies, the Faintings; but in real Life, when a Couple are upon parting, and alone, in a private Closet, 'tis no Time for crying, and fwooning; should he carry away the least Mark of Belisa's Favour, the Departure would not be half fo fad. Come. Belifa, the Horses are saddled, she continues filent: Farewell, Belifa: not a Word, but turning back her Head. Artamenes lays hold of that Motion, to let her feel that he is nearer her than ever, and that he has no Thoughts of going farther from her, in haste: She tells him, he had taken his leave, that she did not think that he was there, and that she can't bear his Presence: It is not long before their reciprocal Obstinacy brings about its Drift, and Love crowns Artamenes with Belifa's Myrtles; a Moment after the falls to reproaching him with his audacious Temerity; and all the Comfort he affords her, is wanton Raillery, till Belifa feeing that her Feints will go for no more than their Worth, comes to herfelf, and makes fo merry with the Adventure, that Artamenes may well comprehend his martial Resolution will be quite out of Season at the next Attack. He trips away humming a Song, and with scarce a Thought of what has passed; and where next? To his Lodgings. There he dreffes and away to Sophronia's Toilette. She is his Resource, and as such he uses her, she has already twice remounted his Troop, and every Year a new Field Equipage is his constant Perquisite. Here's a Female Patriot, who ruins ten Tradesmen to maintain a gallant Officer like a Gentleman, who otherwise could N 2 not not show his Head in the Service; where is the Roman Dame, who with all the Noise about Love for their Country, ever did half fo much?

This Pretence of a Departure is an Expedient of wonderful Dispatch, 'tis a Talisman which has an irrefiftible Power over a Woman of any feeling the starched Lawyer with his Formalities, would have been fweating fix Months, only in making the Approaches; with Artamenes the whole Bufiness is over in three Hours; 'tis the Drefs of his Profes fion; and as it becomes him, he generally puts it

on to a good Purpole.

The Military pretty Fellows make a garrifoned Town of Paris, and look upon the Women no otherwise than as a Commodity of which they have the disposal; he who keeps the Bank, gives the Box up to another when the Game flags; this is fometimes done as a Discharge of Debt, and often by Exchange, but there may be foul Play in both. In a Garrison the Corporal of the Regiment which arrives, goes for the Confignment, views the Posts, Places, Centries, relieves the Guard, and the Corporal who comes off; the Officers, who are new Comers, receive from those they fucceed, a full and particular Account of the Women, those especially of whom any Thing is to be got, their Names, Places of Abode, Tempers, Talents, &c. their Information is given like the Word, and they relieve one another at Ladies Houses, as at so many Posts, only with fewer Formalities; 'tis a Rule.

It is not always that a City is the Soldiers Refting Place. One Woman will find Work for twenty of them, that they shan't forget their Trade; there's Glycera, for Instance, has Centries at her Closet, at her Wardrobe, and at the Stairhead. Pyrrha can afford them only her spare

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Hours; but which they will be, is more than she herself knows; in the mean Time the Scouts are upon the Look-out; the Minx is expected, but the Passages are all guarded; 'tis Harpion who keeps Zamis, Pelias, and Gnatora starving at their Posts; it is he who pays for all, who sishes for Pleasure with a golden Hook, and yet gets it only by Drops, whilst to the Military Expectants, who with all the Regularity of Discipline wait their Turn, it is poured out by Pailfuls, and drawn off to the Lees.

When do we see our Officers after a Victory, imitating the glorious Judas Macchabeus? "Our Enemies are deseated, let us now go and rebuild,

and purify the Temple."

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Mondor carries on his Conquests like a Farmer-General: Triumphs without Fatigues best suit him; as there must be trouble to gain Pleasures, he is for buying them; and nothing but what is new will go down with him; he's all for Novelty: Yet is often duped in his Delicacy; and a dexterous old Bawd palms second-hand vamped-up Goods upon him for new: Every Week, the stated Sum is devoted for his Novelties; every Week goes a small Portion to a Girl in exchange for what might marry her without one, and for which nothing is an Equivalent. If Novelty be so much your Delight, reform, be a Man of Virtue, and that, Mondor, will be a Novelty indeed!

The general Call of our military People, is either Ambition, Interest, or the Love of false Glory; the Licentiousness and Idleness of this State makes them the more pleased with it; especially as it conveys a kind of Prerogative for Licentiousness; which, however pernicious to the Reputation of others, in them is graceful, and a Mark of the true Spirit of their Profession. Not one of them

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welcomes

welcomes a Peace, as terminating the Horrors of War; not one of them ever thinks of explains his innumerable Crimes by any good Works. In the Field, what Injustices, what Ravages do they commit, under the Cloak of Zeal for their King? and upon the Conclusion of a Peace their fettled Design wherever they are quartered, is to moself their Countrymen, and to pillage their Friends. Oh worldly Honour! Oh false Glory! what a disgraceful Set of Worshippers are these that belong to thee?

There is a Generation, fays Solomon, Oh how lofty are their Eyes! their Eye-Lids are lifted up. There is a Generation, whose Teeth are as Swords, and as Knives to devour the Poor from off the

Earth, and the Needy from among Men!

If Heroes belong to this Generation, tell me from whence fpring the Banditti?

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#### LESSON XVI.

Of LAWYERS.

NO affert the Necessity of Laws, to declaim against the Jujustice of the Age, to demonfrate that without Bailiffs, Attorneys, Counfellors and Judges, there would be no living; or to maintain that the Sale of Employments is the Ruin of all Merit, are thread-bare Topics, retailed out at every Coffee-house.

Till Mankind shall think fit to mend, Laws and Judges there must be; without Attorneys, Knaves would have the Game in their own Hands.

As Men have not, or will not have Self-government enough to fit quietly down with their Allotment; but every one's for encroaching on the Rights of another; Penalties must be employed to check the illegal Practices of this Avidity; the Probity of the Bulk of Mankind is no more than the Effect of a prudent Fear: In whom is it a Virtue?

Our Passions have rendered Laws necessary; it is from the Iniquity of others, and an Attachment to our own Interests, that the Trustees and Interpreters of them come to be looked upon with a Kind of Veneration, as fo many good Genii or Guardian Angels; whereas our Estimate of them should be no greater than their intrinsic Worth; which, possibly may not out-weigh our own: are not the Barriers of Laws, Pains and Penalties equally necessary to these Men as to others? Gra-

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Gravity is become a main Ingredient in a Counfellor, his Drefs plain, his Carriage referved ; he must have his Uniform: The Ministers of Justice are on a Footing with those of Religion, if the Externals are right, nothing is amifs; the one maintains his forbonnic Acts, gives three Treats, and commences Divine; the other finds means to take his Degree in Law, and strait he's a Counsellor; a Partizan, for five hundred thousand Livres, makes a Judge of his Son: The first is confulted on a Cafe of Confcience, and his Solution is held as facred as a Decree of a Council: The Opinion of the fecond is asked on a dubious Law-Suit, and though he encourages you to it, you find yourself cast: His Lordship decides either precipitately or partially; whereas the greatest Piece of Justice he could do, would be to make his Father at least refund.

Give me Leave, Judges of the People, to lay before you the Qualities which Jethro, the Father-in-law of Moses required in your Station: "Thou shalt provide out of all the People, said he to him, able Men, such as fear God, Men of Truth, hating Covetousness—and let them judge the People at all Times."

A mighty Advantage to the People to regulate the Lawyers Garb, and leave their Morals to themfelves! let not the Judge be forbid Embroidery of Gold and Silver Stuff; let him even wear the Feather and red Heels; these Things affect not the People, if he be mild, impartial, upright, pious and learned; these are the momentous Points, and by which alone a judge comes to be loved and respected.

The first Years of Niger's Youth were spent, not in attaining the requisite Qualifications of a good Magistrate, but in rendering himself liable to

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be brought before fuch : If ever he had any Knowledge of a criminal Cale, he owes it to his Fears; yet, by the Means of his Father's Money, is this Man appointed Judge over the Lives, Effates and Characters of his Countrymen: When he approaches the Bench, Tipstaves attend him to keep off Crowds of Plaintiffs, with which the Hall is thronged. His Lordship is seated, and it is now the Time for displaying his Authority, of which. a Sovereign Prince himfelf was never more jealous; he determines, threatens, and condemns; and good Luck indeed has any one whom he acquits, his Heart and Head being much of a Piece, the one void of Lenity, as the other of Judgment: never was Money more perniciously employed, than that which purchased him the Bench ! You have perhaps feen him lolling in his Coach, and to Appearance deeply taken up with peruling a Paper; and you fay Niger is fedulous, indefatigable; never unemployed; and certainly he cannot be too much commended for his Application, in being thoroughly informed of what the Parties, whose Lives and Fortunes are in his Hands, have to fay in their Defence. But take care of Miftakes; it's not Law in which his Attention is. wrapped up; what you faw him reading with fuch. Attention, is the Narrative of a Cafe not cognizable in any Court: Could you have imagined from his cloudy Vilage that his Lordship was recreating himself with the ludicrous History of The Ass of Vanures? Nothing could give him. greater Pleasure than for such an Affair to be brought before him, though I dare fay, his Sentence would divert the World no less than the Oddity of the Caufe itself. Such Negligence in fo. weighty an Employment, puts you out of all Patience; but why would you have him wear him-N 5

self out in needless Application; Is not there an experienced Secretary, who has the Abridgements of the Cases, and the correspondent Opinions and Decrees ready digefted, drawn up, and placed in order in the Porto Folio? to read and fign them is all the Trouble he need be at.

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But how comes this fame Secretary with all his Knowledge and Experience not to be himfelf a Judge? Why because 'tis neither by Knowledge, or Experience that such lucrative Offices are to be obtained; where's his Money to purchase it? Befides, without fuch a one, where would Niger be, who can scarcely write? It was much easier for Fortune tomake Nigera Judge by Office with fuch a Secretary, than for Nature to make him a Judge by Virtue and Capacity.

Men being devoted to Women, they, in order to mould them to their own liking, have affumed a Privilege of prescribing them Laws of Behaviour; tis they who determine the Effence and Accidents, Politeness, Familiarity, Respect, Officiousness and Complaifance; 'tis they who have induced Affectation into the Language of the Lawyers, Foppery in their Carriage, and Formality into their Courtship; and on this Account, in the Soldiers Eyes, they are no more than a Kind of half-Woman, who want nothing but the Female Accoutrements.

It is an univerfal Custom to profess some Religion or other at fetting out in the World; to keep to that in which one was brought up feems boyish: Here the Lawyer is upon the referve, and whatever Scheme he takes up with, if he really takes up with any, it is locked up as careful as the Papers in his Desk; and, when at any Time questioned about it, he confidently answers, that Point I have long settled with myself. Very Very different are the Ideas of Honour in the Gentlemen of the long Robe, and those of the Sword; both indeed manifest, that they think it no Disgrace to make the most of the Privileges of their Calling; one sells his Writings, his Time, his Attention, and it is well if not also his Neglects; the other grants no Passports, or Safeguards without Money; he raises Contributions, burns Villages, and plunders Friend and Foe. Damon must draw upon any slight Offence, even though undesigned, Death or Revenge is all the Choice; if he has Humanity enough to admit the Excuse, 'tis interpreted Cowardice, and his Honour is forfeited.

Clitiphon composedly puts up a Box on the Ear; it would ruffle his Gravity too much to offer to repair the Insult himself, but refers it to the Justice of his Prince, who treats the Affair with the same Seriousness he did that of Iphicrates, who came to him full of a Complaint, that Crantor, in Contempt of his Dignity, in which he was his Majesty's Representative, had horse whipp'd him as

long as he could fland over him.

There is a like Contrariety in the Gallantry of these two Vocations: With the Soldier it confists in Noise and Rant; he loves Pleasures as it were taken by Storm in open-day; the Lawyer treads soft, is for Silence and Circumspection; there may be Spies, and then who knows the Depths of Scandal? Their Weaknesses are at once their Pleasure and Vexation: I could put them in a Way of retaining Pleasure, and being rid of Vexation. Let them set themselves to suppress rather than conceal their Vices; and the Task is also easier, as they have only themselves to master: In the other, a mere nothing may expose them.

One fingle Man in the Subdual of himfelf, has fometimes a whole World upon his Hands; if he crushes an Enemy, it is often by the Intervention of another; a Passion upon its Expulsion, leaves no Vanity; it was dislodged by some new Passion which now fills its Place, from whence it will also e'er long be driven by the Invasion of another Intruder.

A titled Lawyer enjoys Pleasure only by Snatches, and then the Dread of public Cenfure staring him in the Face, dulls his Relish: Gallantry, the careless Diversion of others, his timerous Mysteriousness turns into a painful Employment; he still stands upon the little Offices of Complaifance, and with Intrigue mingles Constancy and Fidelity; and what is still more, his Behaviour is not without Timoroufness and Repect; where he has Spirit enough to abate of thole pufillanimous Cautions, he'll gain upon some Wo. men more than the bluftering Soldier, in the Difguife of his travelling Dress, or the Glitter of his Regimentals.

Decorum is the constant Guide of juridical Love, walking before it Torch in Hand, which fome Women are not displeased with; especially they who are not loft to all Concern for themfelves; and the more abandoned don't care to risque the Loss of a good Customer by making Words about it; why should they? an Appearance of Regularity again takes Place in their Houses; the Reserve he requires in them, greatly recovers their lost Reputation, and they who top their Parts, fometimes entirely reconcile their Character to the Public, and their Address passes

for Repentance.

alio caner, as they have only the A Lawyer's Mistress is not unlike a Devotee, the observes Retirement both in Town and CounMafl

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Masses, Vespers and Saluts, and not backward to any Act of Charity, which is sure to make a Noise. In a Case of Necessity the Priest takes her Cause in Hand, engages for her, and brings the People to her Ends; who would not take this Devotee for the demure Misses of a Churchman?

Beryllus, however, is no fuch Slave to Decency. he bids open Defiance to the World's Censure, or rather invites it; not fo the bashful Califthenes. who buries himself and his Pleasures in a Corner of the Country; but Beryllus, with his Confidence. is of too groveling a Tafte to entertain an honourable Passion for a Person of Beauty, Education, and Sentiment: His Vanity, the Effect of his fud den and overgrown Fortune, could not bear a Repulse. Roscia, whom he first picked up behind the Scenes, is the Girl for him; if the whole Pit discover the Shape of her Leg, it gives him no Manner of Uneafiness; and little more when the is stifled with Kisses by every young Fellow enraptured at the Sprightliness of her Dancing. He may be faid well to deferve her Conftancy, if Expence can deferve it. This fo admired Garden now is too fmall, and not well planted; there must besides be new Decorations and Terrasses: What are the Canals and Fountains without Cascades? The House also must be new furnished. and to the Height of Tafte and Magnificence. Go on, Beryllus, follow the Impulse of Love; let the gilt Chariot be her Carriage; let the matchless Brilliancy of her Dress proclaim to the World that the is your Mistress: Let the Jeweller, Goldfmith, and Chinaman applaud your Generofity, even that virtuous Women shall feel Uneafiness at her Splendor, her elder Sifter burst with Envy ;

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and her younger, exasperated at the Riches she has gained by her Skill in Vice, grow out of Conceit with that Virtue which has kept her so low, and think of turning her own Person to Account. Such be your Tenderness and Profusion, that it may be in none but a Prince's Power to supplant you in her Embraces; for sure you cannot imagine, after all your Follies, that she can decline a Prince's Offer? However, your Successor Common himself, will afford you the Satisfaction of Revenge, and Roscia will bitterly rue her Fickleness to so

fond, foliberal a Keeper. but the district and

If Eacus's Employment lays him under a Necesfity of being referved, folemn and grave, his Age and Riches appear to him indiffutable Diffensations from the Shackles of the Gown. He apes the Court Coxcombs, runs into all their Follies and Debaucheries. At Candlelight he is to be feen not only in coloured Cloaths, but Lace and Embroidery, and the Sword by his Side: He treads a Tiptoe and bridles like one of the Hall Milliners doubles his Chin like a furly Truftee; affects a shrill Voice; is fond of contriving Frolicks, but the Execution does him as little Honour as the Invention: Thus qualified, the fantaffical Gentleman would pass himself upon the Town for a perfect Sir Courtly: To these eminent Accomplishments it must not be omitted, he adds that of quavering over an Italian Ball tolerably well; and is one of the first to be supplied with them.

The Gownsmen who still retain any Ideas of Honour, run no Manner of Risk; they carry on their Design upon a Lady's Heart no otherwise than they do a Suit; could you see yourself, Timagenes, in your Addresses to Clarinda, it would not fail to put you in Mind of Gripe making a Distraint,

Distraint, and crying an Auction; like Preparatives, like Measures. Summons to appear, Sentence on Non-appearance, Seizure of Effects, Licences to fell, and Proclamations every Fortnight. How is Courtship conducted ! At first Civilities. now and then a Visit, which after Length of Time hecome more frequent, Respect even to Delicacy: these are afterwards improved into a Declaration to Clarinda for Licence to have her, with all the Paffion due to her incomparable Beauty; the Equity and good Understanding of the Fair-one will not permither to object against so reasonable a Demand: Next a Summons to Clarinda for a Return of her Love; she not giving in an Answer, is nonfuited: Then comes a Petition for Licence to seize her: here is the Master-piece of his Wit, here the Spirit of Intrigue begins to unfold itself. Timagenes all in Raptures, goes about the Seifure; the Heart being once laid hold of, he carries on the Profecution till he's in full Poffession of Clarinda, and all her Appurtenances, in recorded out to remote

The Tribe of Fops is a Medley of all Callings; the Military are Talkers, obstreperous, haughty and merciles; the Juridical are prim, tame, perfumed, and methodical as a Piece of Clockwork; their Words all picked; their Thoughts the Gleanings of last Night's Assemblies, dead and forgot by their Owners; but the next Day are brought on the Stage again, with Embellishments.

at the Circles of their Armidas.

Rufinus reads his Conversation Catechism as he goes along; he comes out of his Coach with as much Caution as a Chest of curious Bohemian Chrystal is lowered out of a Waggon. He leans all his Weight on a lusty Footman, who gradually sets him on the Ground, from whence he minces up stairs, and comes into the joyous Circle with

as demure a Look as a Monk carrying a Reliquary when he's for taking a Chair, 'tis not his Head only which is turned, but his whole Body, as if he was all one Piece without Joints; and when he fits down, 'tis all Clockwork again : He feems to open his Mouth by Measure, and to laugh by Rule. If he moves his Arms, 'tis with all due Care of his laced Ruffles: when he fings, 'tis a foft Air. requiring little or no Action in the humouring; for my Part, I believe he thinks much of the very Motions of eating and drinking. However, it may be alledged that the Fruits of four long Toilette Hours are not to be thrown away, and a Pound of the finest Powder lost in Wantonness. My dear Rufinus, wherein do you differ from a Woman? Your Head and Heart are like those of the very fillieft of the Sex. What a Pity 'tis, that, in the amorous World, a Gownsman should be reckoned the last Shift of a fine Woman, a Blemish to the Reputation of Beauty, and the Forerunner of the Decrepitude of Gallantry?

What is a Counsellor? One who states a Case, and makes it good Law by his artful Glosses on it; thus the Laws, in themselves just, are often by their Managers made to countenance Fraud. A Counsellor who loves Homage, and delights in being sollicited, is like a besieged Town; there's Offers, Parleys, a Capitulation if Time for it, and

if not, a Surrender at Difcretion.

Joel and Abiah, Sons of Samuel, take Bribes, turn afide after Lucre, pervert Judgment, and are arraigned by all the People; their generous Father damenting their Venality, punishes it by removing them from their Office of chief Judges.

Young Judges should be blindfolded in receiving the Sollicitations of Women; and for further Security they should be separated by a Grate: As

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for the old, they have covered Fields and Houses' and taken them away by Violence : They oppress a Man and his House, even a Man and his Heatt frederet, his mercenary Servant.

ritage.

After all that is faid about the Infignificancy of Sollicitation, and fo much Time, if not fomething more almost as valuable, thrown away; never shall I be brought to think so, whilft I see Thessander every Day punctually at the same Hour jaunting it to Galatea's, and his Gentleman refuses me Admittance at all Times, under Pretence that my Lord fees no body, and that Sollicitations are a plague to him; but the cream of the jest is, my Friend whispers me, that Galatea may do me a good Turn with my Lord; that she is the best natured little Soul in the World, may be brought to any thing; and in order honeftly to earn his Money, for his Intelligence is bought, gives me the particular Directions to find her House. When The Hander charges Galatea to leave off her Recommendations. of which the makes a fine Perquifite, I may have fome Hopes of his Integrity.

Rhadamanthus is proof against the Sollicitations of the most beautiful Woman; it is not in the Power of all the Sex's Charms to biass his fleady Heart; as little Impression can Presents make on him; thus on both the fenfible Sides of Interest and Pleasure is he invulnerable; but his Servants have low Wages, and these indifferently paid; 'tis they are the Persons who are to be dealt with; take his Porter and Footman by the Hand; if you can once bring them over, your Bufiness is done; there's no refuling a Man who ferves for a Song; the least one can do, is to let him make himself

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"Naaman the Syrian, cured of his Leprofy by Elisba, gratefully offers the Prophet many valuable Presents, which the Man of God nobly refuses; but Gebazi, his mercenary Servant, runs after the Syrian Lord with a Lye in his Mouth, and makes Use of his Master's Name to get something for himself." It is the Fortune of many generous Naaman's of this Age to be duped by such sordid Scoundrels as Gebazi.

In Minos's Study stands the downy Couch; he's a Man of too much Sense to have any thing but for Use, though his Use of it may be carried beyond that which gave rise to its Inven-

tion.

A young Sollicitress may bring Eutichrates to any thing; in beautiful Hands he's as pliable as Wax. There was a Suit of fix Years standing. and stand it might till the last Judgment; Intreaties, Friends, Relations, nothing could give it a Lift: It was at length the good Fortune of one of the Parties to marry a very pretty Woman; he waits upon Eutichrates, who having heard of it, very chearfully wishes him Joy, promises that his Cause shall speedily come on, and that he'll acquaint his Wife of the Issue. Eutichrates was known, an experienced Sollicitress was procured, who was foon Miftress of the Part which she was to act, and so well personated the Character with which she was invested, that Eutichrates was taken in, and made no Difficulty about whatever the requested; but in Return to such unlimited Acquiescence, she could not refuse to act over a Scene which was more natural to her, and in which, being her Profession, she could not but excell; though as a Person of consummate Address, the here feigned Fear and Aukwardness. three Days, for Eutichrates is a Man of Honour,

the long winded Suit was decided in Favour of this Party; but the Gratuity which the Sollicitress gave him is not like to be fo foon over.

That it is fcandalous in a Judge to be biaffed by any Sollicitation, is what is in every Body's Mouth; but I fay that to follicit is scandalous, and that for a Man of Quality or Power to interfere in a Cause, and by his Sway to turn the Course of the Law, which ought to be a facred Barrier against Fraud and Violence, is the Height of Cruelty and Baseness; the unjust Judge is no more than his Tool, the Accomplice of the Villain who wrongfully undermines another in the Enjoyment of his Property.

No Receivers, no Thieves; they rife and fall together. The Law puts them both upon a Foot-

Ye unjust Judges, ye inconsiderate Sollicitors and Sollicitreffes, ye knavish Plaintiffs and Defendants, ye suborned Witnesses, turn your Eyes inward, and be struck with Horror at the foul Sight.

Gownsmen attend!

Open thy Mouth for the Dumb, plead the Right of those who are appointed to Destruction; open thy Mouth, judge righteously, plead the Cause of the Poor and Needy.\*

Seek not to be made a Judge, lest thou be not able to take away Iniquity, especially lest thyself, fearing the Person of the Mighty, should'st offend against thy Uprightness. † er ciris da 18

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\* Prov. xxxi. + Ecclef. vii.

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#### LESSON XVII.

#### Of FINANCERS.

OF all Conditions that of the Financer is the most coveted; consequently the most envied

and cenfured.

The Meaning of all the Batteries which play on them, is no more than that others would fain thrust themselves into the same commodious Stations. They who reproach them so bitterly, are not aware that, when once in, they would play the like Game. I cannot say that I myself am free from all Motions of Envy, with respect to these Men of Fortune, but my Envy is innocent, nay tis laudable; all I want of their opulent Calling, is the Ability of doing Good, and of promoting the Welfare of Society with as much intensels and Effect as they add to its Grievances.

The Gown, the Sword, and the Church are all on their Backs; but would these Champions of Integrity coolly cast a Look either behind, or before, they would see, that in dealing about their Invectives so suriously, they bespatter their Foresathers,

Relations, and Brethren.

The Father of this young disdainful President, by whom the Financers and Contractors are thought Blood-suckers, Collectors of the Rat-skin Duty, got the Money which paid for his Office, where he looks so big, by the four Sols per Livre. There's also that Lieutenant-General of the King's Armies, who struts in Embroidery, and boasts the Antiquity

Antiquity and Grandeur of his Family, and of its illustrious Inter-marriages; why does he not also be careful to proclaim his Brother's Marriage with the Daughter of old Squees em, the cursed Projector of so many onerous Schemes, which have all taken Essel, and for whose infernal Sagacity the Nation pays to this Day? With what Grace can that tunbellied Abbot make the Church ring with Fulminations against the Harpies of the Public? is he not all the while, sending his Uncle and Grandfather to the Devil?

The Riches of the Financers are the Bait which draw Perfons of all Professions to them: He who rails at them, is glad to have his Feet under their Table; he who gorges himself on their exquisite Dishes, will cringe, tease, promise, and swear, to borrow a Sum of them; their Luxury and Parade are cried out against by those very Persons who take up Money of them, to exceed them in Proportion to the Disparity of their Substances. More than one Preacher who has thrown himfelf into a Sweat by his boifterous Exclamations against the Splendor of their Furniture, and the Delicacy of their Tables, has been known to go thither directly from the Pulpit, and encourage Luxury by his Gluttony and his rapturous Commendations of the Ragouts, Sauces and Wines.

To each of the three Professions there is a peculiar Call: They have respective Studies and Places of Education. He who designs for the Church, enters himself into the Sorbanne, and goes through a seminarial Course: For the Gentlemen of the Blade the exactest Rules are laid down both for Slaughter and Desence: The Gownsman attends the Law-lectures and Pleadings, takes down Notes, and maintains Theses. The Call of the first being to the sacred Ministry, must come from

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God alone, without any worldly View: Courage must be the leading Virtue in the second; and the third must be ready at the Code and Statutes. If the first displays the Band only to get a Benefice: if the second brigues a Commission without a determined Bravery; and if the Counsellor buys his Notes, and hires another, as Proxy, to maintain his Theses, their Duties are still the same not in the least invalidated by their scandalous Difregard of them. The Financers Call is Interest, and Interest only; in the Qualities of his Function, it is very feldom that he is deficient; adding to them, likewife, an unweared Applica-The Horse-leach hath two Daughters, crying, Give, Give.\* He has caught the Sound, and by its bewitching Report, is determined for this lucrative Vocation, and it is equally easy; a little Arithmetic being all the Learning requifite to it: He may thine the more in his Employment, by getting Knowledge, not of the Means for easing a Province, but for draining it.

When once the Financer is admitted into that worshipful Company, it must not be supposed he indolently confines himself to the Palace, wantoning in the magnificent Ideas of the Sums which will daily flow in upon him through the merciles Industry of his Understrappers. He immediately pushes where Interest calls, and is on his Circuit before it is well known that he has the Employment; very different from the supine Prelate, who never fets Foot within his Diocese, and to whom Residence would be Imprisonment: No, he is in Motion, and spares no Pains to promote the Aggrandisement of the Brotherhood. At his Return, he makes Interest for an Office to be kept at his House; and now for Tides of Gold and

Prov. xxx, entitle the tast entroit Silver, being entitled to these exorbitant Presence-Fees, by which the Exchequer is always kept so low.

Money is never known to come thus easily, fuddenly, and abundantly, but it is sure to bring along with it a Train of Vices: Usurers are employed underhand; what is a Financer without a Brace of Girls? But see the Difference; the military Man goes a courting as a Soldier a marauding; the Gownsman beggars himself for an Opera Wench, and a Financer maintains his Mistress at the Ruin of others.

The Financer's Religion is occasional; he hears little of the Matter but at his own Table, and is there too candid to be wedded to any particular System; he enters into no Argument, but leaves it to Time to determine his Orthodoxy: However, Religion has at all Times one favourite Article for him, and that is the Duty of parental Care. As to his Splendor, Luxury, Voluptuousness, and Oppression, he refers these Points to a Death-bed Confession, chearfully expects it, and stupidly seasons a Course of Wickedness with the Hopes of Absolution. As for Honour, it was never once in his Thoughts, till the Mention of a Court of Justice; and then, if he can but corrupt his Judges and baffle a Profecution, he dismisses it till fresh Apprehensions.

There is a Kind of Honour, almost peculiarly cut out for these Men of Fortune, and for which they are indebted to their Riches. Their Millions they imagine an universal Qualification; and what, in other Callings, is no more than Vanity, becomes in theirs a momentous Point, which they are often for compassing by noble and powerful Matches; but herein they are frequently the Dupes of their own Pride, and have a dear Bar-

gain of a Marquis's Daughter for a Wife, or of a Duke for a Son-in-law. Vanity is their Honour. Agrippa thinks, that a fine House, a Coach, and Coat of Arms, a stately Manner, a losty Look, a cold Deportment, and a laconic Way of Speaking, are all the Apurtenances of a Person of Figure.

Sneefing, Spitting, taking Snuff, are in themfelves Things quite simple, and generally of no Meaning; but Milder has found a Way of turning them into so many Points of Dignity, which he always performs with Deliberation, and in a

Manner expressing his Superiority.

The Financer being feldom prepared by a decent Education, is of all Creatures the most difficult to be polished; to smooth his coarse-grained Nature, is an Herculean Labour; it is not in the Ductility of Youth that he is tutored to those Duties, without a Reciprocation of which, Society must fall into Confusion, and Life be over-run with Inconveniencies and Calamities; so he never makes any tolerable Proficiency in them.

It is no uncommon Thing for these Men of Fortune to go to School to a Girl of Fisteen, in order to learn good Breeding, and the Modes of Politeness, which yet are hardly reducible to their true Point; the Essentials of Complaisance are often exaggerated to him; at Condescension and Familiarity he is too apt a Scholar with his Missress; but when once over the Threshold of her Door,

completely forgets the whole.

In the Men of Fortune, the frivolous Tafte, the Fondness for Trifles, begins at an Age when it is out of Date in other Callings; their Youth being engrossed by Eagerness after Gain, they are forty or fifty Years old before they can attend to be Coxcombs;

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juc pic combs; and accordingly they generally prove but very forry Copies of the more juvenile Originals.

The military Coxcomb is noify, outrageous, heedless, blunts out whatever comes uppermost, sings like a Canary Bird, ever in Motion, enters the Room in a Caper, and goes out in a Rigadoon.

The Law Fop is trim as a Norbertine Monk, adonised like a Bridegroom, every Part of his Dress in the most exact Symmetry; he speaks by Halves, with a studied Accent, breathes methodically, and laughs no farther than his Lips; at entering into Company there's sure to be more Preciseness than Elegance in his Manner; he deals with himself just as if he was a cracked Piece of China, to be handled with the utmost Tenderness.

And what is the Financer Coxcomb? Wholly taken up with bringing himself to be easy in his fine Cloaths, and less aukward than before, he studies to soften the clownish Asperity of his Looks, and polish his Carriage; his Arms are fixed behind him, to cure his stooping; and for his Legs, 'tis as if his Knees were kept in with Skewers. In genteel Company he is as much to feek, as he is arrogant among his Clerks; he bows like a School-Boy, fets himfelf like a Country 'Squire, and turns his Toes out like a Dancing-Master; yes or no is all that comes from him, unless the Discourse turns upon Money, then he is in his Element; the Words flow from him as from a copious Source, and in the properest Terms; he knows to a Denier how all the Money Schemes have turned out to the Adventurers; he will tell you that by the Dexterity of the Company, the Deduction of four Millions from a Tax, will be no manner of Prejudice to the farming of it. When a gayer Topic comes upon the Carpet, he watches to throw

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in some stale Jest in a new Dress, which he has learned of Abbe G., who every Morning gives him a Conversation Lesson, reducing Coloquy into Science, which he treats of by Maxims and Chapters, herein demonstrating his Absurdity; for when made an Art of, 'twere better unknown. Shewing his Diamonds, drawing the Praises of the Company on his English Russles, and the Embroidery of his Coat, is what he has some Address in He will not object against being waited on to the Door, that he may shew his Coach; and when he gives an Entertainment, 'tis never from the Motive of social Generosity, but that he may exhibit the princely Magnificence of his Beauset.

There's one who has flaved after Riches, and is ennobled by his Offices; he has Sons, whom he is for fettling in the World, and Daughters marriageable; bleffed are the Children of fuch a Fatter, they have a goodly Inheritance; but fee the Inflability of human Greatness! Within a few Days this same Son of Fortune loses his Head, or is disgracefully tumbled down into the Mire of his original Meanness, and then the Son's Brides, and the Daughter's Lovers sly away together: What a Difference does a short Interval make in the same

Man!

What a dirty Road was Tiremillion travelling from Stage to Stage, till he arrived at the Summit of his Wishes! He wants none of the Requisites in a modish Gentleman; splendid Equipages, most expensive Furniture, and strong Boxes. He has been four Years under four different Mistresses, only learning how to bestow with Liberality, but to this Day has acquired no Kind of Grace in giving: No Matter, he gives, and that's enough for those who receive: He cannot but give well since he gives a great deal.

One of those Aunts, of which there are not fewer than Streets, with more Neices than are exactly of her own Family, wants to bestow one of them; but it is not the military Gallant who shall have her; he is over Head and Ears in Debt. and not unlikely in her own Books, and who understands no other Way of Payment than with the Flat of his Sword. As little will the part with her to the Gownsman, who is made up of Preciseness, gives with Occonomy, haggles like a Jockey, and courts a gay Lady by Bill: No, no, the Aunt was not born in a Wood, the knows better where to provide for her Neices, as the did for Fanny, Tenny, and the rest. Away trips she to Tiremillion, Lucy's a dainty Morfel for him; but the poor Thing knows not her own Value, and would part with herfelf for nothing; the Aunt must therefore be the Negociatrix, and draw up the Articles of the Treaty; there are twelve thousand Livres in Money, an Equipage, Waiting-Maid, Servants in a Livery, a Country Box, a pretty Town House, and a handsome Gratuity to the old Lady, who is besides to have the Management of her Neice's, Houshold, and the Inspection of her Conduct. Tiremillion readily figns, and now the Temple is adorning, the Altar preparing, Plate, Equipage, Furniture, Drefs, every Thing is provided by the diligent Aunt, Tiremillion having only the Pleafure of paying for it. The abandoned Priestess decks the Victim, leads it to the Altar; and the no lefs flagitious Tiremillion, without Scruple, with Rapture, purchases the Honour of a poor Girl, who knows nothing of what she is about, and whose Refignation to Infamy is owing either to the Seducements of this execrable Aunt, or to Indigence.

Without

Without fearching into the Ways by which Riches are accumulated, by what iniquitous Courses are they often preserved, and how blameable, if

not flagitious, the general Use of them!

Antagoras is conceited, an eternal Babbler, cold Jester, yet such a Bussioon, that the very Children laugh at him; he has contrived a kind of Foolery fuitable only to himfelf; he's a Zany, a mere Jack-Pudding, fit to divert the Mob from a Stage. I should encline to think he loved Damaris, were it in Nature to love the Golessus of Rhodes in a Cap and Petticoat; he keeps Company with her however, and the finds the Sweets of it; for who lives better than this Giantess? She plays feveral Rivals against him, which gives Antagoras no Manner of Concern; were he to fee one of them in her Arms, he'd only laugh at it; fo kind a Keeper is he. He often fees them at Damaris's Door, and when she knows it, she'll put on her Airs, and rattle him for staying too long with her; all this is lost upon him, he banters her, stirs the Fire, whiles away the Time, till at length she turns him out by main Force; and is Antagoras less to be pitied than his Rivals?

† Chrysogonus, shore your House, prop up your Floors, see how they give Way under the Heaps of Gold, which lie there like Hay in the Meadows, or Dirt in the Corners of the Streets. Save, scrape up more, you can never have too much: Have you not Sons and Daughters natural and legitimate, and Sons-in-law both Ways? Can you then have too much? Won't they make away with more than you can get for them?

If there is a Woman to whom Nature has been kinder than Fortune, and who has more Charms than Pistoles, what striving to bribe her Acquaint-

+ Samuel Bernard.

ance,

ance, Neighbours, Relations, nay the very Hufband? Every one is fo tampered with on some Account or other, that even the Silence of those about her is purchased, and she forced to put a Price upon herfelf.

A pretty Employment is fallen, in the Gift of Crassus: It is not to be thought that he will beflow it on that Virtue which he does not care to hear of, on that Merit which he envies and hates. or on that Diftress which he execrates; no, the best Bidder shall have it, and the sooner if recommended by a Mistress, or one of the above-mentioned Aunts; 'twould be fingular to act otherwife.

Every little Scribe in an Office, that has a pretty Sifter, Coufin, or Wife, of a complying Temper, is in a fair Way to Preferment, Matters will foon mend with him; if there be some petty Arrears on his Accounts, let not a Trifle terrify him, Ways will be found to get over it, whilft he is upon a Circuit; or if his Presence is troublesome, there's the Conveniency of fending him on a Country Jobb, whilst his Wife stays at Paris to pay her Court to her dear Husband's Patron, which she

does to very good Purpose.

Let Sofia and Jasmina make a Shew of their Daughters, on Fridays in the front Box at the Opera, on Mondays at the French, and on Saturdays at the Italian Playhouse; jaunt them about to the Palace Royal, the Thuilleries, the Ring, the Walks; let them form Combinations even in creditable Assemblies, to give out what they will have in Hand at Marriage, and what afterwards; and that their Fathers have great Shares in the five large Revenue-Farms; that they have Schemes to lay before the Council, which have already had the Minister's Approbation; let them contrive to

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have their Damsels cried up, and as it were posted at every Corner; these are low Devices which may perhaps serve their Turn. But what does \* Camillus mean by his Entertainments and Balls, both at his Seat and in Town? and his being so fond of drawing young Gentlemen to his Houses? Why if the World may be believed, Camillus has Daughters, and there lies his Aim. Can Camillus be under any Apprehension of their being taken off his Hands, if there be any such Thing as Honour or Sentiment in the World?

Take your Swing, young Aristus, what's Money for but Pleasure? give by Handfuls to those inchanting Actresses, nothing less will do for them, who make their Sparks buy off their ill Humours: How costly then their Favours! How can your Spirit bear that Aglae should be daily threatening to discard you for Strato, who t'other Day was your Father's Slave? Do you consider how your Honour may suffer by such a Competition? Sell your Marquisate outright, and make up Matters with Aglae, Money is all the wants; you cannot much hurt yourself, you are a Batchelor; and after all, 'tis but marrying Strato's Daughter.

'Twas not long since the Way to distinguish Brothers by the elder and younger, but now tis not so; the Distinction is taken from the Coffer only; 'tis the rich and the poor Crozot; but how many rich Men would think themselves very happy

in the Poverty of the latter?

Who can pretend to live in that stately Palace, which has stood so long empty? Only to repair and keep in order such a noble Pile of Buildings, requires the Income of a Prince. Into what Hands will all those gaudy Decorations fall, which Pulcheria had collected from all Parts of the World?

<sup>\*</sup> Prince de Sonbise.

What Sort of People are to entertain themselves in these splendid Saloons, which are also sheltered from the sultry South Wind by a Wood, and where a River dissules a delightful Coolness; 'tis every Way a Dwelling sit for a King: Various are the Opinions concerning what Son of Grandeur will take it, till Varro clears up the Mystery, and has the Impudence to make the Purchase.

Architecture has displayed its ne plus ultra in this immense Palace; the Court is encircled by the most exquisite Colonade ever beheld; every where a Profusion of Marble and Gilding; the Artists of the Age have carried their Skill to the highest Pitch in the feveral Parts of this unparalelled Building. Were the Louvre to be finished, it could not exceed it; the People cannot forbear admiring its various Enrichments, at the very Time they curse the Means which could get Money enough to pay for them: The Day that fees the finishing Hand put to it, sees also the Death of the Owner; and his Son durft not come into it, for fear it should ruin him; and now the Grass begins to grow almost in the very Parlours; what Pity the Cry is, fuch a glorious Building should stand empty! Princes have enquired into the Purchase of it, but the Price is too high; for them it may be, 'tis therefore reserved for \* Scapin; he buys the admired Palace, and adds to it innumerable other Embellishments, that it may be a fit Manfion for him; indeed he has raifed fuch an overgrown Fortune, that his strong Box may be called an Exchequer; and that he may have a Wife of a Piece with his House, he marries a Woman of Rank, and makes her Brother a Prefent of the. Regiment in which his own carries a brown Mufket. Well, Scapin, certainly all is well now; would

<sup>\*</sup> Paris de Montmartel.

would you fain get rid of your Name too? the Mischief is, you are no Foundling, every Body knows your Father. However, there's a Shift: buy an Alliance with Senators, there's fome of them in good Repute, tho' of your Name, and they are not a little proud of it; you've Precedents enough to keep you in Countenance; with Money you may have your Choice, be Coufin, Brother, Uncle, nay Father if you like that better; but I know, Scapin, there would still be a Thorn in the Flesh; you would be continually grumbling at the long Life of those old Fellows of fixty, eighty, or a hundred Years, whose Memory holds ftrong, and who cannot be good-natured enough to forget a few Particulars: It is true, such old Cuffs are unlucky Intelligencers; for were it not for their Blabbing, who could say there hung Father Scapin's Bush? by all Report, the curledest Cut-throat that ever broached a Cask.

Ye boafting Partizans, in the Chastisement of Nebuchadnezzar read the setting of all your Parade and Ostentation: "He was walking in the Palace of the Kingdom of Babylon, and said, Is not this, the great Babylon which I have made the Seat of my Kingdom, which I built by the Might of my Power, and for the Glory of my Majesty?" While these presumptuous Words were in the King's Mouth, there sell a Voice from Heaven, "Hear, O King Nebuchadnezzar, what is decreed concerning thee, the Kingdom is departed from thee, thou shalt be driven from among Men, thy Dwelling shall be with the Beasts of the Field, until thou know'st that the Most High ruleth in the Kingdom of Men, and giveth it to whomso-

ever he will."

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Grandeur, Power, State, Pomp, and Ceremony, what are ye in the Sight of God! Ye elate Earthworms! ye towering Nebuchadnezzars! confider the Justice of God. Can all your Authority withstand the Deity, who doth according to his Will in the Army of Heaven, and among the Inhabitants of the Earth?

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## LESSON XVIII.

# DEATH. In all the

O Death, how bitter is the Remembrance of thee to him who lives at Ease in the Midst of his Possessions, to him who meeteth with no Vexation, whose Desires are answered, and who is able to relish his Food! But how welcome, O Death, is thy Sentence to the poor Man whose Strength is worn away, who is in the Decline of Life, harrassed with Cares, almost without Hopes, and wanting Patience to bear his Afflictions!"\*

The Period of Pleasure is Death; it is also the End of Trouble. In that State, where will be the great Distinction which is made here betwixt the Rich and the Poor? the Earth is the common Receptacle of both.

Every Man on a Death Bed may be faid to be old, and the abortive Fœtus, taken Piece-meal from the Womb, to be a hundred Years old.

Think on Death; 'tis a momentous Maxim, and of which we are continually put in Mind, all Nature rings it in our Ears, every Object fets it before our Eyes. It was the Advice of our grave Grandfathers to our Fathers, and they repeated it to us; and what do we? 'Tis not one in a hundred has Strength of Mind enough to let his Thoughts glance on it.

Reflexion on Death! pregnant with converting Impressions!

Impressions! But, say some, to dwell on the Thoughts of Death, is to be continually dying, and the dismal Meditation is worse than Death itself; just as well may blind Men pronounce on Colours.

At every Gate that leads to Death, Interest and Knavery, are upon the Watch: What a rare Penny Quacks make of the Fearful! Is a great Man or two gone off fuddenly, then is the fleecing Time. Come forth, Arnion, make your Ap- pearance, nunc aut nunquam; produce your Papers, name your Price, there will be no haggling; for what can be too much for an out-of-the-way Diftemper, which, without the least Warning, trips up a Man's Heels like a Thief in a Wood? Without your Powders it dispatches the Patient in a Hurry, no Time therefore for Ceremony -with them he also dies, only with more Deliberation; this however is not your Fault; to infure Immortality, is what no Body ever charged you with ; no Matter, your Powders are in Vogue; Court, City, and Country feem to have agreed to make your Fortune: Make the most of their Wisdom, play while the Game is in your Hand, raise an Estate. Was there ever a Topick like your Powder? besides curing yourself and all your Family of Hunger, it has furnished your Wife with showy Gowns for every Season: But of what Benefit is it to the Publick? Of very confiderable certainly, for it is quite harmless, and that is more than can be faid of the Nostrums of most Quacks: And perhaps it was only upon this Account, that an eminent Physician subscribed his Approbation of it.

In a Flow of Affluence and high Spirits, the Mind is apt to warp towards Scepticism, and to be as presumptuous in its Speculations as the Body

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is wanton in its Appetites. Intoxicated by full Draughts of present Enjoyments, the future State is but superficially, and seldom thought of; thought of? it is not fo much as believed. The strong Boxes are better fecured, the Bags are numbered: Preparatives making for a vast Building, with the Hopes of finishing it the next Spring; Nurseries are planted; Ships freighted for long Voyages; and on the Bed of Sickness how anxiously are all these Schemes enquired after, as if nobody but the Owner or Projector had any Concern in them; whereas the Boxes, the Bags, the House and the Ships are just falling to impatient Heirs. Your End is at hand, and they have been wishing for it ever fince they knew you had any thing to leave them. Death, when imagined at a Distance, is made a Jest of, is insulted; but the Note is changed when we see it brandishing its Dart; a Pleurisy dislodges Infidelity, and Libertinism is generally observed to decay under a Consumption; then the Man is left to himself, Religion recovers its original Ascendancy, and the Apprehensions of another Life appear as well-grounded as they are terrible; the Dread of divine Justice brings with it a Conviction of its Existence: But often the Reflection is cut fhort, and as often totally prevented by a fudden Period.

No body more acquainted in high Life than Polycestes, no Party of Pleasure can subsist without him, he's the Life of an Entertainment, he is Mirth itself, but a hardened Atheist in Religion; the Mortality of the Soul and the Inutility of a Deity frequently employ the Fluency of his Tongue; with him, Chance is every thing, it circulates the Seasons, in such an exact and beneficial Succession; to Chance we owe the nutritive Corn and the delicious Fruit; the Phases of the

Moon, the Revolutions of the Sun, are no less under the Influence of it; I admire the Wifdom. the Forefight, the Regularity of this Chance; but Polycestes more knowing, tells me that what I admire, is no more than a Confequence of the primordial Chance, which brought together the feveral Parts of the Universe. How intelligent is this Chance! its Operations, how harmonious! no Irregularity, not the least Shadow of Caprice. all its Works permanent and invariable; nothing is ever disordered: Stupendous Chance! Did not Faith dictate to me another Deity, or would Polycestes allow thee to be a God, thou should'st be mine; but he'll not hear of any: Did he not take his Leave of the Company with a Sneer at fuch an unphilosophical Notion? but unfortunately turning the Corner of the Street, a fwaggering Blood accidentally runs full against this Stickler for Chance, a few Curfes are exchanged, and Swords drawn; Polycestes, after a Parry or two, is run through the Body; he drops, and with his last Breath contradicts the System, of which he was all his Life-time fo tenacious: Omy God! were his dying Words.

We come into Life without knowing it; we employ it without Reflection, and never show any Conviction of the Value of it, till we are upon the

Brink of leaving it.

When with our Feet on the Threshold of the new World, we have as it were a View of both, the Abuse of Time is what then generally forces itself upon our Thoughts, and pierces the Soul with excruciating Remorfe.

In one of those Parties of Pleasure, where he who is maddest, is most agreeable, and the Humours of Women, how extravagant soever, command the most implicit Obedience, Triphemon

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by his Complaifance to the charming Arfura, has brought a Pleurify and Flux upon himfelf; a Complication fo opposite requires opposite Remedies: Confultations upon Confultations are held; the most eminent of the Faculty are called in, whilf Triphemon's Lady, drowned in Tears, is waiting without to know the Refult. The Humanity of Phylicians will not permit them to overwhelm the Relations with a fudden Decision; they artfully humour their Dejection, and at the fame Time continue themselves in Fee. At first. clearer Symptoms must be waited, they are not sufficiently declared; the next Day, the Case is better known, and the Difease takes a savourable Turn; the Day following the Patient is worfe, but that's nothing, 'tis his bad Day: On the fourth, it's fo fo; the fifth is again bad; this is alarming, the Consultations are renewed, the Prescriptions changed, and the Bleeding altered; all the Brethren of the Faculty in the mean Time are taking Mortgages on the Patient's Substance; as for him, Health is his whole Concern; he inquires about nothing elfe, and nothing elfe is talked of to him: At last, on the seventh Day he is too bad to conceal it any longer; and the Family Phylician takes upon him to break the Matter to my Lady, which he might as well have done on the first; but then there would have been fo many Visits the lefs. "What have I to hope for, Sir, or what must I fear?" fays Mrs. Tripheman; "why then Madam, its's over with him, so take your Meafures;" a Tear or two drop; but Self-preservation foon gets uppermost: The Sons are of Age; what will be left after their Sweepings? and to depend on them will be a poor Story; the good Lady therefore falls to work, the Cash, the Bonds public and private, and the best Part of her

lewels are conveyed into fafe Cuftody; but what becomes of the Hufband all this while? he lies. dofing in his Bed, with a Nurse on each Side plying him with Medicines, which ferve to haften his Departure: The Wife, however, comes to caft one Look upon him; and during the kind Office, an unlucky Crifis feizes him ;-run, run for the bleffed Virgin's Sake and fetch a Confessor; a Confessor quickly: Oh! he's dying; a Confessor !-- Who is my Master's Confessor!-That's well asked, but who can tell? a Confeffor is a Person with whom he never had the least Dealings; so a Footman is dispatched to the next Convent, and returns with a Capuchin, who though the Patient is past seeing or hearing, must needs be doing fomething; and exhorts him to relign himself to Death with a Christian Compofure. Another hies away to the Parish Church, to defire the Sacraments; the Priest attends with the Holy Viaticum, and the Capuchin difmiffes Triphemon with a full Absolution of all the Sins contained in the most copious Summaries, though the poor Creature was all the time too far gone to speak a Work of Confession, or any thing elfe. After a short Exhortation, which is often omitted, the Priest administers the last Sacrament to him; he falls into an Agony, the Pains of Death are upon him-there goes his last Breath. Who can defcribe the Widow's frantic Gestures, or count the number of her Tears? her Sighs are heard over the whole House, and repeated at every Visit: Were the left alone the would be her own Comforter, and a much better one than any of her hyprocritical Intimates dinning her with his dying like a good Christian. And is this then the Death, Repentance, and Confession of a good Christian? Would not one from such a Prostitutiontion of the Sacraments suspect that the Priest him-

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felf believes nothing of the Matter?

The most expressive Mark of Confession which can fometimes be possibly got from a dying Person. is a strong Squeeze of the Hand, and than this nothing can be more ambiguous; it may be no more than the natural Effect of his laft deed to make the first building the

Agony.

To what Purpose talk of Death to Hocrater? The Prescience of the Supreme Being knowing and directing all Things, gives him an unmoveable Sedateness in all Events; he'll concern himfelf in nothing any further than as a Spectator; as God can do every thing, what fays he, have I to concern myself about? the Inflexibility of a determined Fate has ever been the Plea of this lethargic Indolence.

A dying Person shews a Concern, sighs and melts into Tears; good Signs of a fincere Conversion, says one; but is he not, indeed, lamenting his Death; and full of Sorrow only at leaving

his Enjoyments?

We ought by a long Life to be inured to Death: Is it not high Time at fixty to think that one Time or other Death will overtake us? Yet then is it less thought of than ever. A young Man rushes upon Death, an old Man is dragged to it. Every Year is a Link added to the Chain which ties us down to Life.

No longer ago than Yesterday has \* Alibus, tho' in his ninety-eighth Year, negotiated an Affair of Importance; it may well be called fo, for within three Months it will add two Millions to the twenty, of which three fraudulent Bankruptcies have rendered him the envied Possessor. Yesterday also at Midnight, Alibus came from a Mifires whom he has kept these thirty Years. Yes terday he further gave orders for altering the next Spring the Disposition of an English Flower-garden, and To-day Alibus keeps his Bed; decayed Nature has given him fuch a home Document of his Mortality, that his Physician, than whom the World does not afford a better, honeftly tells him that all the Secrets of the Faculty are unable to help him. Alibus himself feels it but too much. yet Life is fweet, were it only for a fingle Day; but it is not a Day that will do for Alibus; he wants three Months Respite at least; he would not grudge a Million for a Year; and that Money which he has so passionately idolized, is now lavishly facrificed to the Hopes of being kept alive by Art; if the Doctor can but compais this, whatever he asks shall be given, he shall have every thing he can defire, (and is not that a bold Offer?) Stupid Coward! to imagine his Physician a God: As he loves Money fingularly well, it would be his Fault if he does not get as much as possible of Alibus; but Nature is too hard for them both, and baffles their Convention. The Doctor's Skill, indeed, under Divine Providence, has foun the old Fellow out a whole Month, which was richly paid; and bestowed, by God's Mercy, that he might have Time to be covinced that his Treasures were not to be laid up on Earth. But how has the hardened Wretch employed this inestimable Month? his earthly Treasures, Bonds, Stock, and Farms were alone the Topics of his Discourse. I cannot fay his antiquated Mistress took up much of his Thoughts; but his Salvation, what Care was taken of that? why, if enriching the Chapel of a Convent, and leaving a double Allowance on fome certain Days for the Monks, will do the Business its safe enough. What a shameful Atonement

Atonement is here! are Fraud and Oppression to be thus expiated? But 'tis the Custom, and many profound Doctors tell you there's nothing like it to secure a Soul. Why, to me, it looks like bring. ing in God as an Accomplice of Knavery, and a Receiver of ill gotten Goods: At this Rate, 'tis but giving a Share of them to Ecclefiaftics, and Depredations become fanctified; the allowing a Dish more on certain Days to mortified Monks. is held to be a fure Preservative against Divine Justice; no Harm shall befall your Bags, Farms and Family; ye gluttonous Monks, how can ve drive fuch a Trade I But your Affurances are Lies, the Lord punishes the Iniquity of Fathers in the Children; the Money accumulated by Op. pression moulders away by Debauchery, and the third Generation returns to a Level with the Great Grandfather. In the mean Time Allbur decays apace, and concludes he can't fail of being faved, after a Work of fuch exalted Piety; and why should he not? Reverend Persons tell him to; he even begins to expect fome temporal Benefit by it, and sends for his Mistress to that away an Afternoon with him; and if in the melancholy Darkness of the Night the Thoughts of Death steal upon him, he has no other Fear of it, than as it takes him away from his Millions. could rid Alibus of this Fear; remove him only from his splendid Apartments to an Hospital, nothing of what he fees there will make him cling to the World, for nothing there belongs to him; every Thing on the contrary, from the Meannels and Misery of the Place, will naturally abate the Horror of this King of Terrors.

The more a Man leaves behind him, with the more Reluctancy he dies: To die is an easy Matter to the poor Man; I would say so of the Phi-

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losopher also, had the Stoicism from whence he looks down upon Death, more of the Christian and less of the Brute in it sell mounte and mona

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\* Zeno cannot be supposed to have passed so many Years without thinking of Death; far from it, the Carthusian in his lonely Recess has not made it more the Subject of his Meditations; but how different their Scopes! The Carthufian practifes it to promote his Salvation, to detach himfelf from the World, to acquire heavenly Tempers; and Zeno as an Incentive to unbounded Jollity, as a Motive to make the most of seeting Life, and revel in all Manner of Senfuality; he has inured himself to look upon Death as an inevitable Period unworthy the Fear of a Man of Sense. He is taken ill, and a Physician of his Acquaintance roundly tells him his Time is come, and that he's no longer for this World. " Zeno hears the tremendous Declaration with fo little Concern, that he goes on with his Studies or Amusements, and fmilingly fays to his Vifitants, tother four-andtwenty Hours, and then for a Leap in the Dark. A well-meaning Relation moves him to have a Confessor sent for; he coldly thanks him for his Concern, but feriously forbids any further mention of it; however, the Zeal of some cannot see their Friend depart without one, and he is brought into the Room. The first Compliment Zeno pays him is a Ridicule on Revelation and the Sacraments. Theologus being let into his Character, indulgently requires of him only to own the Being of a God; this, Zeno answers with directing a Louis to be given him, as all Trades, fays he, must live, and defires that he may never see his Face more. Theologus accordingly departs, much better pleased with the last than the first Compliment; and Zeno soon atter

<sup>\*</sup> The late Mr. Amelot.

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after perceives his Soul to be upon the Wing, or in his own Phraseology, that the vital Spirits are near Diffolution. The Agonies of his despairing Family cannot make the least Impression of Terror or awaken religious Reflection, he dies without any absolute Determination in his own Mind whether there be a God or not. Zene has lived like the best of those, who not only are persuaded of his Existence, but of his Abhorrence of Evil. and his Delight in Virtue. Where was there ever a truer Friend, a more difinterested Relation. or a more generous Member of Society? Who ever loved his Country better? His Goodness reached even to his Enemies, and nothing but a Christian Death was wanting to crown a Life of so much Utility and Benevolence. If Attention to Zeno's Life would promote Virtue and Patriotism, the Consideration of his Death might extinguish Religion, and fill the Kingdom with Atheists.

To a good Man, what matters it whether he die on a Throne or a Dunghill? The only Miffortune at the Hour of Death, is to find oneself

destitute of Virtue.

over it? For that I must refer you to the Physician, or rather to himself. Whilst he has Hopes of Recovery, he persists in his wonted Carelessiness about his Salvation; but is there a Turn, and the Fears of Death begin to stir, a Confessor is the Word; and so tame is he, that he believes and acts just as the Father would have him; at length he expires, after a plenary Conformity to all spiritual Injunctions relating either to Soul or Estate; and the Director assures the Family, that nobody could die better than Caro; then Salvation is an easy Matter indeed: Ye austere Capuchins, Ye Penitents who

bury yourselves in the dreary Desart, either you are Lunatics, or most wretched are they who de-

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The chief Employment of \* Valentine has been collecting curious Pictures, whilst a hundred Families on his Estate were starving; when he was told of it, let them work, was his Reply, though he laid out above a hundred thousand Crowns in a Whim; nor was it so much the good Pieces he fought, as the prohibited; he would have preferred a paltry Venus, in a libidinous Attitude, to an exquifite Madona: He had particularly a private Chamber, full of the most shocking Nudities, into which none but his Intimates were admitted; and to compare them with the natural, was the supreme Delight, and frequent Amusement of this abandoned Debauchee. In this very Room he first feels the Symptoms of a Fever; which increasing, a Confessor is sent for: The Father's no sooner informed of Valentine's favourite Extravagancy, but condemns all his Pictures to the Flames: This at first draws a Sigh from the Patient; but as his Soul's in danger, he orders the immediate Execution of the Sentence. How are the Eyes of Man opened by Death? what mighty Sacrifices it extorts from them! It would have been better for Valentine if his Diftemper had carried him off; for now he curses the Priest, and his cowardly Self, for the Destruction of his Pictures.

Am I told of a Sick-bed Conversion? Let me see the Patient three Months after his Recovery. If the Sickness proves his last, it's a Question with me, if ever he comes so far as a true Contrition.

It is asked, is Hermes then so extremely ill? is he given over? That such a Question should be put, when it is known that he had sent for his Son

<sup>\*</sup> Duke de Valentinois.

Son and Daughter, whom he would not, thele twenty Years past, allow to come into his Presence! No Symptoms of Death so sure as such a Reconciliation.

Lyear was to all Appearance converted by Illmess; after such Tokens as he gave of it, 'twould
have bordered upon Profaneness to have harboured
a Suspicion to the contrary. No Body would have
grudged their Quota towards his Canonisation.
There's a happy Time to have died. Lyear recovers, and gets abroad; and then is the Difference
feen between the same Man under Sickness and in
high Spirits.

Languishing on a fick Bed we think, O were I like good King Hezekiah! that God would shew me such Kindness! and if he does, what Returns do we make! Yet is there hardly any one of us, to whom God has not added fifteen Years after a threatening Sickness. Rightly considered, in what is a Life of thirty, forty, fifty Years, or upwards,

short of a Miracle?

Time mingles the Dust of Monarchs with that of Labourers. How many great ones are under Ground, whose Names are obliterated from all Remembrance!

Every Day of our Life is, in the Morning, a blank Leaf, whereon, during the Course of it, we write, and in Characters indelible, all the Actions of our Life; let us be careful then, that there be nothing impure, nothing base in them, that he, before whom they are to be laid, may read them with Approbation. Let us live so that we may never die, let us instantly set about it with all our Might, before that tremendous Sound be given, He expires!



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